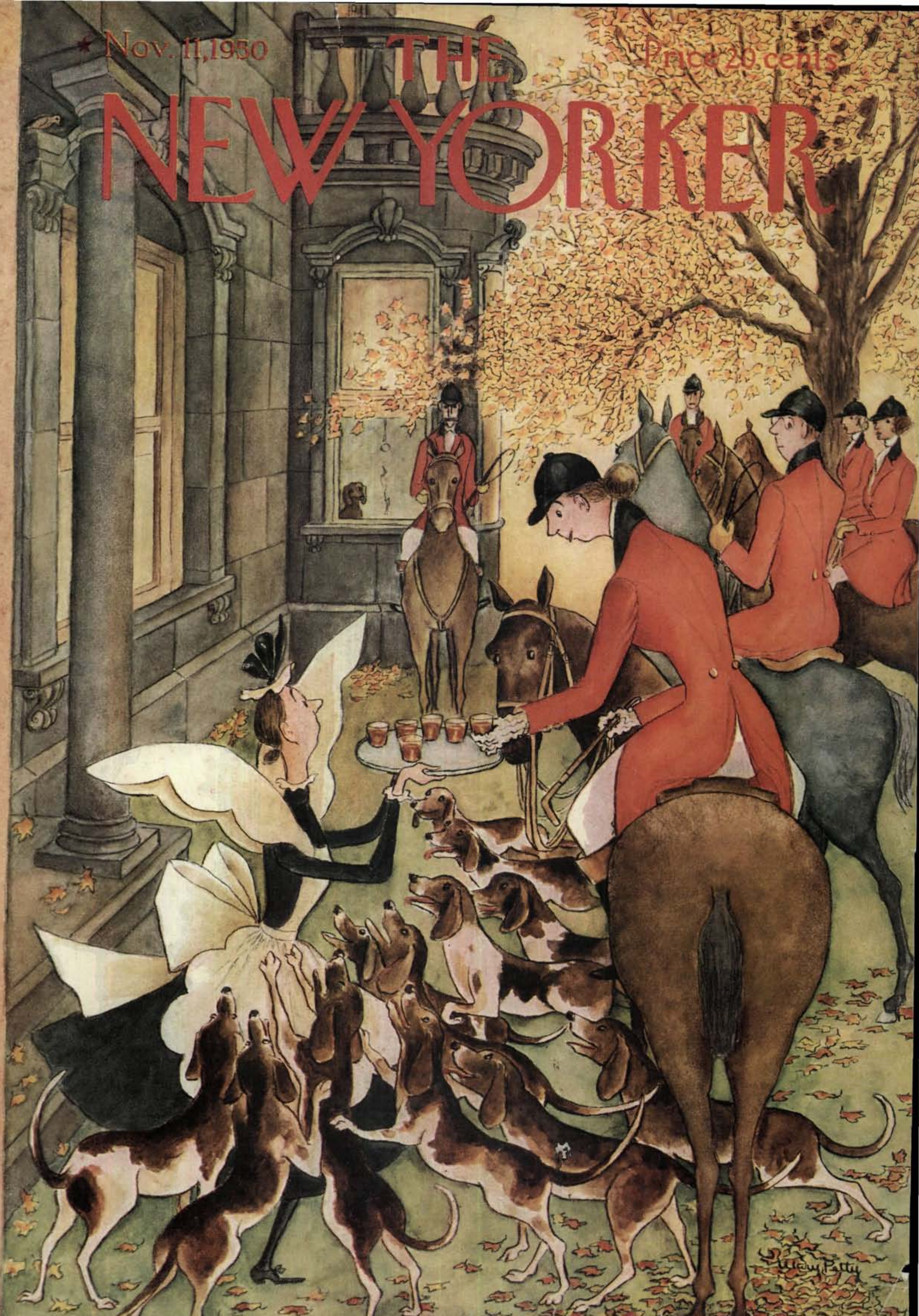
Nov. 11, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents



The Perfect Rose to Remember...

MELROSE

Symbol of Gracious Living

Melrose
Melrose and Company Inc
MELROSE
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
Gin
MELROSE
MELROSE
Melrose and Company Inc
EST'D 1885
MELROSE
RARE
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Melrose and Company, Inc., Cedarhurst, Md.
90 Proof
MELROSE

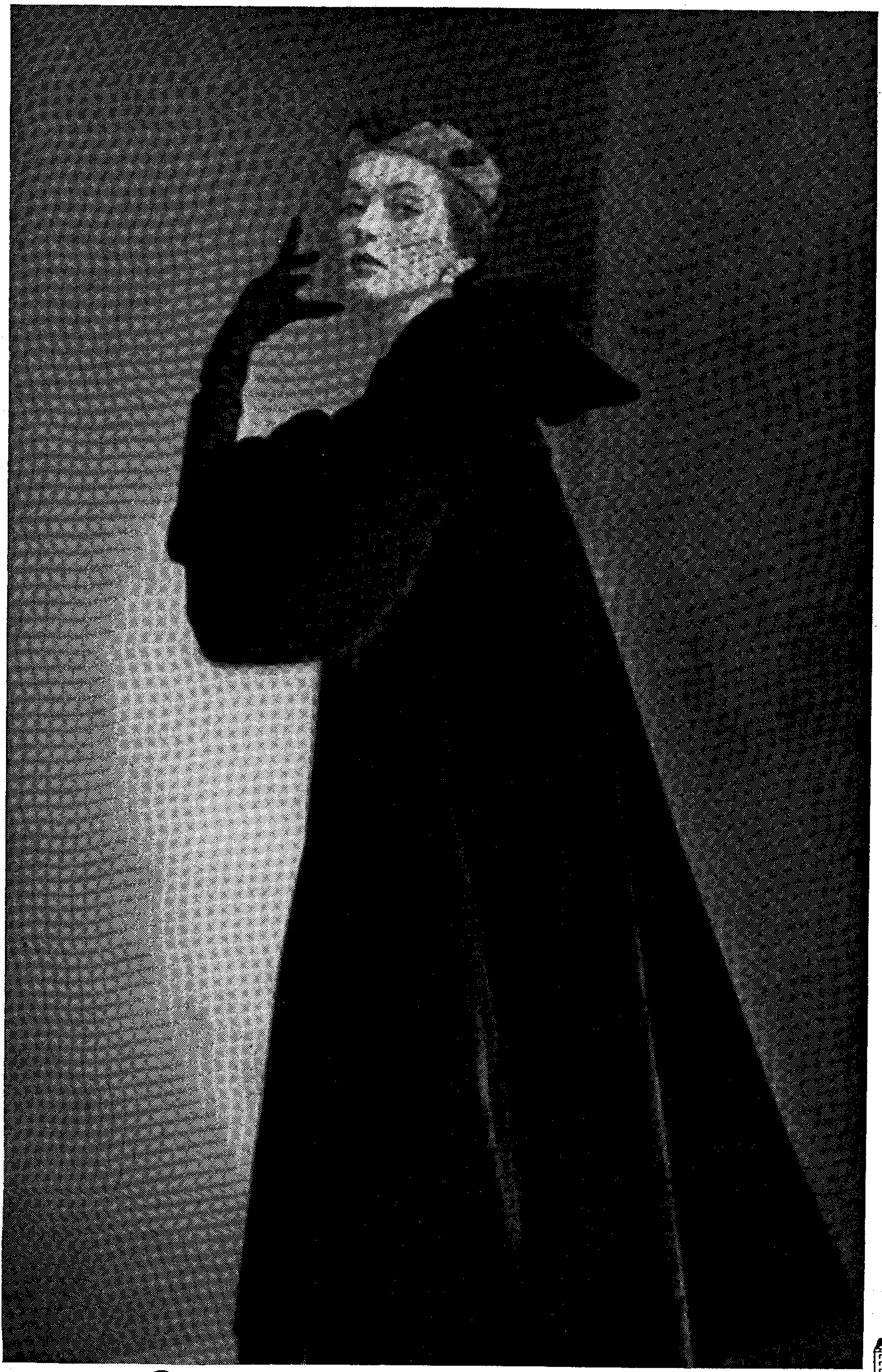
MELROSE RARE

Rare quality . . . rare flavor . . .
rare enjoyment . . .
a truly rare
whiskey

MELROSE GIN

A distinguished gin
of rare quality

RARE BLENDED WHISKEY. 90 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
LONDON DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. MELROSE DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



OTTO FENN

ALASKA SEALSKIN*

EXCLUSIVE GIFT WRAPPING

Silken skins dyed a magnificent jet black, worked in our height-of-fashion coat with lantern sleeves and winging revers, warm and handsome Christmas wrapping.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

*Fouke-processed

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy about Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—An English hit that makes one wonder if acting is all London wants. The acting is fine. Flora Robson, Anthony Ireland, Richard Gale, and others. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Curious Savage—If life in a lunatic asylum strikes you as an attractive topic, you may enjoy this jocular treatment of it, starring Lillian Gish. Isobel Elsom, Robert Emhardt, and Gladys Henson are also among the inmates. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Gioconda Smile—Aldous Huxley's adaptation of his justly celebrated short story conceivably has its points as simple melodrama, but it will almost certainly distress admirers of the original. Basil Rathbone, Valerie Taylor, and George Relph are enthusiastic in leading roles. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hilda Crane—Jessica Tandy is starred in Samson Raphaelson's rather bleak play about a girl who married the wrong man. There are also excellent performances by Evelyn Varden, John Alexander, and Beulah Bondi. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some arresting incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Eddie Mayehoff, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the cocktail party:** T. S. Eliot's play dealing with an unorthodox psychiatrist and some bothersome patients. Now with Henry Daniell. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **death of a salesman:** The end of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Thomas Mitchell is currently playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 18.) . . . **the happy time:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. With Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Nov. 12.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Lady's Not for Burning—A comedy by Christopher Fry, with an English company headed by John Gielgud and Pamela Brown. Directed by Mr. Gielgud, and produced by the Theatre Guild, Tennent Productions Ltd., and John C. Wilson. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally disappointing book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and Lina Romay is in the cast. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pardon Our French—This new Olsen and Johnson enterprise is very much like the three that preceded it and will presumably attract the same public. In addition to the two masterminds, the cast includes Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and six remarkably energetic midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(*There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.*)

The Country Girl—Paul Kelly and Uta Hagen in a play written and directed by Clifford Odets. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. Opens Friday, Nov. 10. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Bell, Book and Candle—A comedy written and directed by John van Druten. The cast of five is headed by Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. Produced by Irene Mayer Selznick. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays the first two weeks and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

A Story for a Sunday Evening—Cloris Leachman, Henry Jones, and Paul Crabtree are in the cast of this comedy, written and directed by Mr. Crabtree. Produced by Trio Productions and Milo Thomas. Opens Friday, Nov. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-

* * *

	Page
BOOKS	142
THE CURRENT CINEMA	141
FOOTBALL	121
LETTER FROM PARIS	123
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	77
MUSICAL EVENTS	139
OF ALL THINGS	76
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	128
THE RACE TRACK	115
A REPORTER AT LARGE	100
TABLES FOR TWO	85
TELEVISION	89
THE THEATRE	71

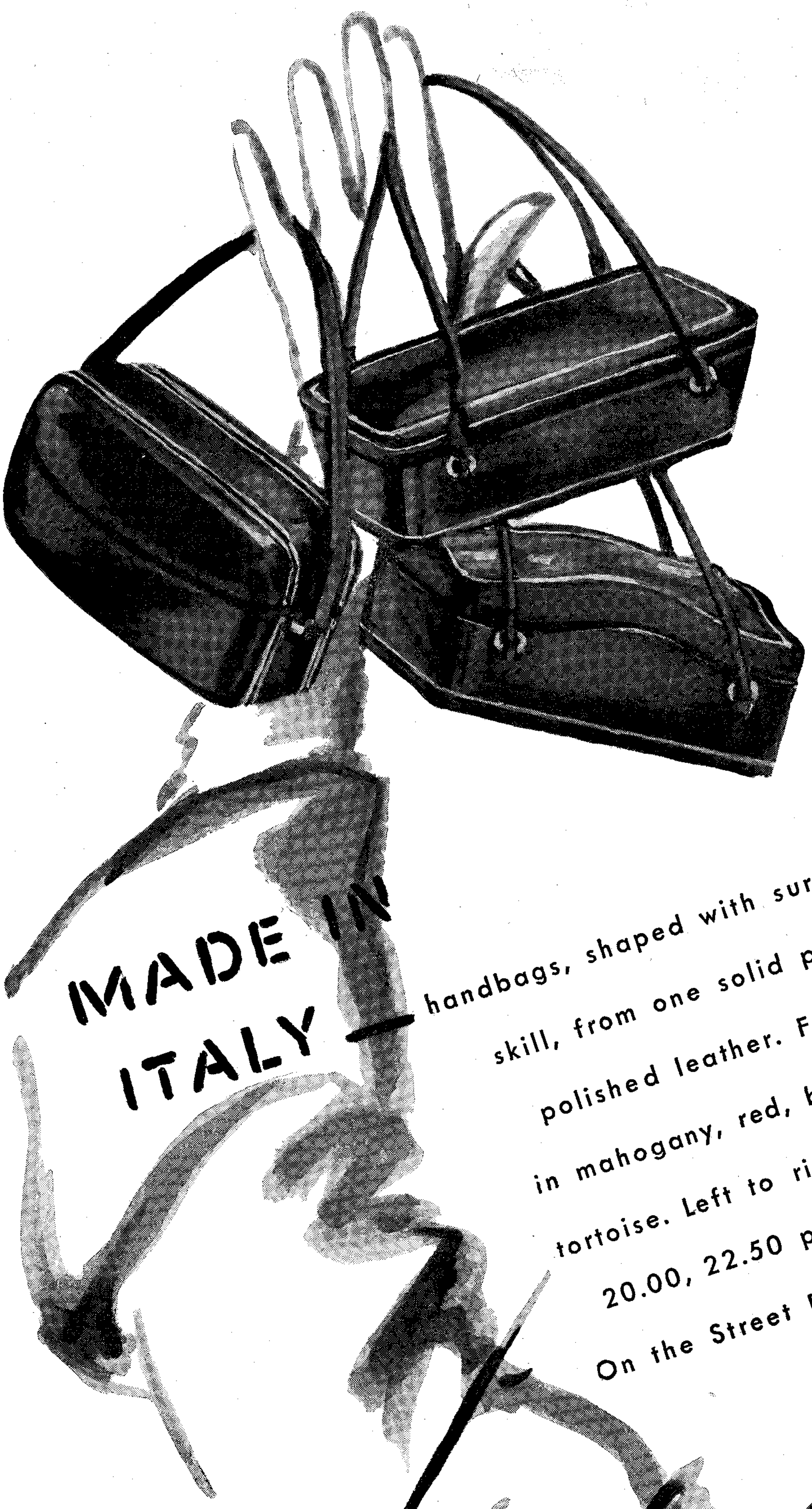
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

* * *

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 38, Nov. 11, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



MADE IN ITALY handbags, shaped with surpassing skill, from one solid piece of polished leather. For us alone in mahogany, red, black or tortoise. Left to right: 18.95, 20.00, 22.50 plus Federal tax. On the Street Floor in New York

Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Marquis de Cuevas' Grand Ballet—Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Swan Lake," "Good Humoured Ladies," "Salome" (New York première), and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Designs with Strings," "Petrouchka," "Black Swan," and "Good Humoured Ladies."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Swan Lake," "Night Shadow," "Salome," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Swan Lake," "A Tragedy in Verona," "Pas de Trois," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 13: "Les Sylphides," "Nutcracker," and "Les Biches" and "The Enchanted Mill" (both New York premières).... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 14: "Divertissement," "Black Swan," "Night Shadow," and "Persephone."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, Nov. 15: "Les Sylphides," "Nutcracker," "Les Biches," and "The Enchanted Mill."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Les Biches," "Salome," "Pas de Quatre," and "Persephone."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Swan Lake," "A Tragedy in Verona," "Salome," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Concerto Barocco," "Don Quixote," and "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Designs with Strings," "Petrouchka," "Black Swan," and "Good Humoured Ladies."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Nutcracker," "Del Amor y de la Muerte," and "Constantia." (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 25.)

Les Ballets de Paris—"Les Chaises Musicales," "L'Œuf à la Coque," and "La Croqueuse de Diamants" (with songs). With Renée Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, and Colette Marchand. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sunday at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 18.)

MISCELLANY

Arms and the Man—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Edith Sitwell—Dr. Sitwell in a recital of scenes from "Macbeth," with Glenway Wescott and others. A benefit for the Museum of Modern Art Program Fund. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays, Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' well-bred orchestras for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for dinner in the Madison Room and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White, his guitar, and his Americana, some of it traditional, some of it homemade. Joe Marsala's clarinet, not often heard hereabouts lately, is the main feature of the dance band. The perennial Cliff Jackson at the piano during the interludes.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An enormous and sometimes lethargic minstrel show, fortunately including some fine old museum pieces, such as the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, Noble Sissle, and Billy Banks, none of whom makes a single false move. Dancing—hours of it.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Ted Straeter, whose dance music, soulful eyes, and big carnation have been on the road too long, will be on the stand when this institution of higher living reopens, under new management (Gogi), on Saturday, Nov. 18. A string band will alternate with Mr. S.'s, and Fridays will be black tie or better. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The uptown offices of some of our old-school brokerage houses. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show twice a night involving Jean Arlen and some other pretty girls, plus a supply of the usual horseplay on skates, as well as Bernie Cummins' and Peter Kent's dance orchestras. On Thursday, Nov. 16, a new ice show will check in. Carol Lynne will be the première patineuse, and Ray Robbins' band will replace Mr. Cummins'. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mimi Benzell, or grand opera made easy, in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. On Tuesday, Nov. 14, Tony and Sally DeMarco will take the floor, and Robert Maxwell, a hot harpist who ranks with the late, memorable Casper Reardon, will also go to work. Stanley Melba's orchestra, as usual, for dancing, helped out by Ralph Lane's rumba band, which will be replaced on Tuesday, Nov. 14, by the rumba band of Manuel Jiminez.... ¶ Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton, at the piano, sings to her own accompaniment.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Elsa Lanchester, a weird and wondrous will-of-the-wisp, being female, street urchin, and witty in rapid succession. Ray Henderson is her excellent accompanist. Blanche and Alan Lund dance delectably, and Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music from the cocktail hour to midnight in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra muses in the splendid old Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in.... ¶ The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo surveys his ancestral acres in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a stylish glade if there ever was one, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras thumping merrily away all evening, and (at dinner and supper) Rolly Rolls thumping humorously away at and around his piano. On Tuesday, Nov. 14, Jane Morgan, an expatriate songbird who has come back to us bilingual (French), will take over. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, another of those baronial halls with a state-dinner atmosphere, has some of Lester Lanin's men and Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble playing dance music during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Don Abney is at the piano in the Café bar from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey, whose hand has lost none of its cunning, is in the Café Rouge to make dance music at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—People were all young themselves once, a fact that is often vividly brought home in this enterprising *boîte*. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide music to dance to.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—There are a lot of French songs that sound like nothing at all until Edith Piaf, with her mobile face and her mobile hands, takes charge of them. She gets sturdy support from an invisible choir, an invisible accordionist, and an invisible Emile Petti, who at other times operates a highly visible orchestra in alternation with Panchito's rumba band.

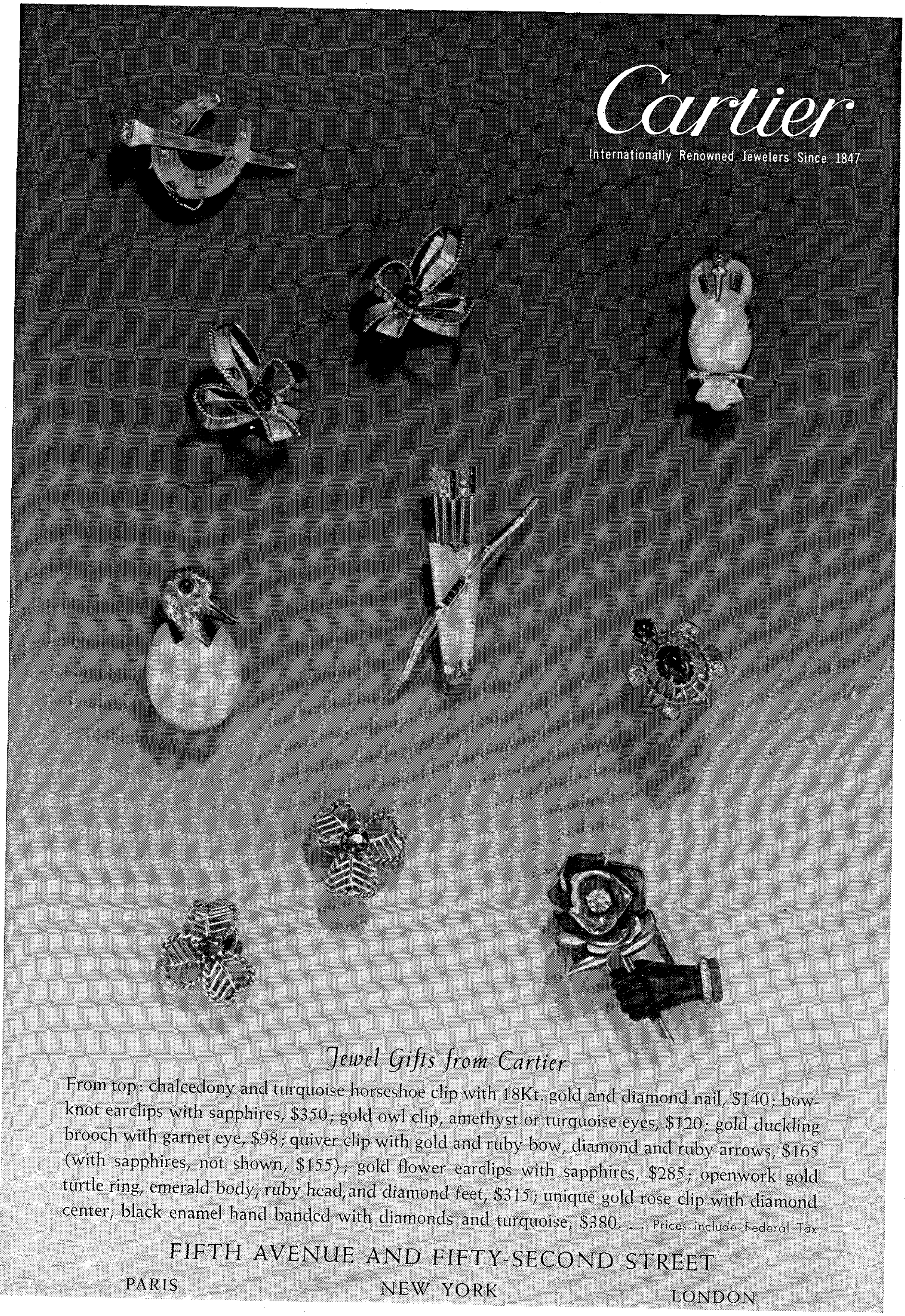
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, there is Roger Price, with a message for all of us on two timely subjects—how to avoid winning friends, and what to do until the psychiatrist comes. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a bit noisy, play for dancing, and Kitty Kallen sings. Everybody shows up at dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at midnight.... ¶ The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six o'clock until two. Closed Sundays.

Note—The enormous Rainbow Room is again open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Take the 30 Rockefeller Plaza elevator marked "Rainbow Room," and go early enough to get one of the north-window tables, from which New York really looks like Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. Incidental music by Ford Harrison and some helpers. The phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in this opulent retreat.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a walking *Who's Who on Park Avenue*, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a restless group of midtowners. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters of this Village pump, play piano for Louise Howard, one of their pet postgraduate students, who is back home with some new humor, and for Erik Rhodes, a funnyman of long standing. Hazel Webster



Jewel Gifts from Cartier

From top: chalcedony and turquoise horseshoe clip with 18Kt. gold and diamond nail, $140; bow-knot earclips with sapphires, $350; gold owl clip, amethyst or turquoise eyes, $120; gold duckling brooch with garnet eye, $98; quiver clip with gold and ruby bow, diamond and ruby arrows, $165 (with sapphires, not shown, $155); gold flower earclips with sapphires, $285; openwork gold turtle ring, emerald body, ruby head, and diamond feet, $315; unique gold rose clip with diamond center, black enamel hand banded with diamonds and turquoise, $380. . . Prices include Federal Tax

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET

PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

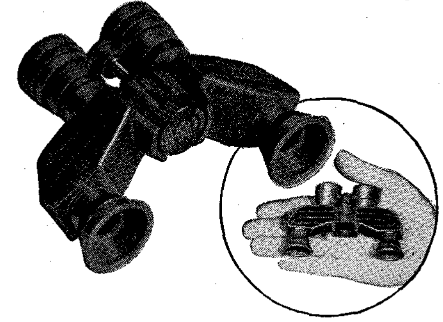
THE A&F CO. GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

"They're coming!"

How thrilling to see the ducks wheeling in the distant sky as plainly as if they were within gunshot range—and feel the heart-jump when you know they have seen the decoys and are headed in . . .

From head to feet we supply the right outfit for duck hunting, and with it, guns, and every needed accessory. Where else but at "the greatest sporting goods store in the world" could you find everything you need?

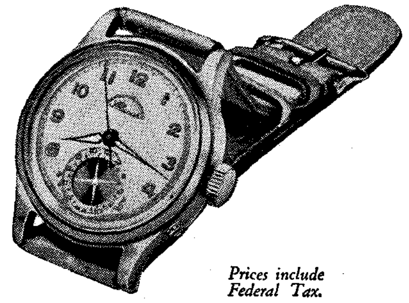
SARD SPORTSMAN SIX-POWER BINOCULAR, $198.00



This Sard is the smallest top-quality binocular ever designed . . . actually fits in a shirt breast pocket! Without sacrifice of power or field of view, this compact, high precision instrument eliminates bulk and weight, only 4¼ozs. Magnesium frame with brown lizard trim. All air-glass surfaces hard-coated. With case.

A&F SOLUNAR HUNTER'S WATCH . . $71.50

Originated by and made exclusively for us. The 24-hour Lunar dial shows the hours of high and low tides or indicates the daily activity periods among wildlife as forecast by John Alden Knight's famous Solunar Tables (included). 17-jewel movement in stainless steel, moisture-resistant case with pigskin strap. Sweep-second hand, luminous dial. Pat. applied for.



Prices include Federal Tax.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is, as always, the solo pianist. Amateur nights Sundays; ancient movies Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the phenobarbital school of décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, a romantic pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent for amusing, has a dinner party and a supper party every night but Monday in this reminder of old New Orleans, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's unique portfolio of songs on the vicissitudes of life in this vast metropolis. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty bird cage in which Spivy is usually around after the theatre, to let go with her conversation pieces about the penthouse set. Herbert Kingsley is at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, an L.P. record of yesteryear's best tunes, strokes his piano from dinnertime on. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is pacing her old pals Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. Alice Ghostley, a newcomer, is often a very funny girl indeed as she rambles through the raffish ditties of G. Wood, her accompanist. The fur starts flying around ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano-and-cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and dancing after six on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

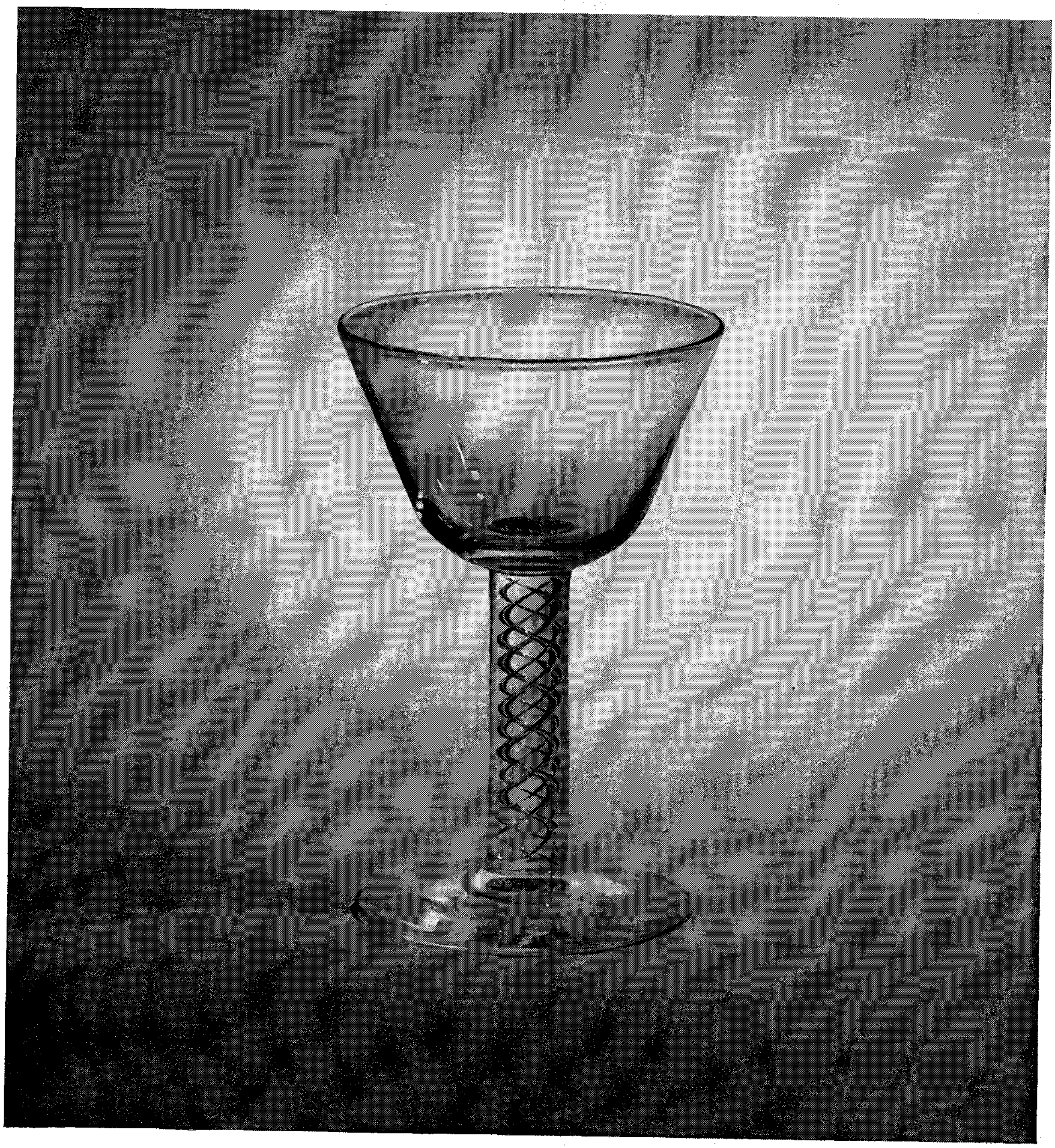
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, the Pittsburgh stogie's and the travelling salesman's best friend, holds forth in no uncertain terms. Now and then, if Mr. Lewis can be pried off the stage, there is other diversion, notable principally for the warbling of Patti Page and Betty Harris. On Thursday, Nov. 16, Phil Silvers, a veteran but more than passable jokester, will don the Lewis mantle. Dancing. . . . **PARADISE,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A dine-and-dance Colosseum offering a good collection of performers—the rambunctious Chocolateers, the handsome Irene Williams, and the vocal Harry Belafonté—in a long and rather confused show about the Birth of the Blues. Dancing. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Gay Nineties melodrama embellished by Jerry Bergen's sublime bursts of insanity, and old silent movies embellished by Paul Killiam's pun-haunted commentary. Singing waiters, sawdust, dancing, and other divertissements. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, a brilliant group of musicians—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at the piano during cocktails and dinner; Eadie and Rack at their unique piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, Wally Cox's letter-perfect documentary on the whole human race; the Mad Moiselles' robust clowning; the Billy Williams Quartet's jaunty jive-singing; and Barbara Cook's enchanting young voice. Stuart Ross is at the piano, the Herman Chittison Trio is on the stand, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, the mentor of this establishment, is in charge of some talented gentlemen—Michael Brown, singing his Grand Guignol ballads; George Hall, a remarkably versatile court jester; and the Four Lads, a group of Canadian choristers—and a blithe young soprano sprite named Jo Hurt. The music is by Norman Paris's virtuoso trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Youth being served up, as is the custom in this showcase for



TALL AIR-TWIST COCKTAIL GLASS

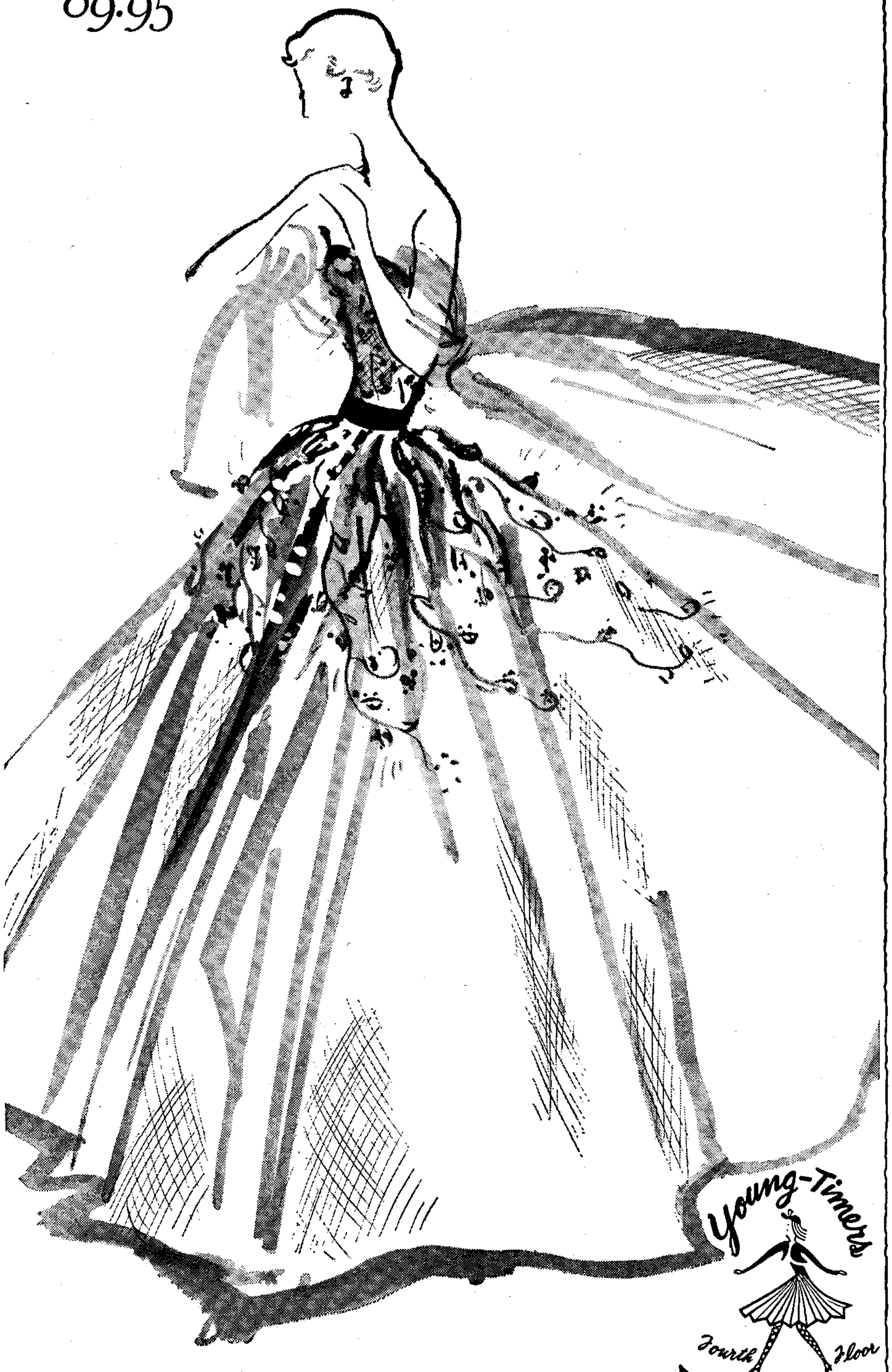
Capacity 4 ounces • Price $120 a dozen

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

Young-Timers match the brilliance of major social events in clouds of nylon tulle encrusted with iridescent sequins. Long, fabulously wide skirt . . . a filmy jacket-stole with which to coquet.

$89.95



Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Dark green, pale blue, white . . . sizes 9 to 15.

bright newcomers. The comedy team of Lenore Rainey and Bill Iden head the bill. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others play dance music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, uttering his stalwart call of the wild. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon help him rattle the doors, and Ralph Sutton tears off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Nov. 15, Art Tatum's cheery piano filigree work, plus Lenny Tristano's introspective modernist piano. The next night, Sarah Vaughan, the first lady of bebop, and the Billy Taylor Trio, paced by Mr. Taylor's shimmering job at the keyboard. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On Nov. 10, the shivaree will be run by Wild Bill Davison, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, James P. Johnson, Freddy Moore, and other solid senders. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night carnage. This week (Nov. 10), Willie the Lion Smith, Benny Morton, Gene Sedric, and Fletcher Henderson will be among the house wreckers. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—A large collection, including some extremely unusual examples, at a newly opened gallery that plans to specialize in this field. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

THE ARTIST IN THE MACHINE AGE—Paintings, 1912-50, by Delaunay, Dufy, Villon, and Léger, that picture the more mechanistic aspects of life. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.; through Nov. 18.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Bright and often satiric scenes of Paris, Capri, Vienna, and other spots, mostly European. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 18.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstractions, a little stiff in composition, that center mainly on musical subjects. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

RAOUL DUFY—About twenty colorful paintings, dating back to 1902, of such characteristic subjects as regattas and Mediterranean ports. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Nov. 25.)

JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN—A comprehensive display of the etchings, dry points, lithographs, paintings, and drawings of this French artist, who died in 1931. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.; through Nov. 30.)

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—Fifteen young painters of each country, in a showing arranged to bring out some interesting contrasts in and comparisons of their various styles. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by modern French artists, among them Modigliani, Dubuffet, and Tanguy; through Nov. 18. . . . **NEW GALLERY,** 63 W. 44th St.: Abstract paintings by Franz Kline, Seong Moy, Corrado di Marca-Relli, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Nov. 18.

HANS HOFMANN—New paintings, tighter in composition and smaller than usual, by one of the

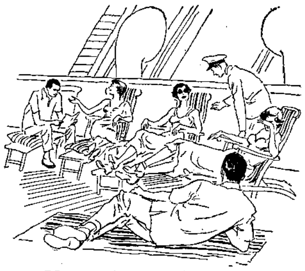
Star of Evening

Pretty girl, pretty gown and a fabric that's as gala as the holiday season. It's a new Celanese* taffeta of acetate rayon with an unusual Shantung-like texture . . . wonderfully flattering in practically any color you can think of.

Designed by Joel of Murray Hamburger *in coral, green, gold, chartreuse, peacock blue.* Sizes 8 to 18, about $30.
At Henri Bendel, New York; G. Fox & Co., Hartford;
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.; Sterling, Lindner, Davis, Cleveland.
For other stores write: Dept. 14-A,
Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

Celanese* FABRICS . . . WONDERFUL FOR NEARLY EVERYTHING YOU WEAR

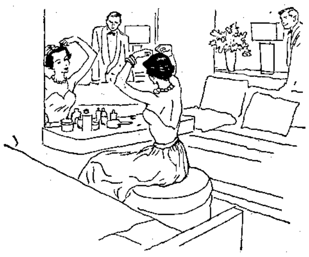
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



You relax in the sun.

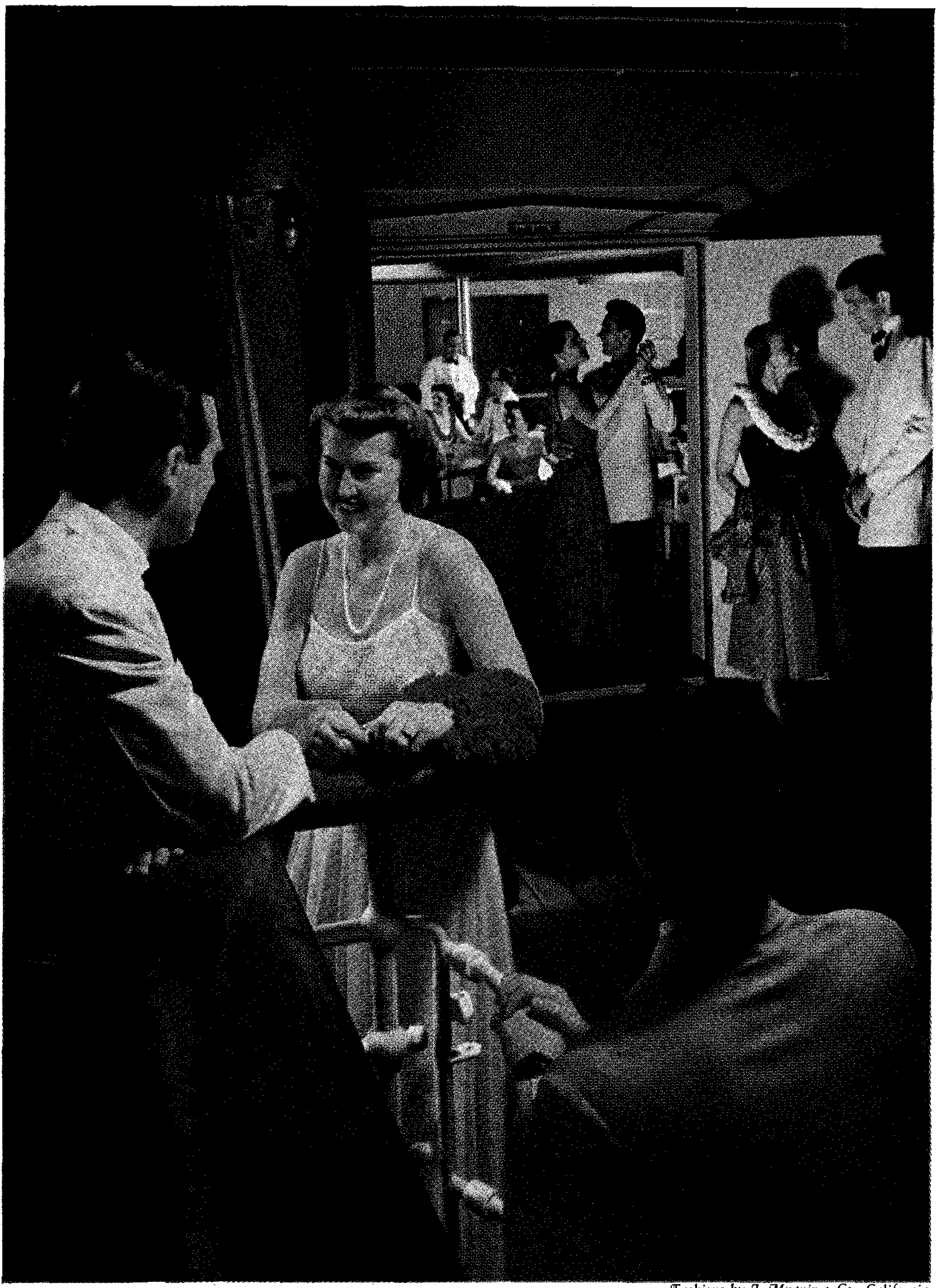
You dine superbly,
graciously.

You live in new beauty
and comfort.



You sleep in air-
conditioned staterooms.

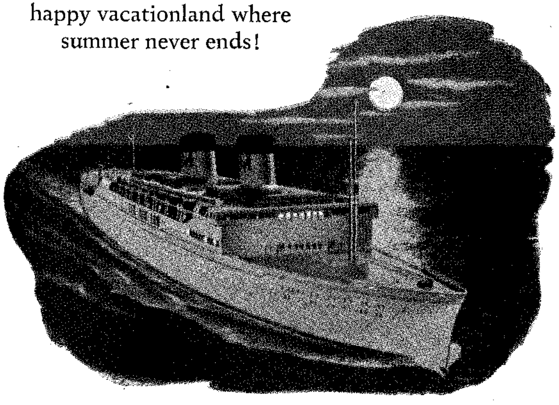
Then Hawaii—
feasts, dances,
sparkling surf and tropical
gardens...a golden,
happy vacationland where
summer never ends!



Fashions by J. Magnin & Co., California

Have you ever known a South Seas night?

It's like a night in another world...a warm, enchanted world filled with music and moonlight. And when you stroll the deck, watching tropical waves splash gently past the bow, you hear the trade winds whisper their promise of adventure ...of shipboard fun, dancing, swimming, sunbathing, deck games—and a glorious time in the Islands. For unforgettable days and nights... *Cruise to Hawaii on the Lurline*



There is no cruise
in the world like ***Matson to Hawaii***

The Lurline sails from San Francisco and Los Angeles
See your travel agent or Matson Line Offices: New York • Chicago
San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Portland • San Diego • Honolulu

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

leaders of the Expressionist abstract school. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Jacob Lawrence—A set of striking and moving paintings of life in a neurological hospital where the artist was a patient. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Nov. 11.)

Ethel and Jenne Magafan—Identical twins whose paintings, though similar in technique, are rather different in outlook. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 22.)

Reginald Marsh—Wash drawings, mostly, a bit strained in design but expertly drawn and lighted. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Modern Italian—A nicely selected group of gouaches and drawings by Afro, Mirko, Vespignani, and other new Italian artists. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Prints—Etchings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs, by six contemporary Americans, among them Will Barnet and Chris Ritter. (Collectors of American Art, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Nov. 17.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Oil studies of rocks, fish, birds, flowers, and such, quite Cubistic in approach. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 18.)

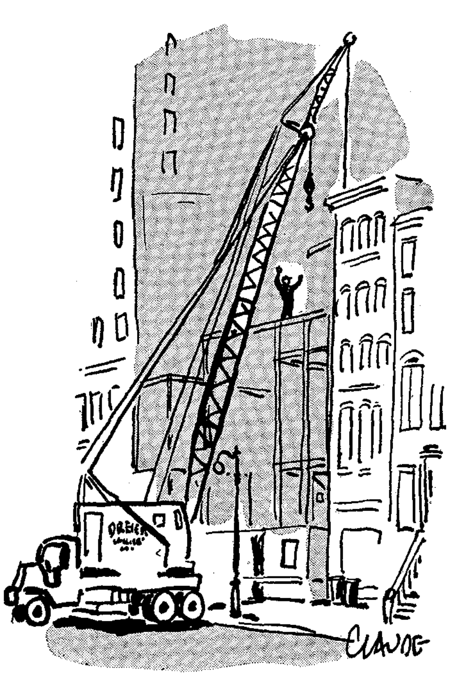
Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings, 1946-50, in which the artist displays her exact, tasteful, and slightly dry skill at portraying bones, flowers, and desert subjects. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 25.)

Ogden M. Pleissner—Conventionally pleasant oils and water colors of Paris and the French provinces, painted during the last two years. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 18.)

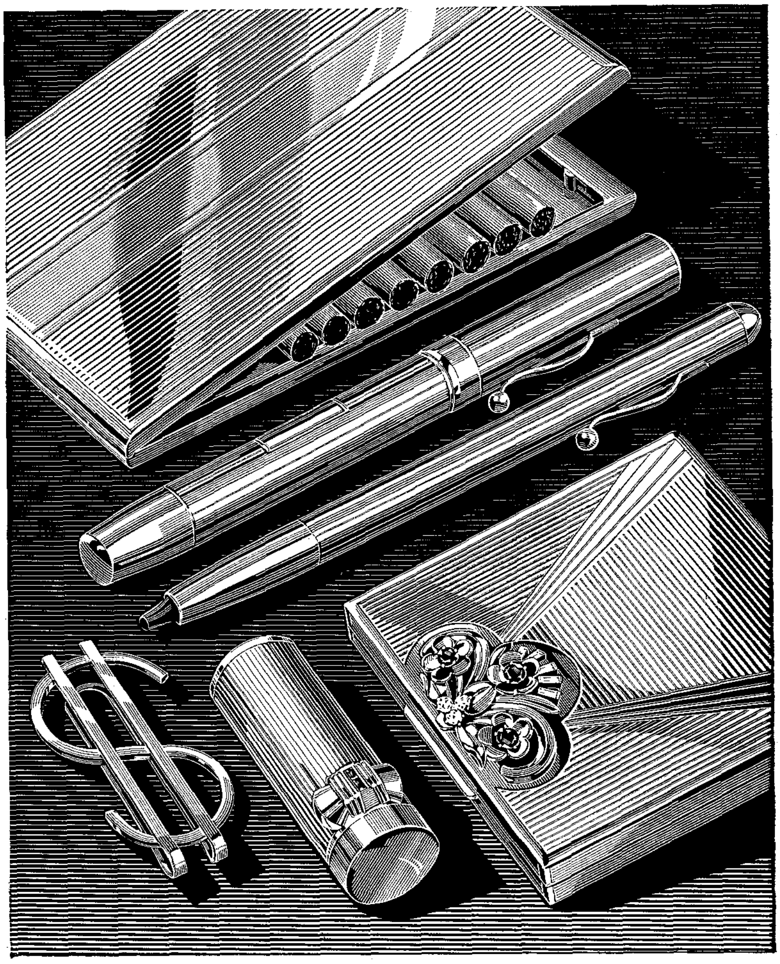
Toulouse-Lautrec—Thirty-one paintings and six drawings owned by the Musée d'Albi, France, for whose benefit the exhibition is being held. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 25.)

Maurice Utrillo—A dozen or so appealing views of Montmartre (1930-50), none of them ever shown before in this country. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Gretna Campbell. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Nov. 30. . . . **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: William Zorach; through Nov. 30. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Doris Lee; through Nov. 25. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57th St.: Fernand Léger; through Dec. 2. . . . **DEMOTTE**, 39 E. 51st St.: New York Society of Women Artists; through Nov. 28. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th



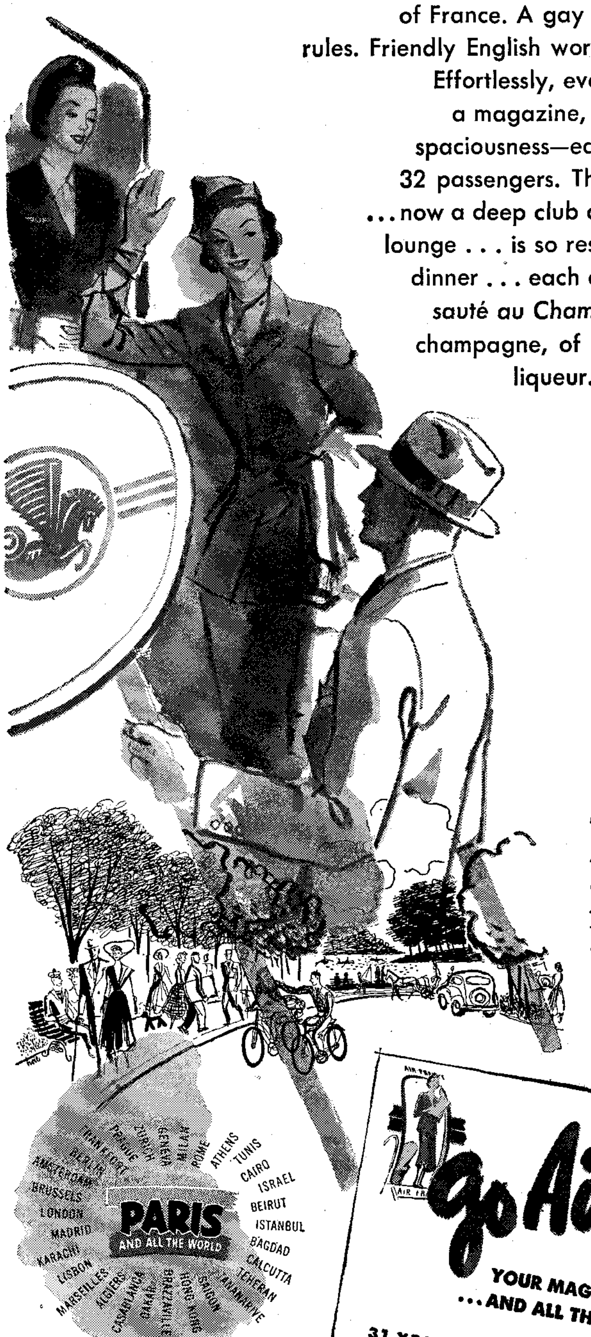
Distinctive personal accessories are always prized by women. You will find many bright ideas for Christmas in our large selection of gifts . . . all enhanced by the prestige of the name – Tiffany.



Sterling silver cigarette case, 4¾ x 3 in. . . . $ 75.
14 kt. gold fountain pen . . . . 71.
14 kt. gold pencil . . . . 44.
Sterling silver lipstick case with 14 kt. gold and ruby ornament . . 39.
14 kt. gold vanity case set with sapphires and diamonds . . . . . 1250.
14 kt. gold money clip . . . . 66.

Prices include Federal Tax
Mail Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO. FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22



As cosmopolitan as the Bois de Boulogne

As incomparable as Chapon sauté au Chambertin

Air France to Paris! The very moment you enter your Constellation you're in another world... the world of France. A gay cosmopolitan atmosphere rules. Friendly English words have a French accent. Effortlessly, every need is met . . . cards, a magazine, newspaper, aperitif. Such spaciousness—each flight is limited to *only* 32 passengers. The luxurious "sky lounge" ... now a deep club chair, later a "stretch-out" lounge . . . is so restful, so comfortable. And dinner . . . each dish is superb . . . Chapon *sauté au Chambertin—incomparable...* champagne, of course... and coffee and liqueur. This is flying Air France.

MISS MARJORIE LAWRENCE
Metropolitan Opera Star
"My many trips to Europe on concert tours have made me an Air France enthusiast. Everything about the trip — service, food, comfort—is delightful. Flying Air France is a real pleasure."

go Air France

YOUR MAGIC DOORWAY TO PARIS
...AND ALL THE WORLD

31 YEARS OF OVERWATER FLYING

See your travel agent or AIR FRANCE, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, PLaza 9-7000
District Offices in Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco.
Local Representative in Montreal.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Kurt Seligmann; through Dec. 2.... **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Sari Dienes and Boris Margo; through Nov. 25.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Goya; for the benefit of the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University; through Dec. 16.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts, from 1670 to the present. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, and Saturday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5; through Jan. 7.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five models depicting important Jewish historical scenes, from the time of Abraham to the proclamation of Israel's independence. The models were built by an Englishman, Denny C. Stokes. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through Jan. 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Four thousand years of silk weaving, in a show called "The World of Silk;" through Dec. 5.... ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection will be on view starting Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective (about seventy-five pieces) of oils by the Lithuanian artist Chaim Soutine, who died in 1943. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Work by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here; through Nov. 12. Starting Nov. 14, another show by *virtually* the same group. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-fourth annual exhibit by the Brooklyn Society of Artists, among them David Burliuk, Pearl Schoch, and John von Wicht. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Nov. 26.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's seventeenth Annual of Contemporary American Painting, with a hundred and fifty-four works, by as many artists, opens on Nov. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Dec. 31.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30: "The Flying Dutchman," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw, Hans Hotter, and Set Svanholm.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Paolo Silveri. (A non-subscription performance.) ... ¶ Monday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: "The Flying Dutchman," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw, Hans Hotter, and Set Svanholm.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Blanche Thebom, Jussi Bjoerling, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Lucielle Browning, Eugene Conley, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Eleanor Steber, Paolo Silveri, and Ferruccio Tagliavini.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Gerhard Pechner.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: "The Flying Dutchman," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw, Paul Schoeffler, and Sven Nilsson.

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English)....¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Aida."...¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). ...¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "La Traviata."...¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 12: "Carmen."...¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 12: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 10, at 2:30; and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2:45 (all with Edmund Kurtz, cello); Monday, Nov. 13, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund (with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 17, at 2:30 (both with vocal soloists and the Westminster Choir).

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch conducting the opening performances of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:45, and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Gotham Small Orchestra—Milton Rosenstock conducting, with Patricia Neway, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Roesch Little Symphony—Clara Burling Roesch conducting, with Marion Barnum, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8:40.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Nadia Reisenberg, piano; Joseph Fuchs, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Bach Festival—The second in a series of four programs, this one with the Saidenberg Little Symphony, Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Chamber Orchestra—Herbert Dittler conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 2081.)

RECITALS

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:40....¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Tenor and guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:40.)

New Friends of Music—The Juilliard Quartet, and Genevieve Warner, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 5:30.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Maurice Eisenberg—Cello, in the first of a series of three recitals. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Betty Jean Hagen—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

Boris Goldovsky—Piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Simon Barere—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

John Charles Thomas—Baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Juan Manén—Violin, with Göta Ljungberg, soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 5:30.)

Kroll String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—Susan Reed, folk singer; Beveridge Webster, piano; and Joseph Fuchs, violin. For the benefit of the Manhattanville Neighborhood Center. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:40. For tickets, call AC 2-5398.)

Billy Eckstine—Vocalist, with the George Shear-

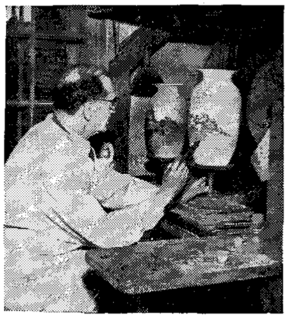
NAPOLITAINS
Lindt
CHOCOLAT SURFIN
Lindt
Bonbons surfins
CHOCOLAT
LINDT
BERNE
Rod. Lindt fils
CHOCOLAT ROD. LINDT FILS

in Swiss chocolate, too, skill is of major importance

The same talented attention to detail that goes into the finest Swiss watches goes into the finest Swiss chocolate—Lindt! You see it in the way your Lindt box is packed—sumptuously, fastidiously, each piece wrapped for perfect freshness. You taste it in that unsurpassed Lindt flavor—and no wonder! For Lindt blends not two or three, but eight of the world's finest varieties of cocoa bean. Try some today—and discover for yourself why Lindt is the name the connoisseur asks for! Look for Lindt at better department, food and candy stores everywhere.

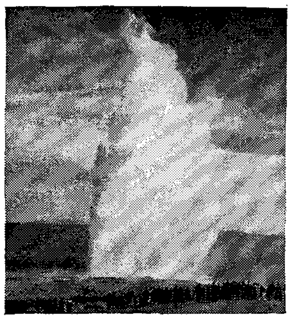
Lindt
imported Swiss chocolate

EXCLUSIVE IMPORTERS: Cresca Company, Inc., New York 11, N. Y.



DENMARK—Artist at work on world-famous Danish porcelain. Copenhagen visitors enjoy seeing this beautiful china being made.

GREAT BRITAIN—*Coachman, resplendent in uniform, at annual Lord Mayor's Show, London, famed annual event of pageantry.*

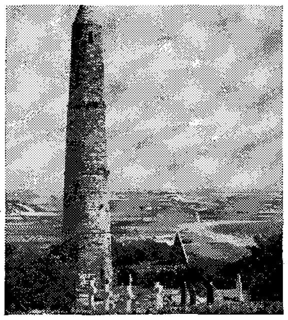


ICELAND—*The Great Geyser, the* most famous of all hot springs. This unbroken column of hot water rises 160-180 feet.

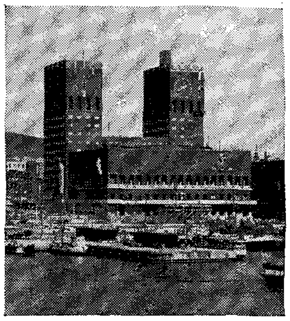
"Let's go to Europe—"

IT COSTS LESS...YOU GET MORE

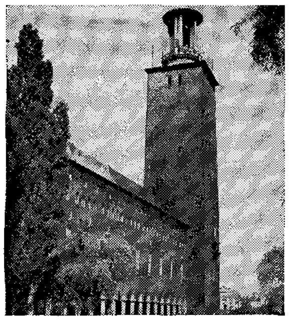
IN THE "THRIFT SEASON"



IRELAND—7th century Round Tower in Co. Waterford. Many fine specimens of these watch towers can still be seen today.



NORWAY—New City Hall seen from the harbor of Oslo, Capital of Norway, which celebrates its 900th anniversary this year.



SWEDEN—Stockholm City Hall, symbol of modern Sweden, and its renowned middle-road social and economic progress.

EUROPE... its exciting cities... its romantic places... its music... culture... glamour... are only a few air-hours or a few sailing-days away.

Lower costs during the "Thrift Season"—from September through April—put the thrill of a never-to-be-forgotten vacation within your budget. So why not plan to visit Europe now when its famed cultural, educational, entertainment seasons are at their height.

Travel in Europe is an education in itself. And whatever your interests you'll find programs which facilitate study in your chosen fields. Art, science, music, handicrafts, social welfare—these are but a few in which Europe excels, and which can best be studied at this time of year.

Your trip will cost less than you think! Travel rates are as much as one-third lower and there are plenty of moderately-priced accommodations. Favorable exchange rates stretch your dollars and you can bring back $500 worth of purchases duty free. That is why more and more people are choosing the September-through-April "Thrift Season" as *the* time to go!

Your Travel Agent is your best counselor. He will help plan your trip and save money. For further information, write each country in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office of (name of country), Box 1247, Grand Central Sta., New York 17.

- AUSTRIA
- BELGIUM
- DENMARK
- FRANCE
- GERMANY
- GREAT BRITAIN
- GREECE
- ICELAND
- IRELAND
- ITALY
- LUXEMBOURG
- MONACO
- NETHERLANDS
- NORWAY
- PORTUGAL
- SWEDEN
- SWITZERLAND
- TURKEY

European Travel Commission

ETC

UNDERSTANDING...THROUGH TRAVEL...IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing Quintet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:45 and 8:45.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 10: Paddy Young vs. Laurent Dauthuille, of France, middleweights, 10 rounds. ...¶ Friday, Nov. 17: Billy Graham vs. Kid Gavilan, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—On SATURDAY, NOV. 11: Army vs. New Mexico, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Boston University vs. N.Y.U., at Boston, at 1:30....¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2....¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30....¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at the Polo Grounds, at 1:30....¶ Navy vs. Tulane, at Baltimore, at 2....¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30....¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2....¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.... SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 2. ...¶ Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30....¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30....¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30....¶ Holy Cross vs. Georgetown, at Worcester, at 1:30....¶ Pennsylvania vs. Wisconsin, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. ...¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30....¶ Temple vs. Fordham, at Philadelphia, at 1:30....¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 12: Rangers vs. Chicago....¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

HUNT RACING—National Hunt Races. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 11.)...¶ Montpelier Hunt. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 18.)

RACING—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1; through Wednesday, Nov. 15. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11, and the Daingerfield Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... PIMLICO, Baltimore: Weekdays at 1:15; through Friday, Nov. 17. The Pimlico Futurity, Friday, Nov. 17.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8:40; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track nightly at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Igor Buketoff directing the première of Douglas Moore's opera "Puss in Boots," with members of the Columbia Opera Workshop. Milton Caniff will also be present, drawing cartoons that will be awarded as prizes at the end of the program. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3.) ... LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concert of the Society's season. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

PLAYS—By the PLAY-MART: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE: "Pinocchio." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

MISCELLANEOUS—The American Young People's Theatre presenting a musical-dance version of "The Emperor's New Clothes," and other short pieces, with Tom Glazer as narrator, and with dances by Anna Sokolow. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 11, 1:30, and 3:30, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

MOVIES—Features and short subjects—Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Mechanical Toys and Jewels—A loan exhibition of miniature automatons, including birds that trill and flap their wings, a Diana who shoots a bow and arrow, and fairy-tale scenes with animated waterfalls, as well as all manner of watches, clocks, and snuffboxes, jewel-bedecked and busy. (A la Vieille Russie, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.; for the benefit of the Pestalozzi Foundation of America; through Dec. 5.)

First Editions and Manuscripts—An exhibition taken from the New York Public Library's Berg collection, which includes six centuries of English literature and three centuries of American literature. Among the items are the first printed history of England, published in 1480 by William Caxton; manuscripts by Pope and Hawthorne; and first editions of "Alice in Wonderland" and Poe's "Tamerlane." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, except Saturday, Nov. 11, from 9 to 5.)

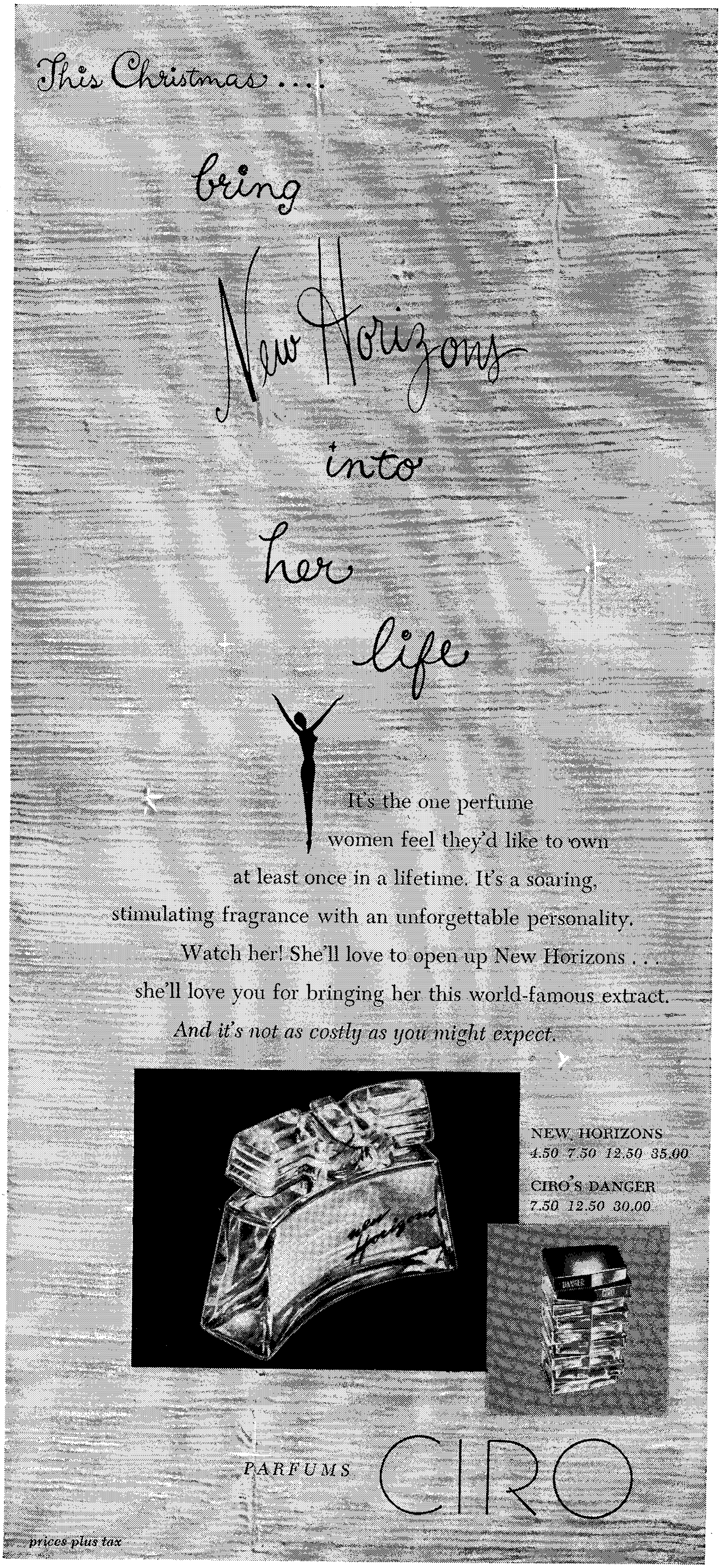
Leatherwork—An Egyptian wall-hanging, boots from Greenland, falcon hoods, and such, in a loan display of leather articles that range in time from ancient days to the present, and geographically from New York to Tibet. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 15. (Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Square at 7th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings, until 9:30; through Jan. 13.)

National Postage-Stamp Show—Examples of practically every American and foreign stamp ever issued, starting back with the first one-penny stamp of Great Britain, issued in 1840. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 16-18, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 19, from noon to 10.)

Flower Show—The forty-third annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Thursday, Nov. 9, from 4 to 10; Friday, Nov. 10, from 10 to 10; and Saturday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 4.)

Hayden Planetarium—The November show is called "Tropic Nights." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings, except Nov. 11, at 11.)

Auctions—At the **Parke-Bernet Galleries**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings by Botticelli, Van Dyck, Cuyp, and other Old Masters, from the collections of Samuel Hartveld and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Nov. 11, and Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 13-15, from 10 to 5; auction Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ French furniture of the eighteenth century; paintings by such artists as Boucher, Daumier, and Paulus Potter; porcelains; silver; and other objects of art; owned by Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell Lewis. (Exhibition Saturday, Nov. 11, and Monday through Thursday, Nov. 13-16, from 10 to 5; auction Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 1:45.) . . . **Kende Galleries**, 119 W. 57th St.: Primitive art objects from Africa, Central America, South America, the Pacific Islands, and Eskimo regions, collected by the late Frederick Knize. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9-10, from 10 to 5:30; auction Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2.)



It's the one perfume women feel they'd like to own at least once in a lifetime. It's a soaring, stimulating fragrance with an unforgettable personality. Watch her! She'll love to open up New Horizons . . . she'll love you for bringing her this world-famous extract.

And it's not as costly as you might expect.

NEW HORIZONS
4.50 7.50 12.50 35.00

CIRO'S DANGER
7.50 12.50 30.00

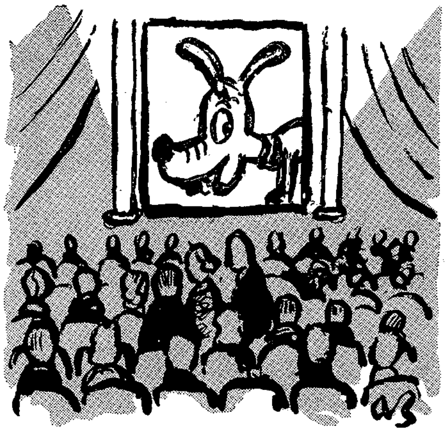
PARFUMS CIRO

prices plus tax

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



All About Eve—An account of how a young lady with long nails gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

The Bicycle Thief—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 14....¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; and Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 15.)

Bitter Rice—Extravagantly lively ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—A funny English film about the unexpected merger of a boys' school and a girls' school, with Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford leading the little ones through all kinds of confusion. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Nov. 10.)

King Solomon's Mines—An interpretation of the H. Rider Haggard novel, published back in 1886, that has in its favor some of the best documentary shots of African wild life and scenery you ever laid eyes on. Passing up and down more or less irrelevantly against views of the Dark Continent are Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

No Way Out—There are moments when this story of a young Negro doctor and his battle against prejudice becomes overwrought, but on the whole it is a mature and thoughtful probing of a cancerous subject. With Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, and Linda Darnell. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Nov. 15.)

Panic in the Streets—Some hair-raising moments in New Orleans during a desperate attempt by Richard Widmark (a United States Public Health doctor) and Paul Douglas (a city detective) to head off a plague. Elia Kazan's direction is impressive, and Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Palance, and Zero Mostel are fine in supporting roles. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 11....¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Nov. 15.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215; through Nov. 15, last showing at 2:30. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday at 5:30, and Saturday evening at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Three Little Words—An old-fashioned, extremely pleasant musical biography, setting forth the life stories of songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Fred Astaire's footwork is as nimble as ever. With Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton, and Keenan Wynn. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 12. ...¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Nov. 14.)

Treasure Island—Even Long John Silver's parrot ("Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!") is pretty wonderful in this rip-roaring version of Stevenson's great story. Robert Newton and Bobby Driscoll head a large and splendid cast. Produced by Walt Disney in England. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 15.)

Trio—Another batch of Somerset Maugham short stories on film, similar to "Quartet." The picture has in its favor some top-notch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Winslow Boy—The story of how a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy, told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 11.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 9.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 9.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 10-11.)

Belle of the Nineties (1934)—Mae West outwitting the censors. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Nov. 11.)

Chapayev (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 9.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; starting Nov. 11.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 10.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 12-13.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 12-13.)

The Late George Apley (1947)—Ronald Colman in Marquand's story of life in Boston. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Nov. 12-14.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 10.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 12-13.)

Quartet (1949)—The original collection of Maugham short stories. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 11-14.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Nov. 15. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

The Search (1948)—An account of the effects of war on the lives of some children in Europe. With Montgomery Clift. Made in Western Germany. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 14-15.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 10-11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 12: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman....¶ Starting Nov. 13: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

Note—"Marius," "Fanny," and "César," the full-length French films that make up Marcel Pagnol's trilogy about Marseille and some of its raffish inhabitants, will be shown together, as a triple feature, at the Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370, Nov. 14-15.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through Nov. 15, last showing at 2:30: **THE RED SHOES.**

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Devil's Doorway," Robert Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Nov. 14: "Deported," Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler.
From Nov. 15: "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Marriage of Figaro" (in German), Erna Berger; and "Schubert's Serenade," the Vienna Choir Boys.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Nov. 15: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Nov. 14: "I'll Get By," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From Nov. 15: "Copper Canyon," Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.

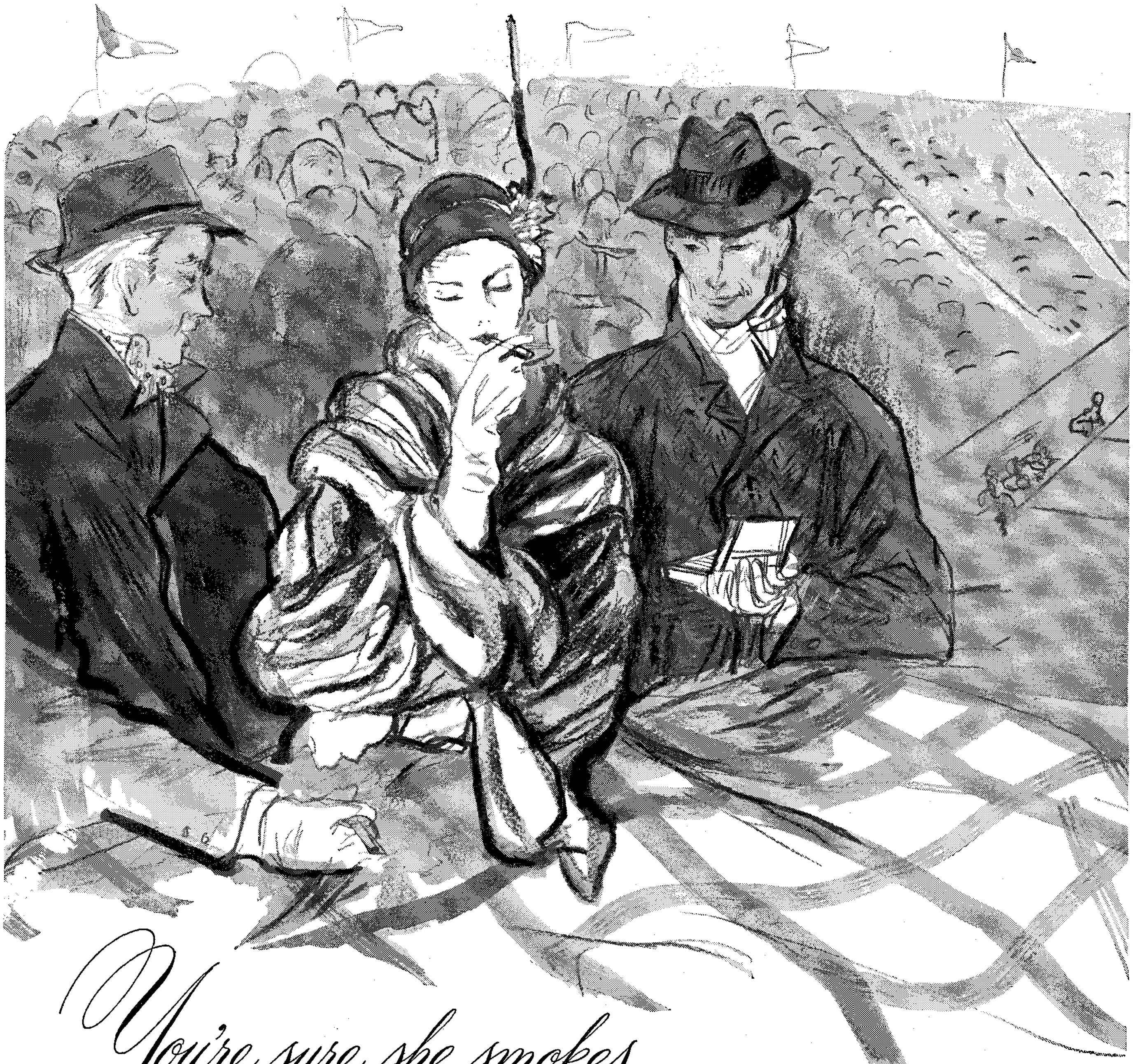
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
ALL ABOUT EVE.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Nov. 15: "Rocky Mountain," Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

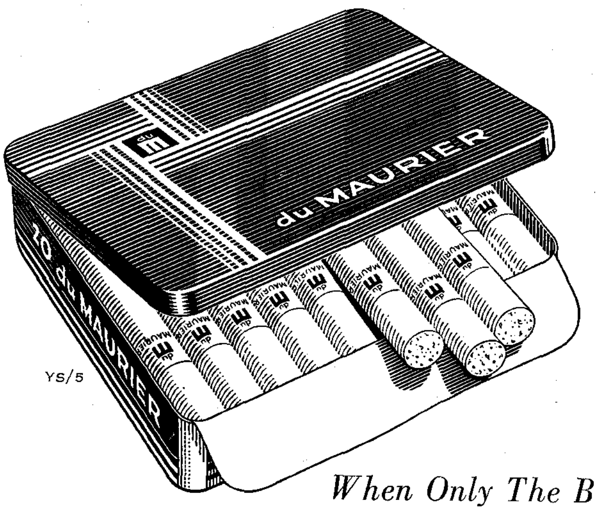
World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).



You're sure she smokes

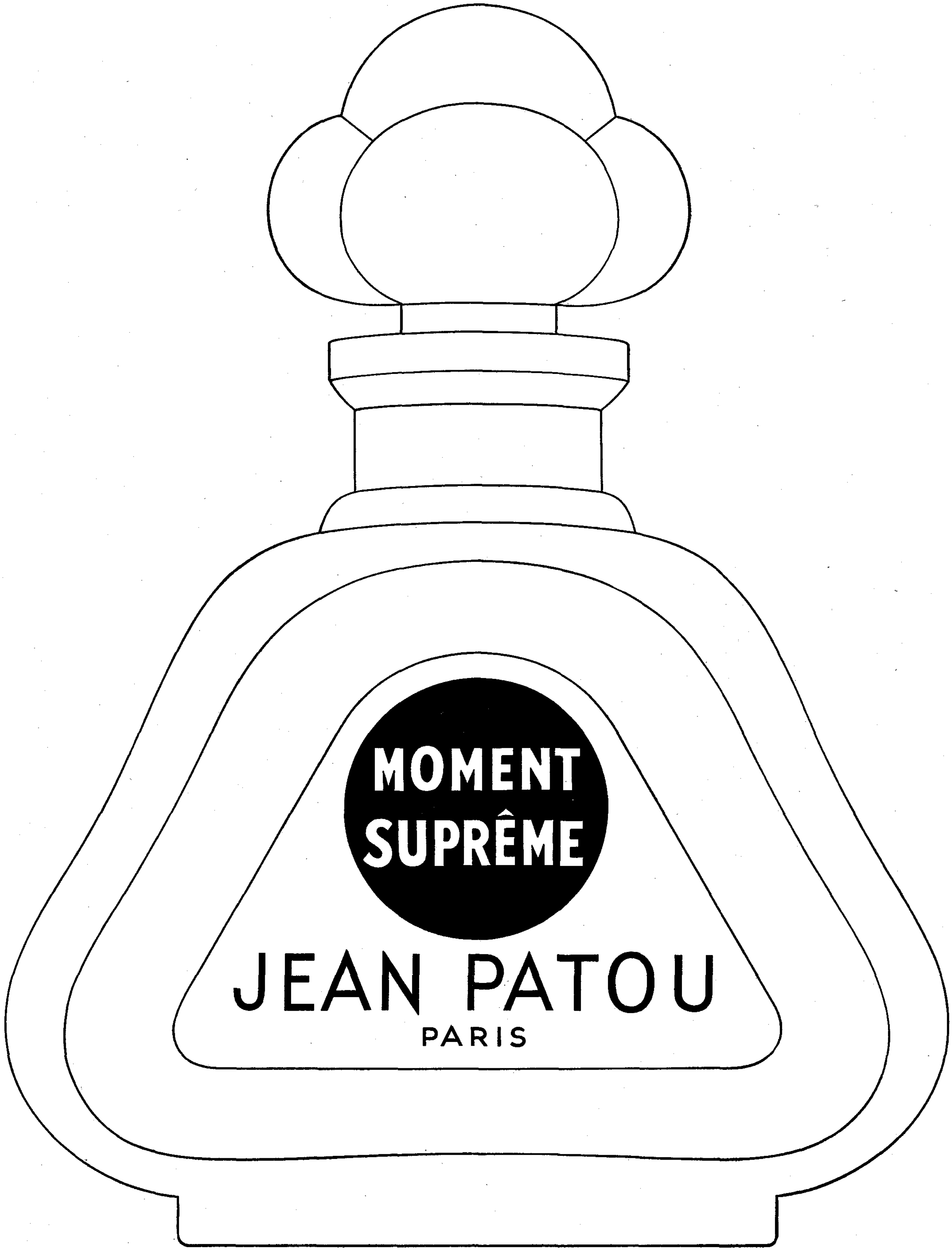
du MAURIERS!

Swathed in mutation mink... duchess of the fifty-yard line... surrounded by adoring swains... she thrills to the ebb and flow of each gridiron battle with the same enthusiasm as a debutante. Without even seeing the scarlet aluminum box, you're sure she smokes du Mauriers because, in her way of life, only the best will do! She makes a 'conversation piece' of the five-ply filter tip that always insures fragrant, cool, mild smoke. After all... nothing quite compares with this cigarette... blended especially for the most-exacting taste... from American and Oriental tobaccos. Yes, you're sure she smokes du Mauriers.



When Only The Best Will Do...

On sale in the scarlet aluminum box of twenty—wherever better cigarettes are sold. Made by Columbia Tobacco Co. Inc., New York, **N. Y.**


MOMENT
SUPRÊME
JEAN PATOU
PARIS

ALSO, MOMENT SUPRÊME PARFUM COLOGNE ∴ NOW FROM PARIS, POUDRE MOMENT SUPRÊME IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES

Newton Elkin
FOOTWEAR

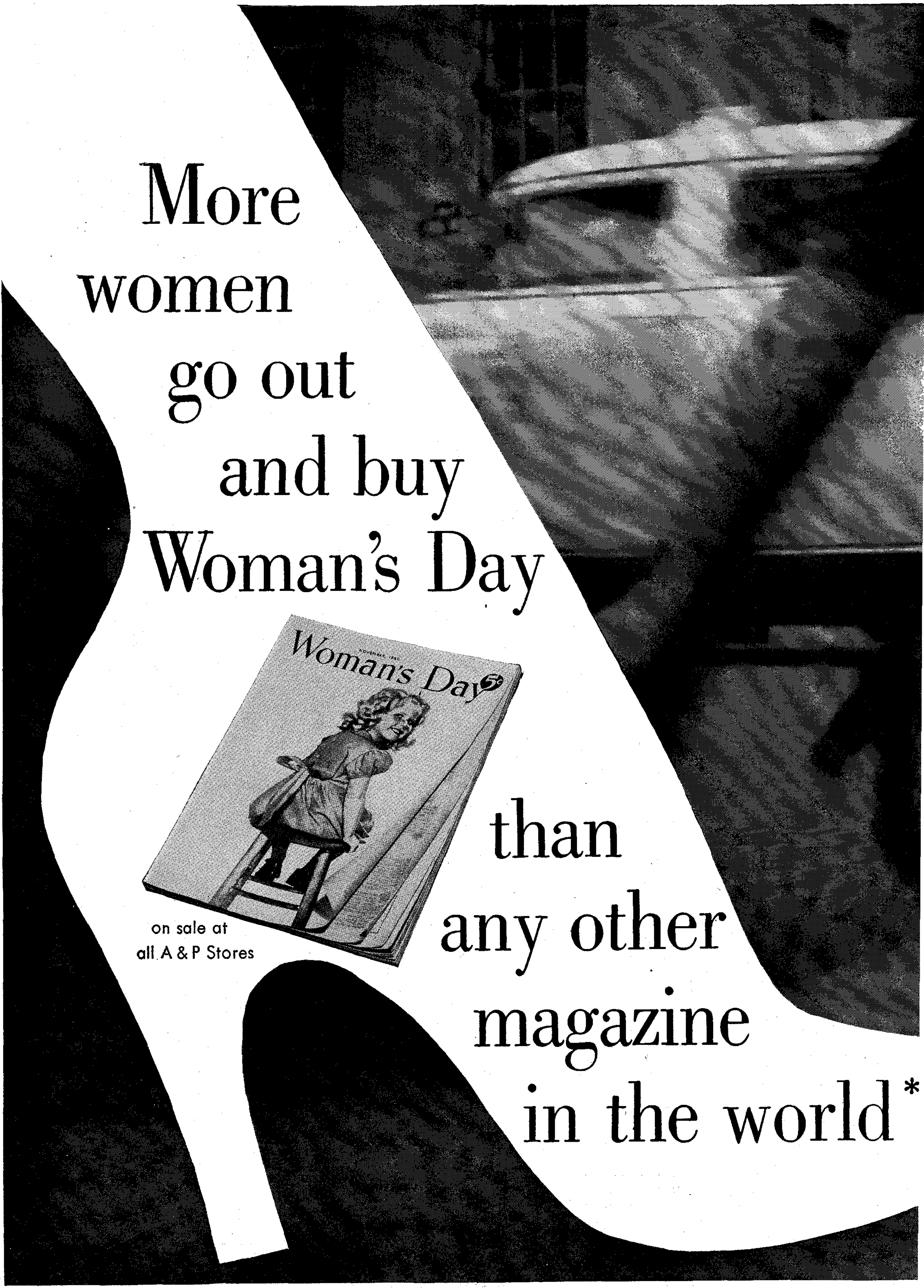
Newton Elkin adds his unmistakable touch of elegance to your fall costume . . . designed beautiful shoes to flatter your foot, to please your every step. As the true couturier in leather he is, he thought in terms of material . . . preconceived his creations in superb kidskin. From all the superior imported kidskins, he selected, incomparable

HEYL KID
C F D

the world's foremost . . . distinguished by a beauty all its own, beauty which is more than skin deep.

LORD & TAYLOR

Sarong Sandal, Coquette Pump both in black or blue Heyl Kidskin.
From Newton Elkin's extensive fall line . . . ours alone in New York. Also at Manhasset, Westchester and Milburn.


More
women
go out
and buy
Woman's Day
Woman's Day 5¢
on sale at
all A & P Stores
than
any other
magazine
in the world*

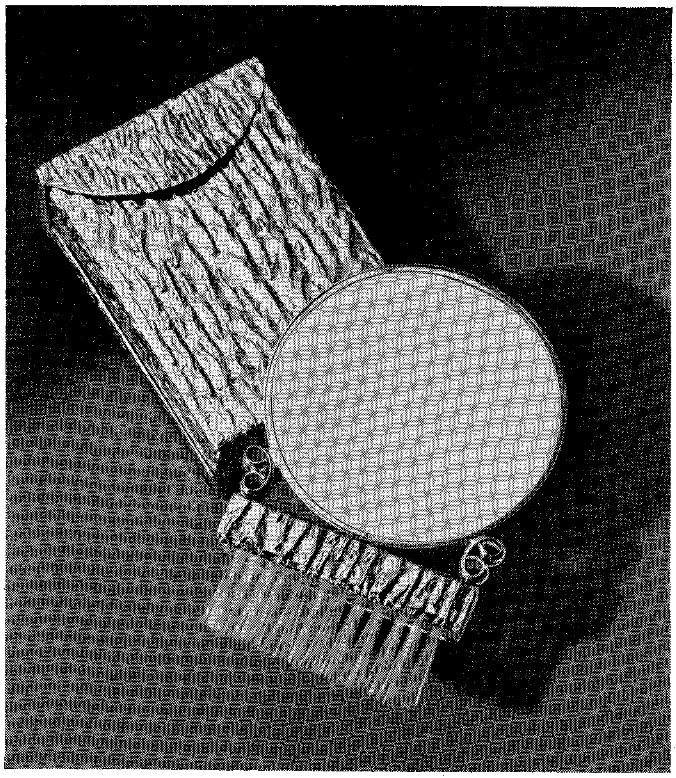
*3,750,000 average single-copy sales per issue . . .
the world's largest single-copy circulation

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

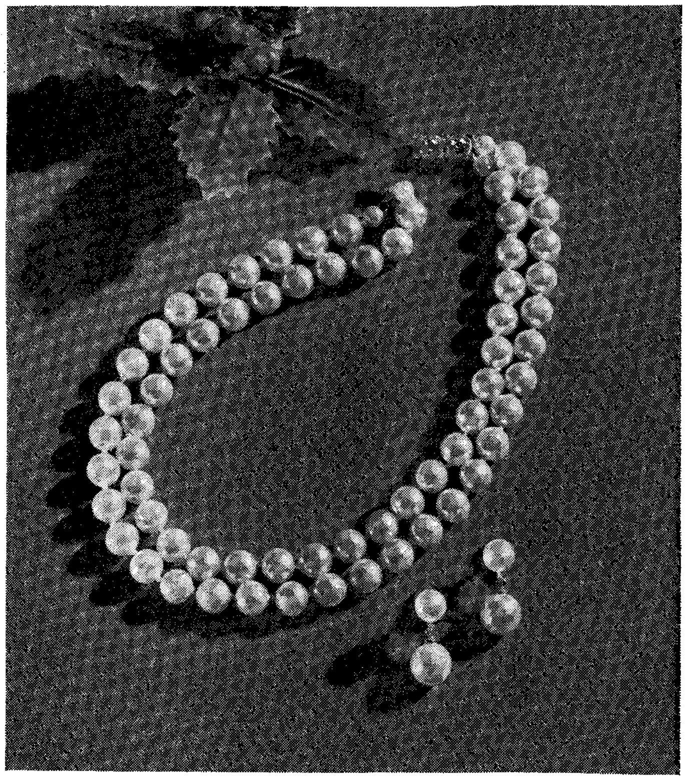
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS IS IN THE BAG when you give her one of these. They're all as handsome inside as out, all done with the loving details and workmanship that has made the name Coblentz mean so much to a woman. Left, 101, Double-Handle Box Bag in calf, 28.50; suede, 25.00. Rayon faille or rayon satin, 18.50. Right, 102, Paddle Wheel Clasp Bag in any of the above, or rayon velvet, 25.00. Center, 103, Initial Clasp Bag in calf, 39.50; suede, 35.00. Engraving free of charge. All come in black, brown or navy and are subject to tax.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.



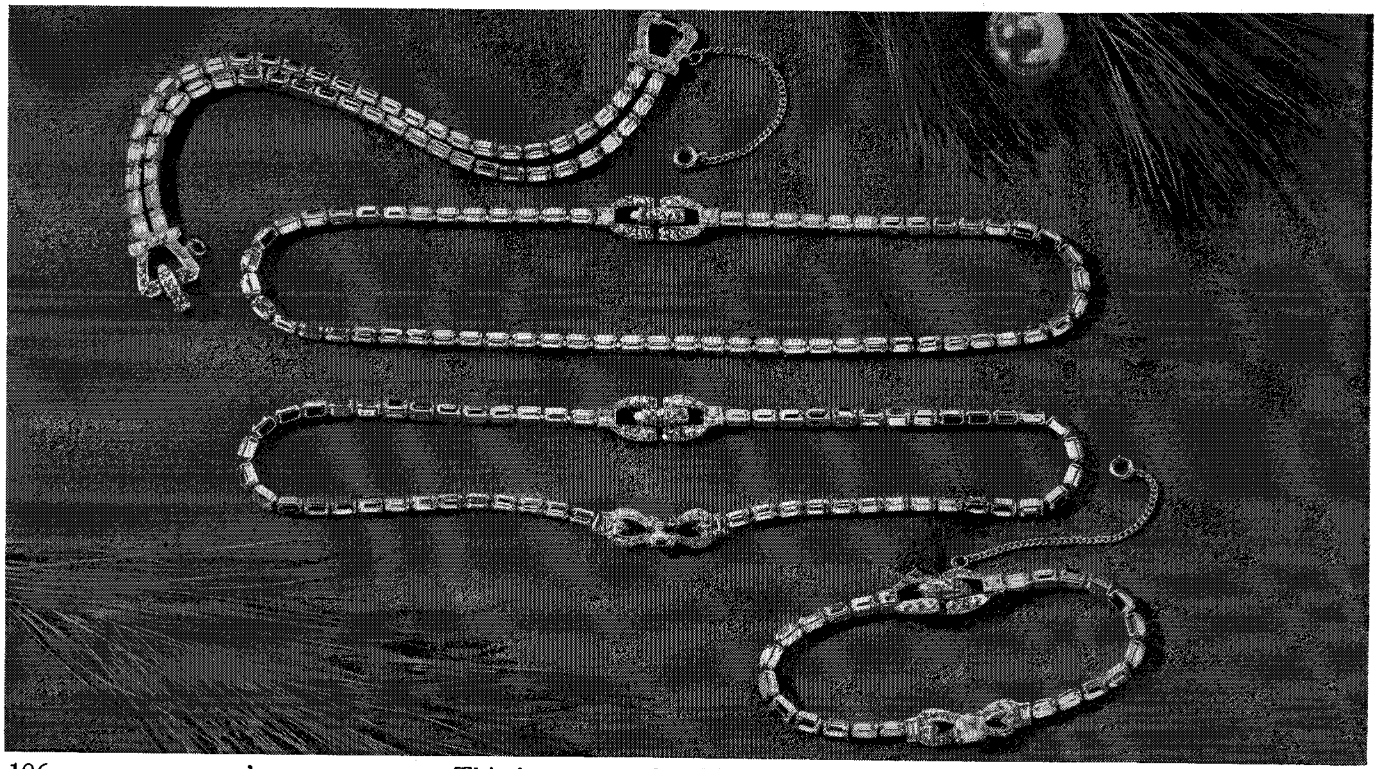
104...GOLDEN BOUGH CIGARETTE CASE in bark-textured golden metal. Squeeze and the top flips up, 7.50. (Also in king size.) Matching mirror with nylon brush, 6.00.



105...PSEUDO PEARLS. La Tausca's finest quality pretend pearls go into this necklace with rhinestone and sterling clasp, 30.00. Ear drops, 5.00. Plus tax.

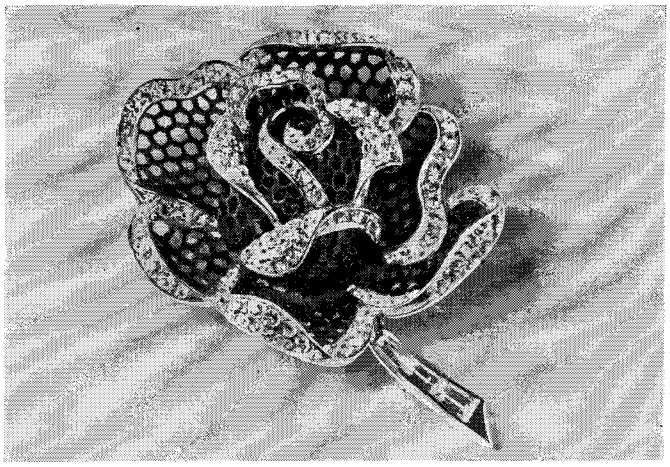
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.

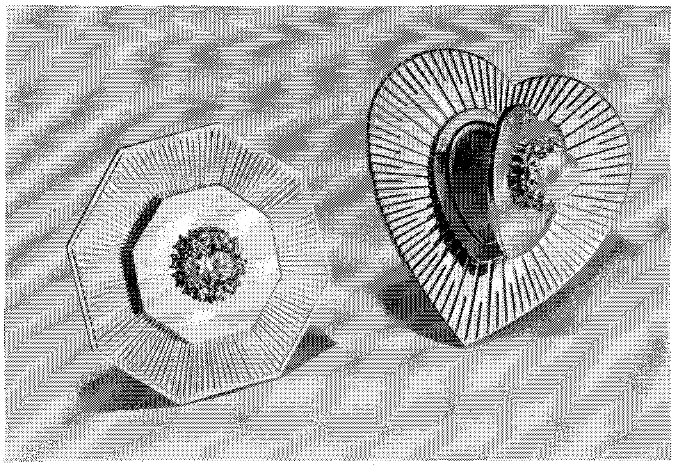


106...ALMOST A GIRL'S BEST FRIENDS. This is *the* year for rhinestones. She'll wear them with everything from grey flannels to velvets. Mazer Brothers' baguette rhinestones with Christmasy snowflake sparkle, the two necklaces (a) above, (b) below, and a 2-strand bracelet, 19.75 each. Single-strand bracelet, 10.00. Plus tax.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.



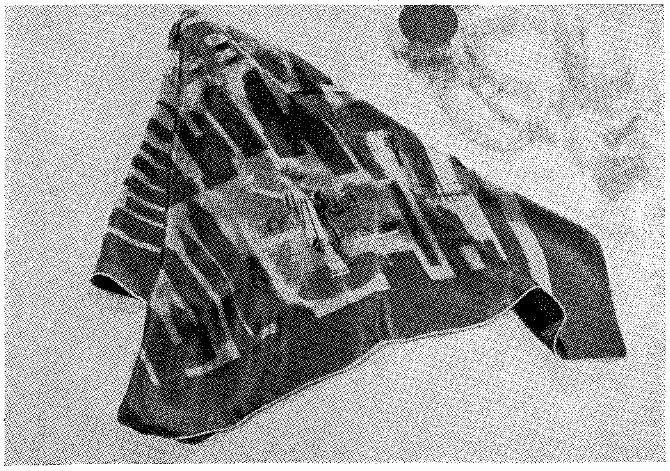
107...LATTICE ROSE BROOCH. Exquisitely wrought jeweler's pin by Marcel Boucher. Black lattice petals rimmed in rhinestones on a stem of rhinestone baguettes, 25.00. Earrings, 15.00. Plus tax.



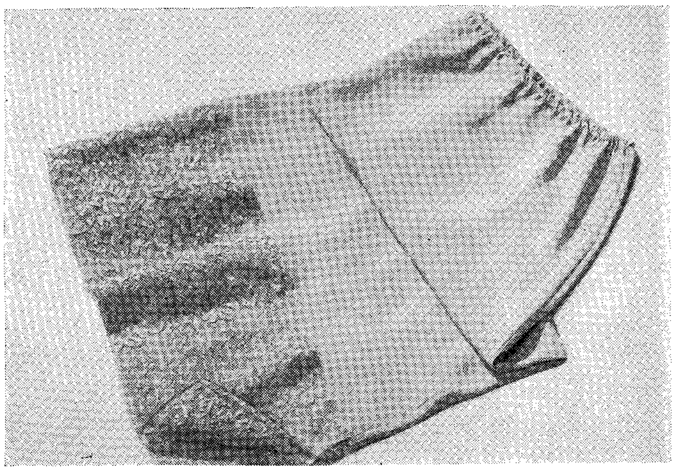
SILVER LOCKET PINS. Du Jay made these in engine turned silver with 1/20 12 kt. gold-filled lockets centered with rhinestones and pretend pearls, left 108, right 109, 25.00 each. Earrings, 22.50. Plus tax.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

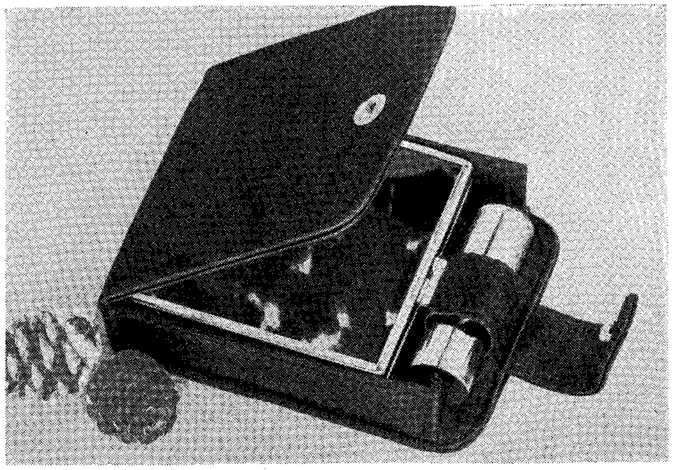
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.



110...SKYLINE SCARVES made by Kimball exclusively for S.F.A. 36″, pure silk, hand-rolled, with Manhattan landmarks printed on royal, orange, green, fuchsia, rust or blue spruce, 5.00.



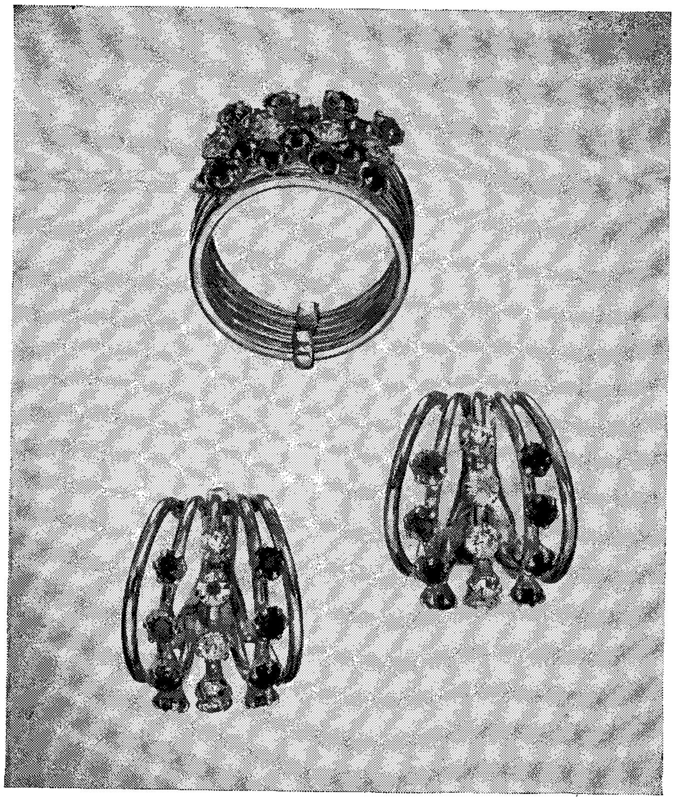
111...PURE SILK PETTICOAT. Juliana's luscious underpinning with hand-run Alencon-like lace border, side-slashed for the new skirts. White, black, navy, grey, pink. Small, medium, large, 8.95.



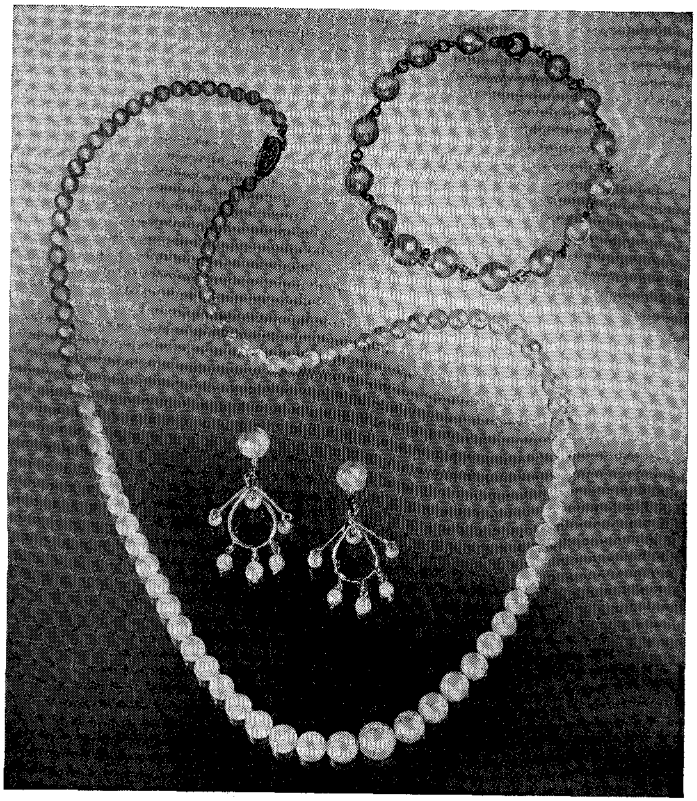
112...THE TORTOISE WINS! Real tortoise winds up topside of a golden metal compact and lipstick. Ciner made them, packed them in a neat little rayon faille case, 15.00.

113...S.F.A. EXCLUSIVE SUEDE TOPPER by Edward Schainman. New Zealand lambskin, back-flared to belt or not. Bittersweet, blush, brown, rose or green, 10 to 16, 75.00.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.



114...**CHARMED CIRCLES** to wake up the gypsy in her. De Rosa's sterling silver loops dipped in gold, stone-studded in many colors. Ring, 19.75. Earrings, 12.50. Plus tax.

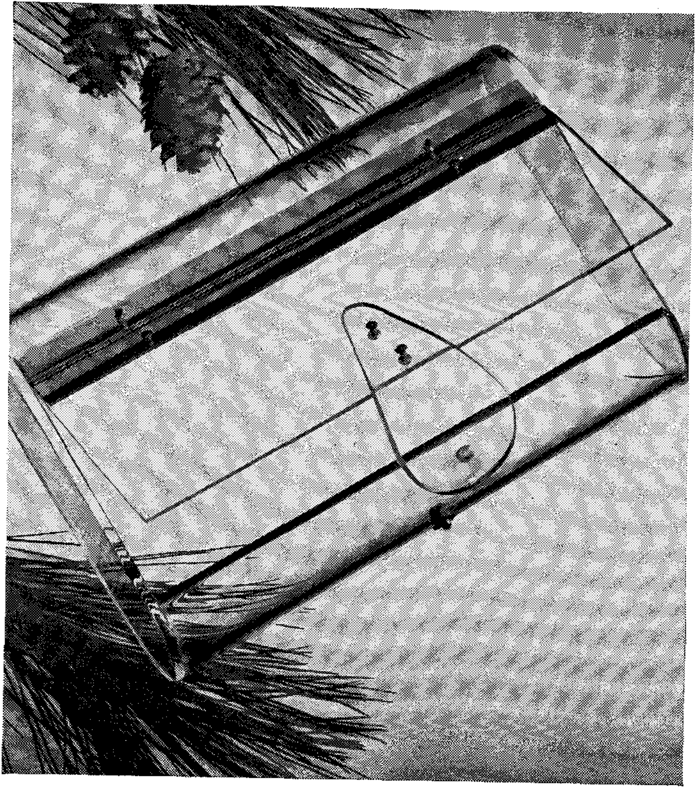


115...**CULTURED PEARLS.** Imperial's necklace clasped with diamond chip set in 10 kt. gold, 50.00. Bracelet, pearls and 14 kt. gold, 25.00. Earrings a la Goya, 29.75. Plus tax.

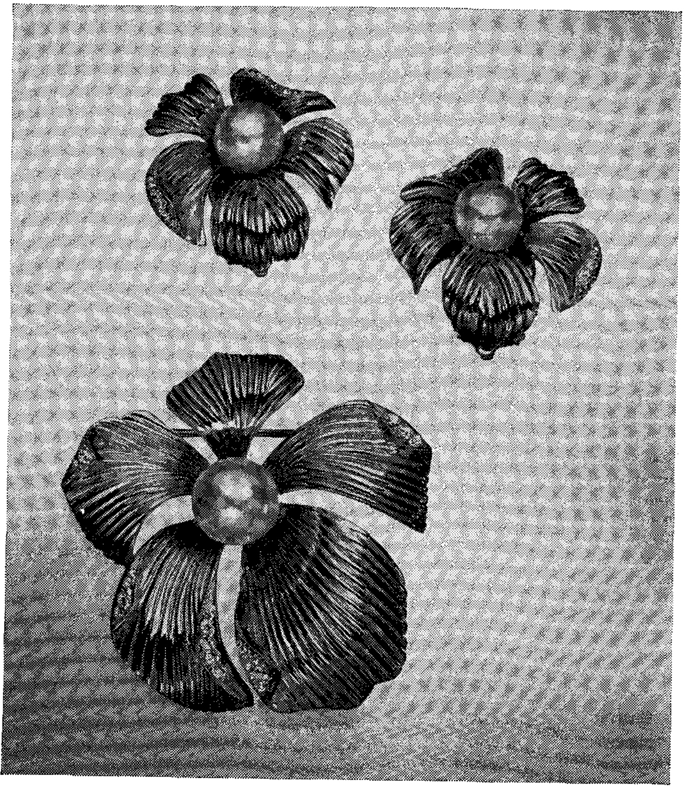
Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

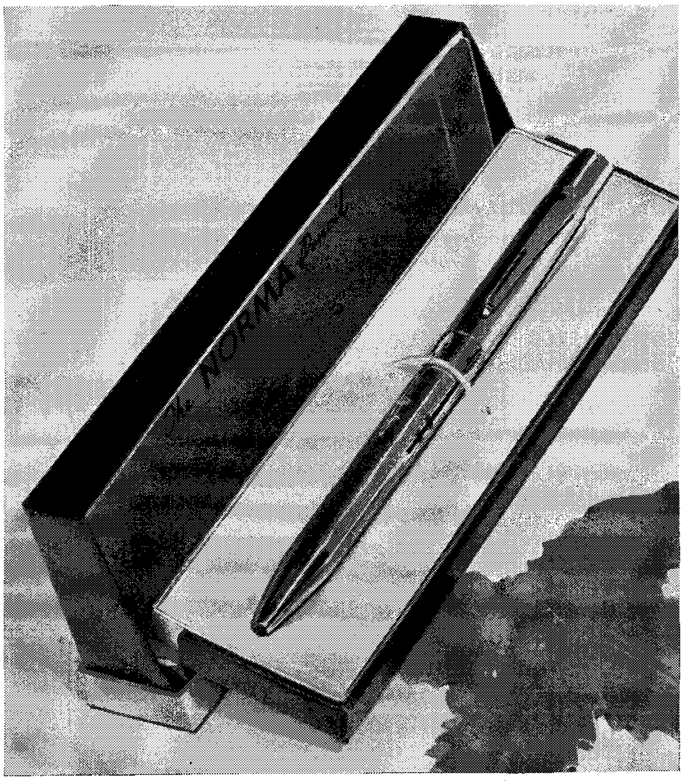
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.



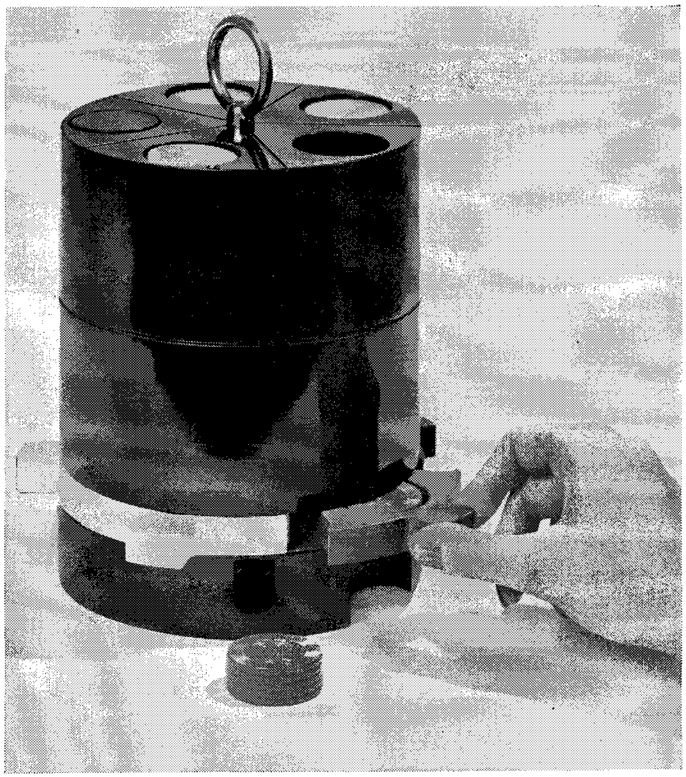
116...**CINDERELLA CLUTCH BAG.** Lynn's evening showcase of Lucite, clear as that girl's slipper. Also wonderful in mock tortoise shell. 7.50 plus tax.



117...**GOLDEN DOGWOOD JEWELS.** Joseph Mazer's dogwood blooms with engine-turned metal petals, centers of pseudo pearls. Lapel brooch and ear flowers, 10.00 each, plus tax.



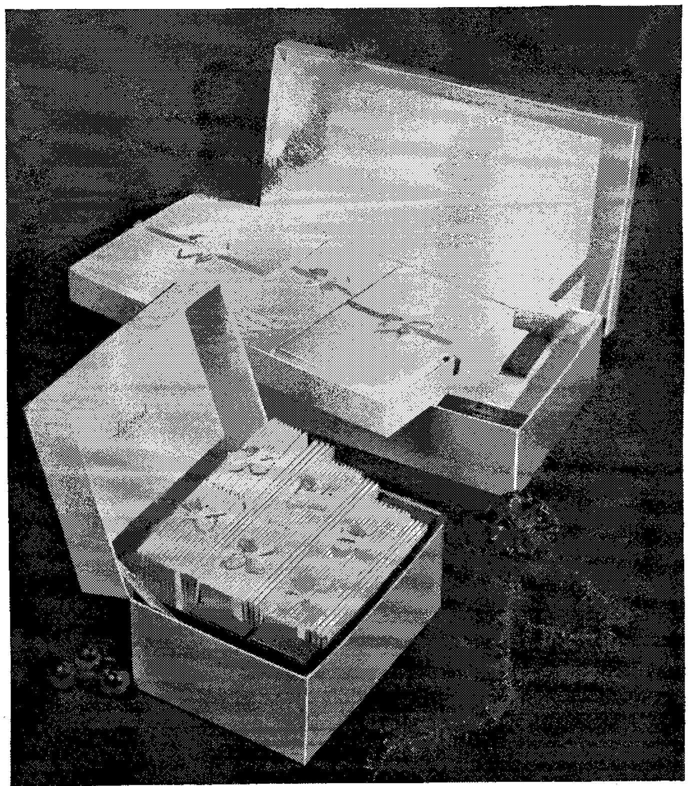
118...FOUR-COLOR PENCIL by Norma. Red, black, blue or green at flick of thumb. Chrome, 4.50*; 10 kt. rolled gold, 7.50*; sterling, 10.00*; 14 kt. gold-filled, 15.00*; 14 kt. gold, 100.00*. *Plus tax.



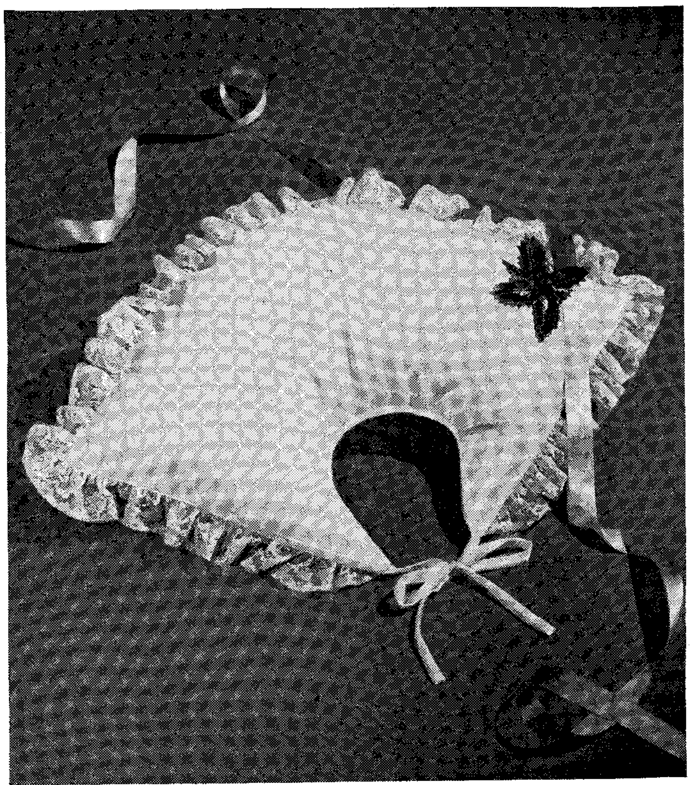
119...DEALER'S CHOICE. Chip-O-Matic dispenser deals five long-lasting catalin chips at a time. Black plastic case contains 100 whites, 50 reds, 50 blues and 50 yellows, conveniently stacked, 15.50.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.



120...STATIONERY WARDROBES by White and Wyckoff. 100 white vellum sheets, 96 envelopes, many sizes, 4.00. 60 sheets, white, pink or blue vellum, 3 sizes, 60 envelopes, 3.00.

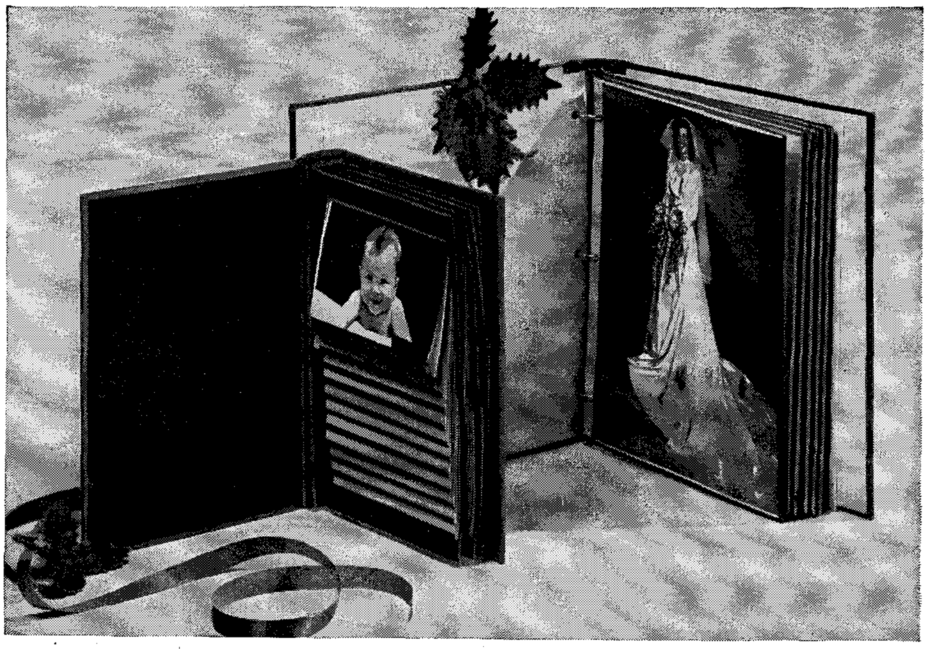


121...FAN NECK PILLOW by Carlin Comforts for travelers, readers. Down-and-feather filled rayon satin, blue, white, pink or yellow, 8.00. Zipped nylon organdy slip, 9.50.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

122...LEATHER SNAPSHOT BOOK. American Binder's book keeps snaps and negatives fresh. Handsomely gold-tooled, it holds 96 3½ x 5½s or 196 2½ x 3½s, and room for more! 7.50.

123...LEATHER PORTRAIT BOOK. American Binder's ring-bound album with plastic pockets, moiré lining. Holds 16 prints now, with added pockets, 30 more. 8"x10", 10.00; 11"x14", 18.00.



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.

124...LEATHER SPEC-REST. American Binder's snug home for glasses. Tooled case mounted on swivel for easy reaching on desk or night table (saves new-lens bills!) 7.95.

125...BEDSIDE LIGHT. Closed, looks like a leather-bound first edition. Open, it sheds a soft light, holds all bedside addenda from aspirin to glasses. Neat trick at 9.95.

126...MAGNUM MAGNETIC MEMO. American Binder's giant leather memo box with automatic, can't-lose pencil magnetized to side. For busy executives, hostesses. 700 8x5 sheets, 11.95.

All of the above come in these wonderful colors: Chinese red, forest green, Florentine gold, tangerine, copen blue, lime, coral, brown, maroon and ivory.

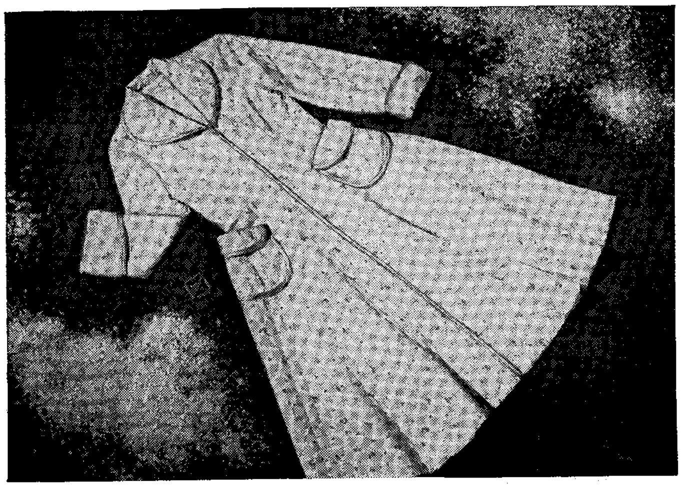
Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

127...BOOTS-'N'-SADDLE SOCKS. Elastic-topped mercerized cotton by Springfoot, nylon reinforced heel and toe. Red, blue, maize, green. 7 to 10½. .50 a pair.

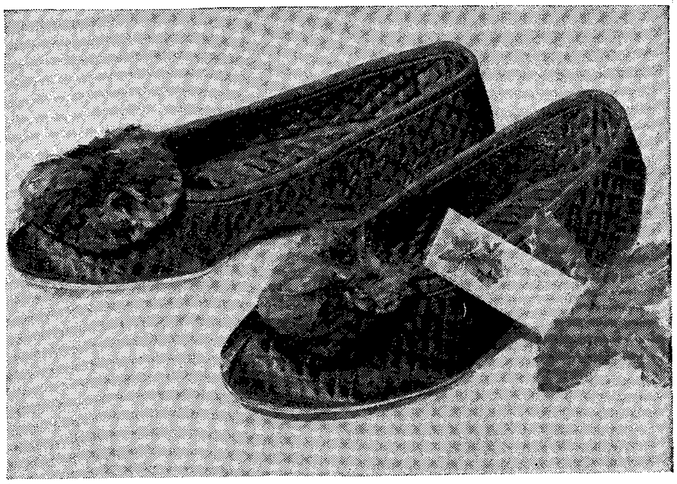
128...HOPALONG CASSIDY SLIPPERS. Only at S.F.A. in the whole U.S.A. Made by Terry of sturdy black leather with white detail. Sizes 6 to 3, 3.95.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

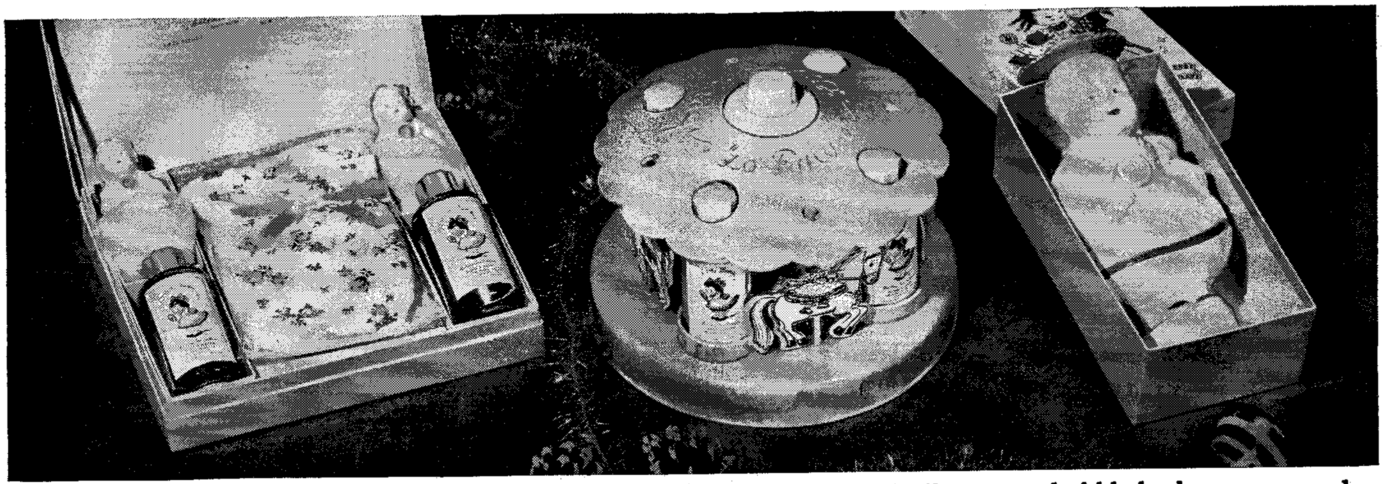
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.



129...LITTLE PRINCESS ROBE. Printed, quilted rayon crepe by Raymode with zipper front. White, pink, blue or navy. Sizes 3 to 6X, 12.95, 8 to 16, 14.95.

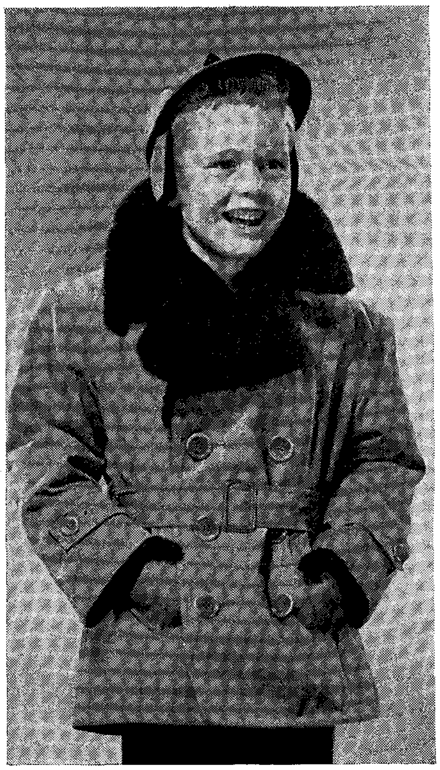


130...POM-POM BALLERINAS. Quilted rayon satin slippers by Pfeiffer. Pink, light blue, royal blue, black, red. Sizes 3 to 9 (and half-sizes), 3.95.

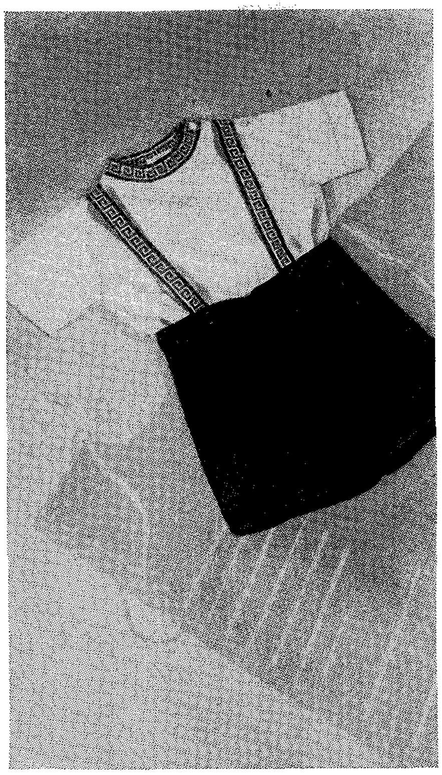


131...SUGAR 'N' SPICE SWEETENING by Helene Pessl. (a) Bath Set, including toilet water, bubble bath, pat-on powder mitt, two soap dolls, 3.00. (b) Carousel Set, including toilet water, bubble bath, hand lotion, shampoo, talcum powder, 4.50. (c) Plastic doll that she'll love even more because it squirts cologne, 2.00. Plus tax.

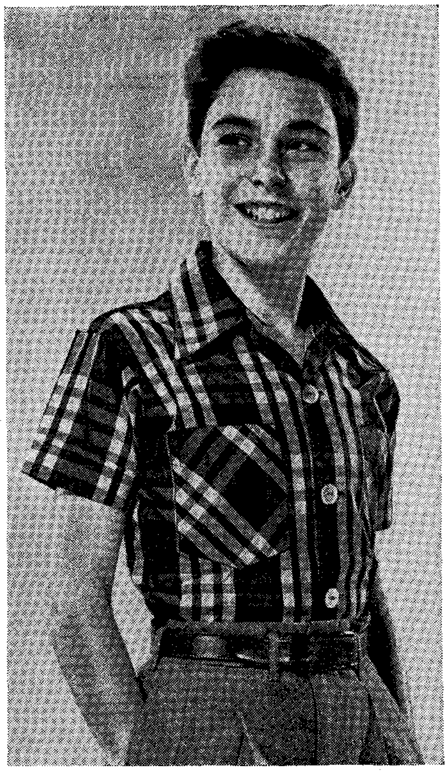
Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.



132...ALPACA-LINED MACKINAW by Zero King. Water-repellent cotton. Navy with grey alpaca pile, tan with brown. 6-12, 35.00. 14-20, 39.95.



133...COTTON KNIT SUIT. Boy's exclusive two-piece suit by Graewil. White top with navy, green or brown pants, geometric trim. Sizes 2 to 6, 7.95.

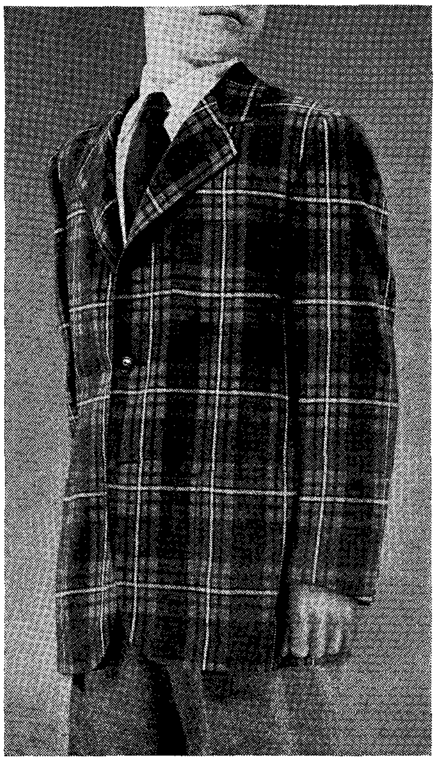


134...FLUORESCENT PLAID. Boy's rayon taffeta shirt by Deluxe. Chartreuse, fuchsia, orange. 4 to 12, 4.95. 14 to 20, 5.95. Small, med., large, 6.95.

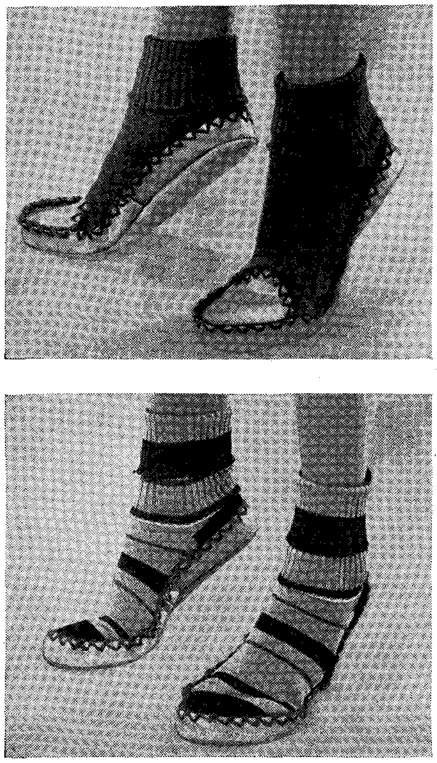
Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

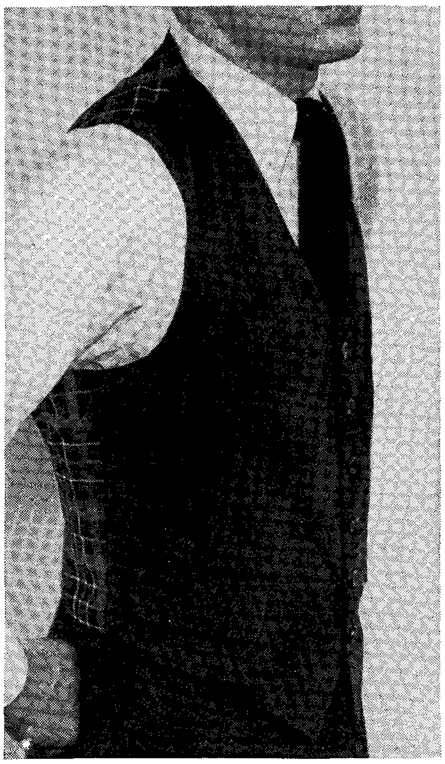
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.



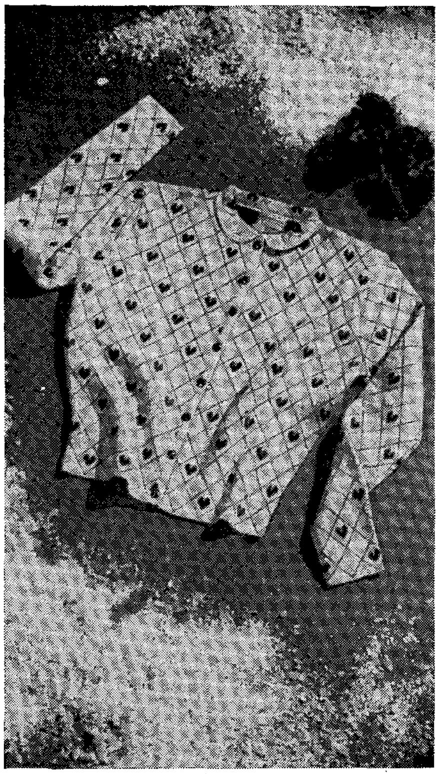
135...IMPORTED WOOL TARTANS. Boy's exclusive jacket tailored by Fletcher in authentic plaids. Sizes 8 to 12, 29.95, 13 to 18, 35.00.



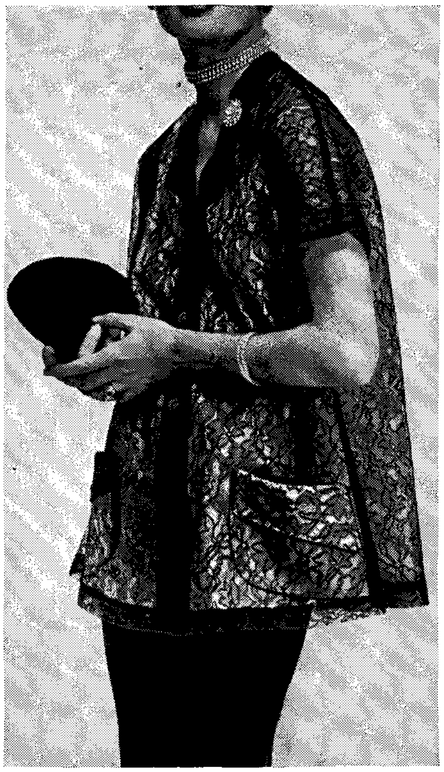
136...WASHABLE SLIPPER SOX. Springfoot's red, green, royal, wool-and-nylon, hose sizes 8 to 12. 2.95; nylon, 6-9, 2.50. Striped cotton, 6-9, 1.95.



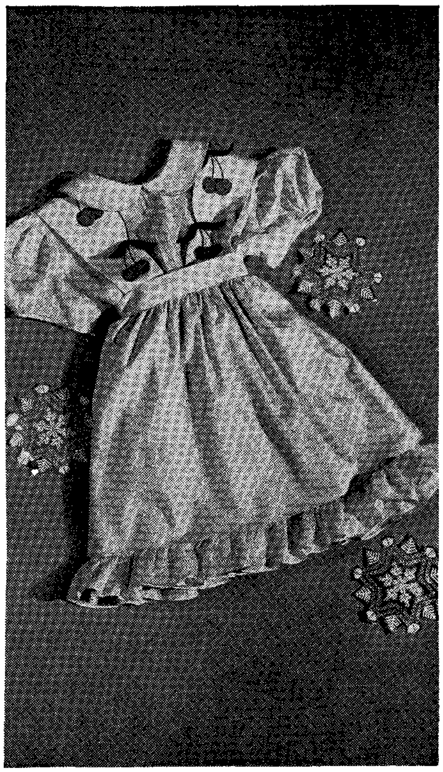
137...MOCK-DOESKIN VEST. Brushed cotton front, Tartan rayon fabric back. Brown, light and dark beige, scarlet, rust. 38 to 46 reg.; 40 & 42 long, 13.50.



138...**TEEN'S TYROLEAN CARDIGAN.** Exclusive by Hi-Girl of imported spun zephyr wool. Red hearts on white; white on navy or red. 34 to 40, 10.95.



139...**MATERNITY LACE JACKET** over taffeta. Avorn exclusive rayon. Black, navy on nude, grey on grey, 29.95. Black velveteen skirt, 17.95. 10 to 18.

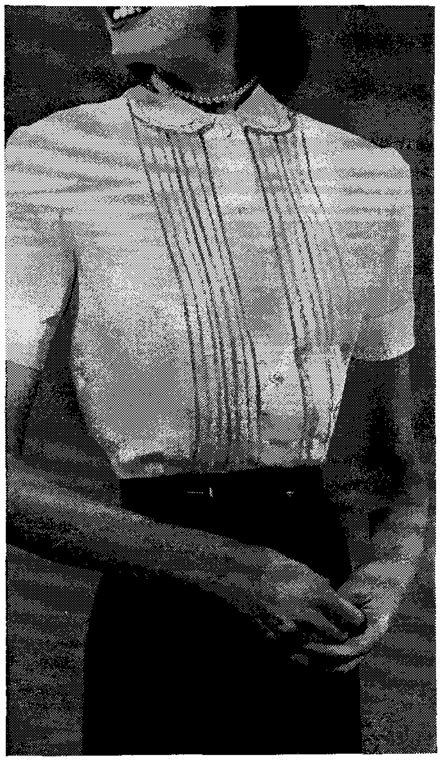


140...**SISTER PETTI-BLOUSE AND JUMPER.** Dust-ruffled batiste showing under exclusive cotton broadcloth by Joseph Love. Champagne, maize, mint ice. 3 to 6 X, 8.95 and 7 to 14, 9.95.

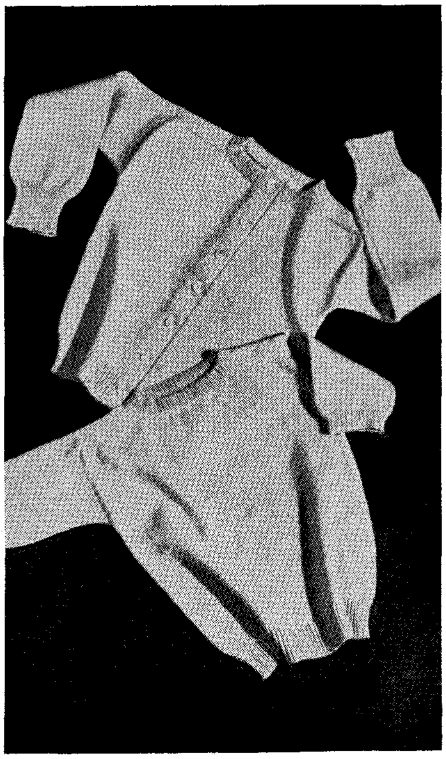
Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

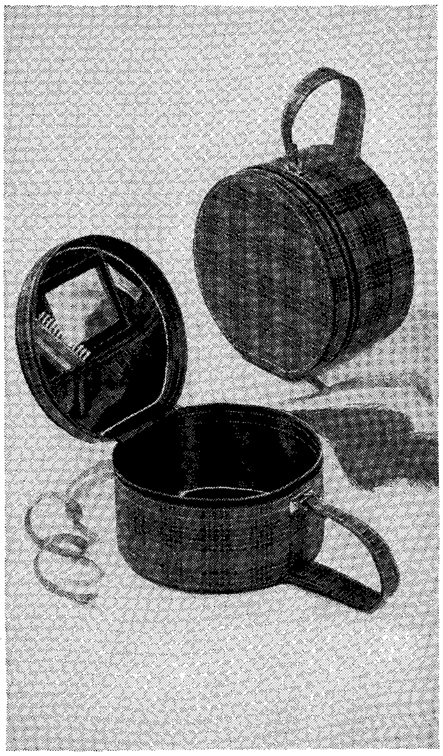
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.



141...**TEEN'S FAGOTED BLOUSE.** Exclusive washable rayon crepe by Sally Mason, edged with val-type lace. White, teen sizes 10 to 16, 5.50.

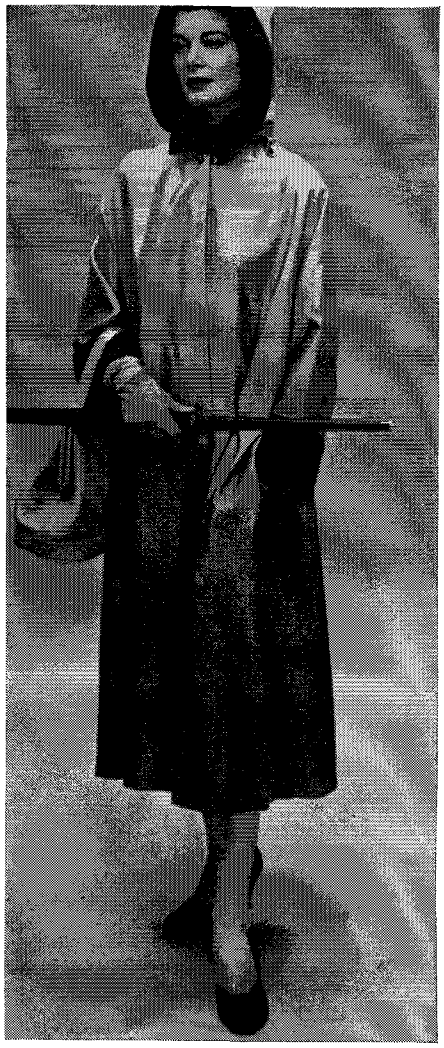


142...**TINY SWEATERS.** Spur Knitting Mills' shrink-resistant wool. White, corn, aqua, bittersweet, blue, pink, 3, 4, 6. Pullover, 4.95; Cardigan, 5.95.

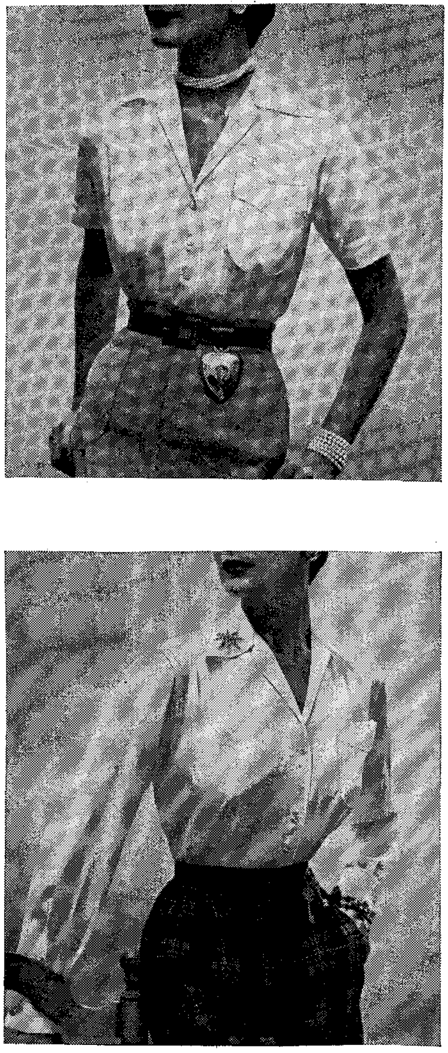


143.**JR. COVER GIRL NIGHT CASE.** Exclusive by "Youth Mode" in navy—red plaid, all red, navy or brown plastic with comb and brush, 5.00 plus tax.

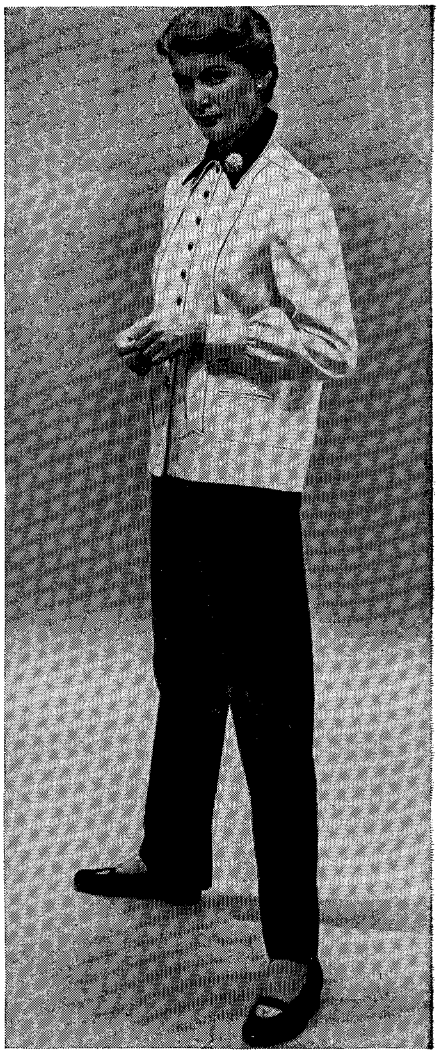
Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.



144...**S. F. A. REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT.** Lawrence of London made this for us in ombre rayon taffeta on one side, plain on the other. Beige to brown, grey to black, 8 to 16, 39.95.



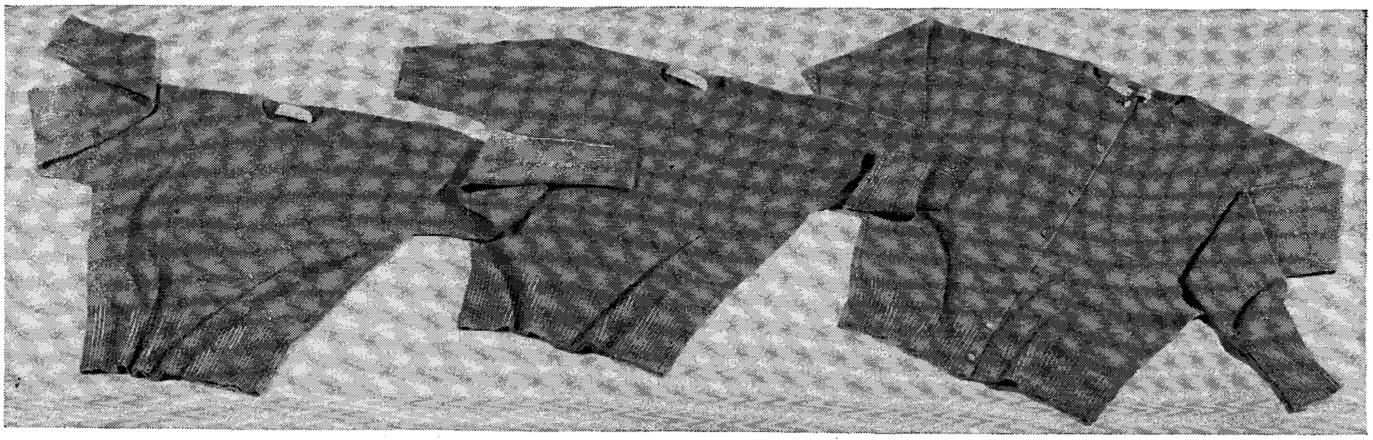
145...**PURE SILK SHIRTS.** Beautifully made by Val Desco with hand-picked collars and pockets. White, blue, yellow, 10 to 18. Short sleeved, 16.95; long-sleeved, 17.95.



146...**NICE-TO-COME-HOME-TO DEPT.** Duchess Royal's beige linen jacket, jet-buttoned, collared in velveteen. 10 to 18, 29.95. Black velveteen pants, 10 to 18, 16.95.

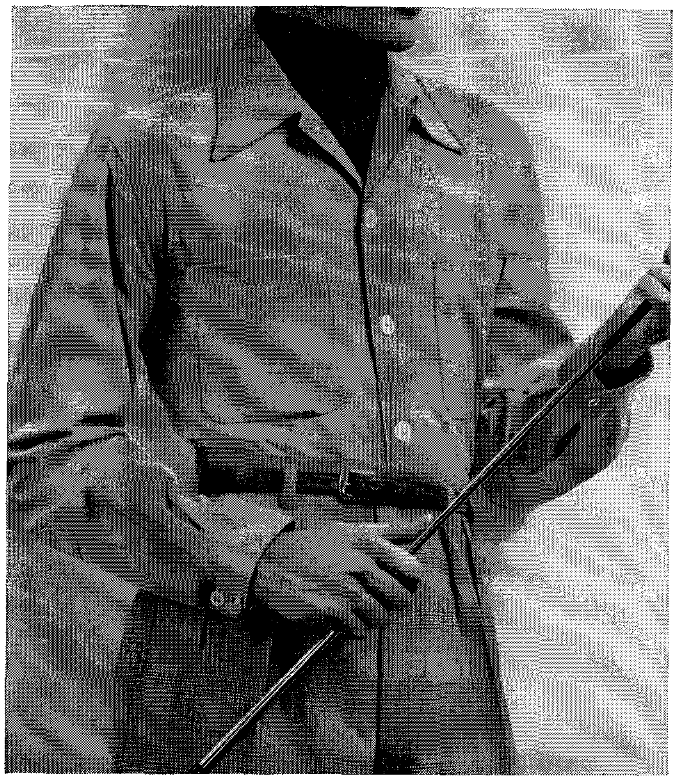
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.

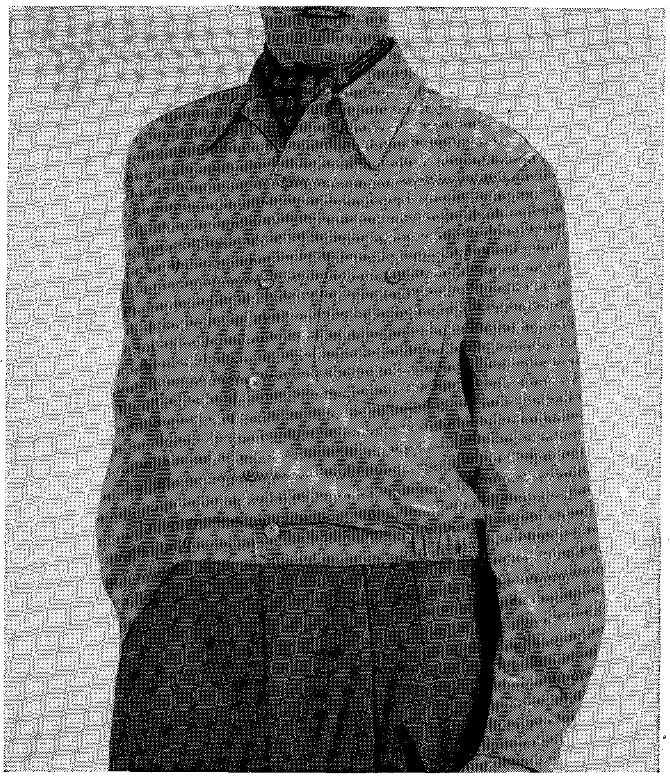


147...**CASHMERES FOR YOUR SWEATER GIRL,** and what girl isn't? Especially when they're famous Hadley cashmeres. Pink, cherry, white or blue. Sizes 34 to 40. Left to right, long sleeved pullover, 14.95, short sleeved pullover, 13.95, cardigan, 16.95.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.



148...**SPORTS CIRCUIT CORDUROY SHIRT.** Side-vented to be worn as an overshirt, too. Beige, gold, coral, brown, grey, navy, red. Small, medium, large or extra large, 13.50.

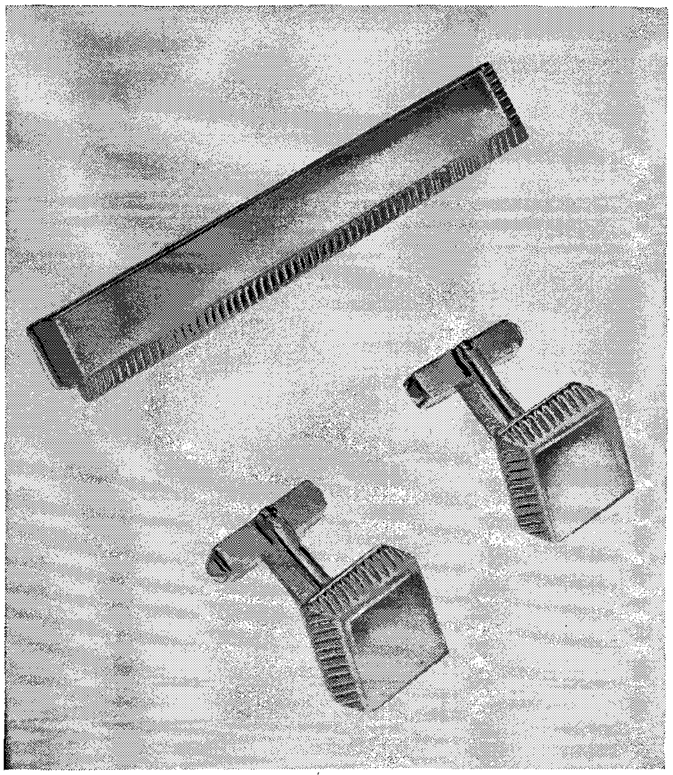


149...**CORDUROY YEAR-ROUNDER.** Like our famous elastic waist field jacket. Exclusive in beige, gold, coral, brown, grey, navy, red. Small, medium, large, extra large, 16.50.

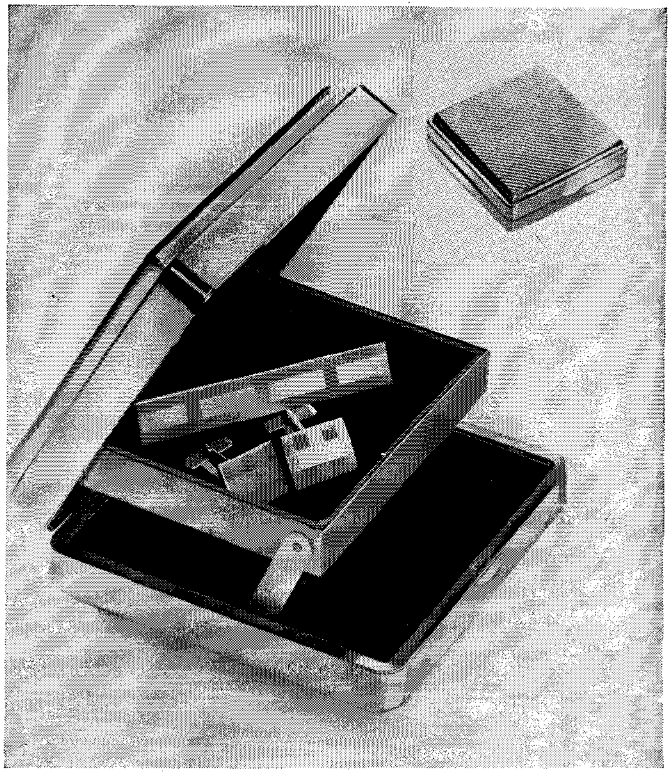
Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.



150...**FLAT SILVER.** Handsome sterling silver cuff links and tie clip aimed to please the most fastidious male on your list. On-The-Square cuff links, 5.00. Bar tie-clip, 5.00. Or the whole set, by Swank, 10.00 plus fed. tax.



151...**TRIPLE TREAT.** Tie clip and cuff links of golden plaid metal. In their own handsome, ribbed metal jewel box that has two compartments to safekeep all his links and studs. A Swank Set at 10.00 plus federal tax.

S.F.A. SILKS FOR MEN.
152...Pajamas of imported silk in white piped with red or navy, sizes A-B-C-D, 25.00.

153...White silk undershorts in 2-button, French back with quilted band, 32 to 46, 7.50.

154...Not shown: Sleep coat in white silk, A-B-C-D, 22.50.

S.F.A. BROADCLOTHS FOR MEN.
155...Undershorts, 4-button or boxer model, white, maize, grey, bamboo or copen. 30 to 46, 3.50.

156...Handsomely tailored pajamas in blue, white, grey or maize with contrast pipings. A-B-C-D, 13.50 (regular), 14.50 (six-footers).

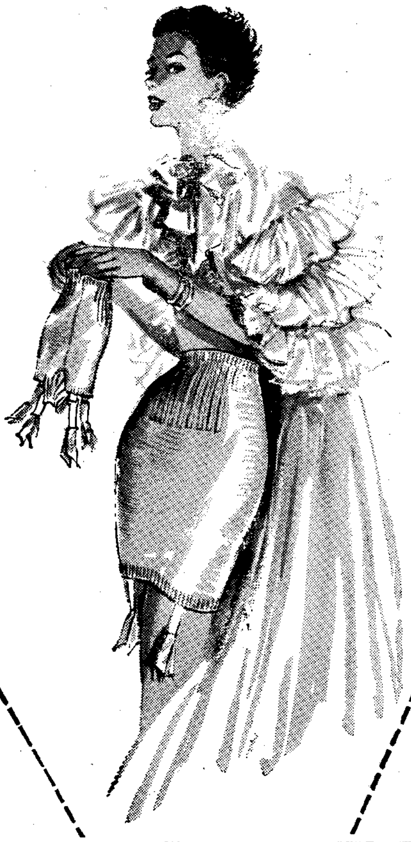
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.

157...S.F.A. SPORT SHIRT EXCLUSIVE. Long-sleeved shirt with hand-picked collar and pockets in wonderful, washable rayon Barathea. Grey, bamboo, rust, navy, beige, copen, blue, wine or maize. Small, medium, large, extra large, 10.50.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

Our Microscopic Girdle

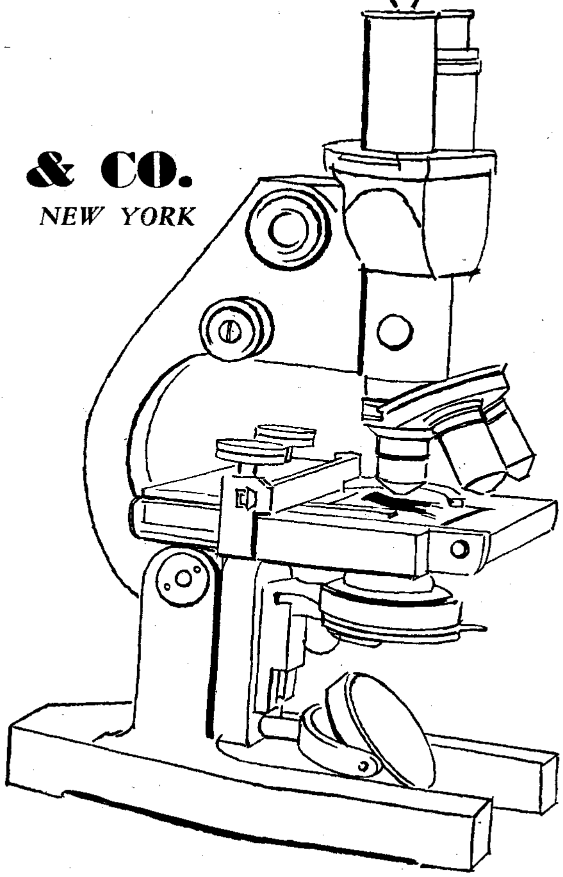


. . . . . IT'S TINY BUT GROWS ON YOU

Especially knitted in Switzerland, this unbelievably small girdle gives you flawless control . . . yet is so resilient that it's wonderfully easy to put on. Come in and see for yourself that the best things do come in small packages. Tearose or black. Sizes small, medium or large. *girdle, 14.95* *pantie girdle, 16.95* *Altman corset salon, second floor*

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE *NEW YORK*



. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset . . . write, or phone MUrray Hill 9-7000

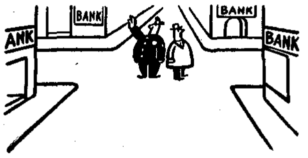
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE death of Bernard Shaw followed by only a few hours the announcement of the disbanding of the Society for Philosophical Inquiry, an organization founded in this country in 1884 to encourage independent thinking, and abandoned on the ground that Americans no longer care about independent thought. "I have decided that people do not want to think," the Society's secretary-treasurer wrote to its few remaining members in revealing its dissolution. He transmitted this gloomy intelligence by postcard, a medium of communication to which Shaw was partial, too. Postcards are plain, forthright, terse, and wholly without concealment, and they suited Shaw fine. The Society may have exaggerated somewhat the current national mental attitude, but independent thought certainly seems to be less general now than it was in 1884, when Shaw was a dashing and nonconformist critic of twenty-eight. He never stopped thinking independently himself, and it was universally gratifying that his great and irreverent mind didn't peter out ahead of the absurdly frail body in which it was set. It is inevitable, we suppose, that the movie people will soon give Shaw the full biographical treatment, and we hope that Hollywood, in depicting him as a crotchety, antic, and lovable old cuss, won't fail altogether to note also that he was a marvellous symbol of philosophical inquiry, who resolutely held off, as long as he was able to wave a walking stick, the dismal onrush of convention and conformity.

THE news that the Bank of the Manhattan Company is about to establish midtown offices at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street is of special interest to us, the site being only half a block from our office. With this move, there will be a bank at each of the four corners of the intersection so familiar to us—as far as we know, a record unchallengeable by any other crossroads in town—and we are proud to be so close to so well-heeled a junction. By merely standing in its center, out beside the traffic cop, and turning around, a person presently will be able to see the newcomer to the northeast, representing assets of $1,209,120,087; the Bankers Trust to the southeast, $1,728,136,173; the Guaranty Trust to the southwest, $2,749,697,129; and the Bank of New York and Fifth Avenue Bank to the northwest, $425,115,814; total, $6,112,069,203. It will be one of New York's most impressive scenes, and we hope that the sightseeing buses won't fail to make suitable mention of it in their running commentaries on the city's splendors.

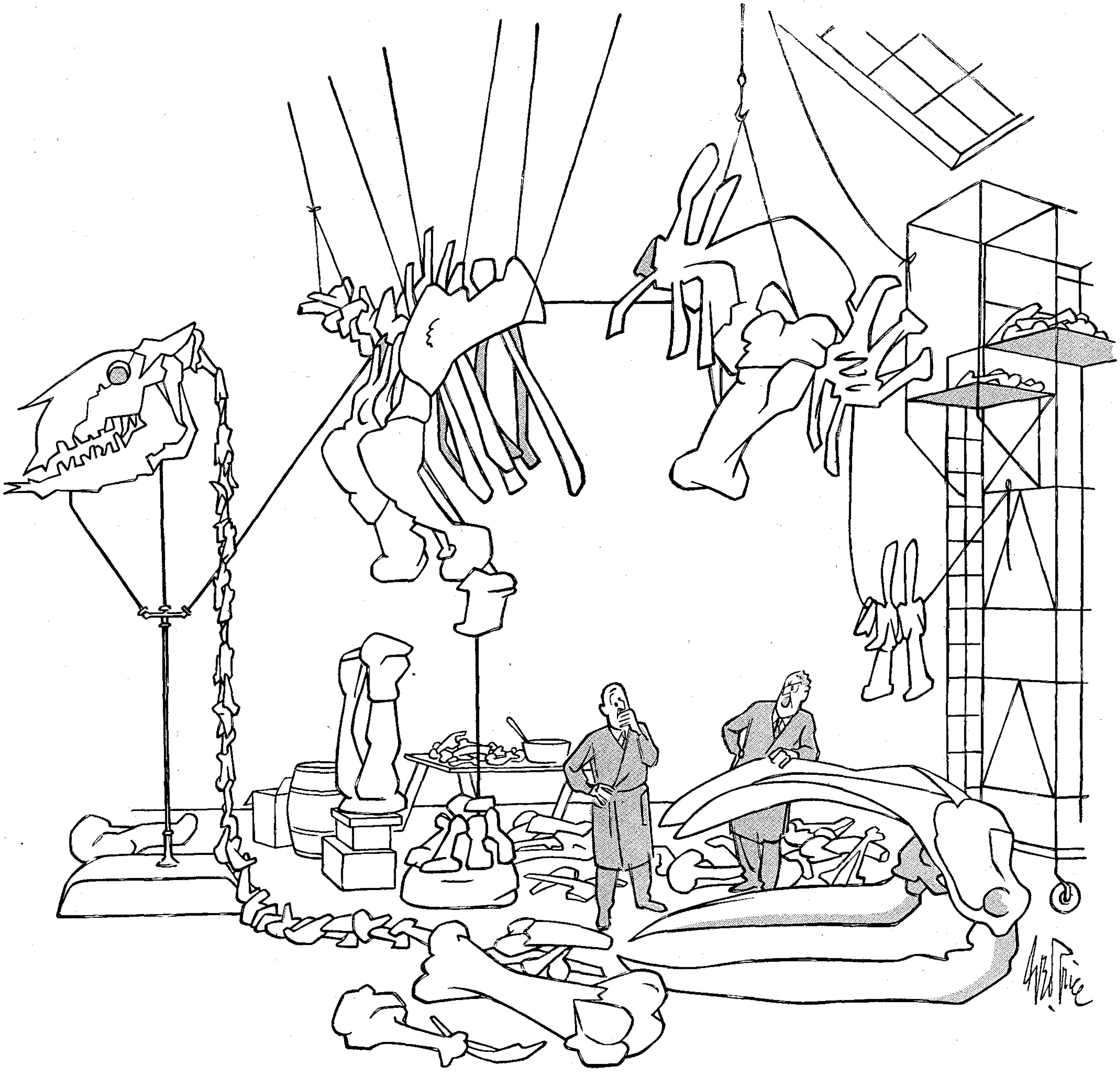


ANOTHER bank, the Chase National, has got up a handy booklet for its patrons summarizing the highlights of the Revenue Act of 1950 and brimming with statistics that reveal how little anybody is going to keep of his 1950 revenue. One page is devoted to a table giving the amount of tax individuals must pay on net incomes ranging from a thousand dollars to two hundred thousand. All the incomes are given in good, round numbers ending in at least three zeros, with one exception, the presence of which is unexplained. It is the non-round entry of $136,719.10, which occurs between the hundred- and the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar-income figures. We've been trying to make out why the Chase should have taken pains to include this singular sum, and our best guess so far is that it is the estimated 1950 net income of Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the board of the bank, and must have been inserted as a favor to him by some loyal and admiring accountant in his employ. Assuming that our hunch is correct, Mr. Aldrich will be clipped, according to his bank's calculations, for $90,984, and he has our deepest sympathy. Still, at least he'll get to hang on to that lonely dime.

WHILE on the subject of income tax, we herewith record our recurrent bafflement with the unrealistic attitude some newspapers take toward it. Not long ago, for instance, the *Journal-American* stated that anyone holding a sweepstakes ticket on the winner of a certain English horse race would receive $70,000 and of this would have to disgorge $37,178 if single and $28,532 if married. These calculations, and many similar ones we've noticed over the years, are based on the assumption that, pursuant to some strange universal principle, the winners of sweepstakes, married or single, have no other income whatever. This is an undemocratic assumption, and the calculations are misleading. The laws of chance do not differentiate between the rich man and the pauper, and we recommend that city editors revamp their thinking accordingly. Take Mr. Aldrich, whose theoretical chances are as good as the next man's. If he should pick up $70,000 in a sweepstakes, his tax on that amount would run to around $58,000, assuming, of course, that he hadn't dropped a few Gs at Jamaica that he might write off against his winnings.

Adjustments

THE bolts that hold the vertical cables of the George Washington Bridge in place are being tightened, and



"I'm willing to say the hell with it if you are."

• •

to learn something about this delicate operation we journeyed up to the bridge one warm, bright, windless day last week, stopping off first at the office of Byron M. Gruver, resident engineer of the Port of New York Authority, who is responsible for the work being done on the bridge, as well as, among other things, the construction of the vehicular tunnel now being built across Manhattan Island under 179th Street. Gruver's office is in the ventilating building of the tunnel, with an entrance on 178th Street, and we found the method of admittance to the structure odd and romantic. We rang a bell beside the door, and a moment later a man in shirtsleeves leaned out of a fourth-floor window above our head and called down to us to state our business; when we had done so, he dropped a key onto the sidewalk beside us. We unlocked the door and made our way upstairs in a self-service elevator. Gruver welcomed us (the man in shirtsleeves proved to be one of his aides) and at once launched into a brisk, elementary briefing on the bridge. "The deck of the bridge is supported by a total of three hundred and four vertical suspension cables," he said. "These cables are attached to the four main cables, which run the length of the whole structure, from their anchorages in New York to their anchorages in New Jersey, a distance of four thousand seven hundred and sixty feet. At intervals of sixty feet along each of the main cables are what we call panel points, each of which is a cast-steel band, about eleven feet six inches in outside circumference, encircling the cable. The vertical cables are looped, in grooves, over the bands, which are in halves, clamped together top and bottom by bolts. These bolts are what we're busy tightening, and they're no toys—twenty-eight inches long and two and three-eighths inches in diameter, with a nut at each end. They're what keep the panel points from slipping down the main cables."

Mr. Gruver went on to say that the number of bolts in a band varies according to the position of the band on its main cable. At the low points of the cables, where they take off gradually from their anchorages, and in the middle of the bridge, where they run along close to the deck at an easy angle, the panel points require only six bolts each; near the towers, where the cables are most sharply inclined, the panel points require twenty bolts. "We've got a total of thirty-three hundred and sixty-eight bolts to look over," Gruver said. "When the bolts were put in place, nineteen years ago, each one carried a stress of twenty-nine thousand pounds per square inch. Tests by our engineers some time ago showed that quite a few of the bolts were carrying more than that and others were carrying less. This is partly because the movement of traffic on a suspension bridge is bound to cause a shift of stresses and partly because we added considerable dead weight to the bridge when we repaved sections of the roadway a couple of years ago. We called in R. J. Tobin and Company, a structural-ironworking firm, and, after negotiation, gave them the contract. We also designed a couple of cages for the men to work in. They couldn't get at the bolts without the cages."

Leaving Mr. Gruver in his eyrie, we proceeded out on the bridge to the tower on the New York side, where three wooden shanties have been set up as field headquarters for the Tobin company. We introduced ourself to W. G. Ellis, superintendent of the job, who told us that he has twenty-five men at work, that they'll go on working until winter weather makes outdoor work impracticable or the New York side of the bridge is finished, which should be by December 1st, weather permitting, and that the men, who are used to walking about on the open steelwork of skyscrapers, find working in the cages literally and figuratively a breeze. Ellis pointed to one of the two cages, which was slung on the pair of cables on the downstream side of the bridge, between the anchorage and the tower; it was so many hundreds of feet above us that it looked like a cricket clinging to a stout blade of grass. The other cage was working its way up to the tower from the middle of the river, also on the downstream side. Ellis told us that the cages are made of aluminum, so that they will be light, and that they run along the cables on wheels with a concave rubber surface. Inside, they have platforms on two levels, so the men can work simultaneously on the bolts at the top and the bottom of the panel points. A block-and-tackle arrangement attaches them to the bridge tower, and by turning winches on top of the cages the men roll them from panel point to panel point. "Mighty fine view of the river from up in those cages," said Ellis.

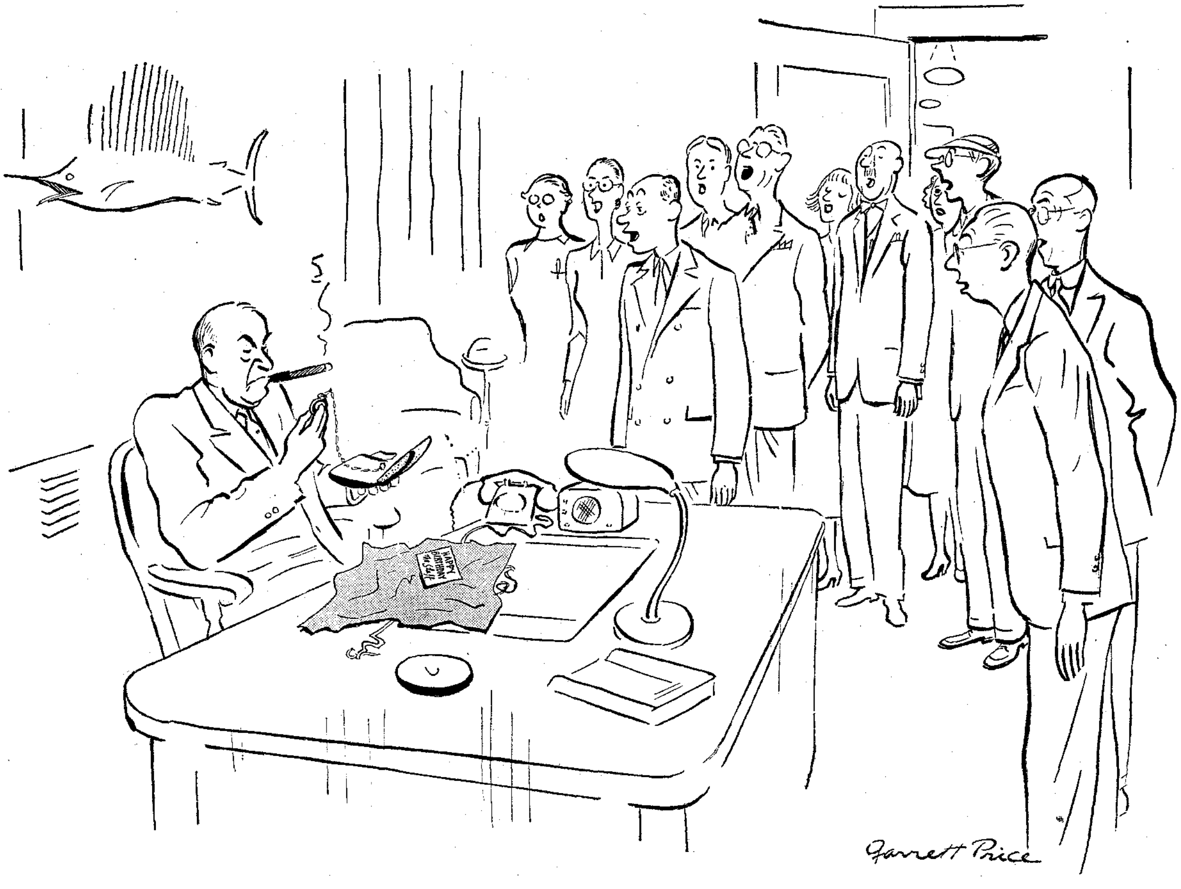
Under each cage is a net, to catch any workman, tool, nut, or bolt that may fall from a cage. (No workman has fallen.) Various types of wrenches are required to loosen and tighten the nuts; a regular-size one is four feet long. The degree to which a nut has been tightened is tested by an instrument known as an extensometer. Two laboratory men representing the Port Authority accompany each cage crew and regulate the work with these instruments. Each cage has a crew of nine—an assistant foreman and eight wrench men. It is assumed that the present bolt-tightening will do for the next twenty years, and that goes even if a second deck, which the bridge was designed for, should be added.

•

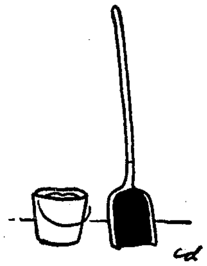
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Yalta Open Kitchen, 4019 Broadway, has changed its name to Golden Age Restaurant.

Mystery Man

HAVING had a chat the other day with Somerset Maugham, a doctor turned author, we decided last week to have a word with Erle Stanley Gardner, a lawyer turned ditto. (If any literary beggarmen or thieves happen into town, we may pursue these interviews to a logical conclusion.) We met with Mr. Gardner in a suite at the Hotel Weylin, and discovered that he has little in common with his medically trained colleague, being younger (sixty-one), bolder in address, and a lot more histrionic in manner. While a couple of secretarial handmaidens stood by, ready to take dictation in relays if a creative spasm should seize Mr. Gardner, who writes under not only his own name but the nom de plume of A. A. Fair as well, he informed us that teeth are dropping out of his head like seeds from a watermelon, that he is three months behind in his mystery stories,



and that ninety per cent of his time is taken up with the affairs of the Court of Last Resort, an outfit devoted to getting people unjustly convicted of crime out of prison. Mr. Gardner advised us that the Court was started two and a half years ago, the joint inspiration of Harry Steeger, the editor of *Argosy*, and himself. "Down in Lower California with Steeger, and got to talking about prisoners with legitimate beefs," said Mr. Gardner, whose conversational style is sometimes telegraphic. "Started running monthly articles in *Argosy* about deserving cases. Now we're swamped with applications. Tom Smith, ex-warden of Washington State Penitentiary, investigates each case. Then I write up the facts and the story appears in *Argosy*. If readers show interest, case is presented to appropriate governor or parole board. We've got three men out so far. Another, we hope, due to be sprung. All lifers. One prosecutor got sore at us. Wanted to know why an ex-warden and a writer of cheap, two-bit mysteries constituted a court of last resort. Actually, the public is the court.



"There was a time when I could really turn it on, be in court every day, write a novelette twice a week, run up about a hundred and fifty thousand words a month. I was using an electric typewriter then. When I tried out a dictaphone, I finished off the first Perry Mason story—'The Case of the Velvet Claws'—in three and a half days. That month, I got two hundred and seventy thousand words out of my system. Around 1932, that was. Remember that fellow in England who was supposed to dictate a mystery over the weekend? A critic read two of the man's books and said he saw no reason to doubt it. Personally, I'm no writer; I'm a salesman, out to give the reader what he wants. Maybe I know a little more than my competitors. The reader wants action, a puzzle, and justice triumphant. That's what I give him. Critics are always talking about escape fiction. What the hell is escape fiction? Funniest damn use of that label was made by a convict up at the Oregon State Pen. He was in for life, wanted the Court of Last Resort to help him, but was very hostile to me. Said he never read my stuff, because it was just escape fiction. My God!

"This helping out people who haven't got a dime and who have exhausted legal means is very important to me. Years ago, when I first started in law, I took a lot of cases for Chinese in a town called Oxnard, in California. The politicians tried to run me out. Before the fight was over, I'd got enough advertising to make a success of law. Any time a lawyer is too dilettante to fight, he ought to take in his shingle and sit down and watch his potbelly grow. I got into law by working with various district attorneys and law offices in Santa Ana, Oroville, and Willows, California, and passed a bar exam at twenty-one without having any schooling to speak of. We weren't as good on the fine points of law then as the later crops of lawyers, but we managed to land on our feet in court. I went down to the Bahamas in 1943 as a trained seal for Hearst during the de Marigny trial, and I figured out the way the jury was going to vote two days before they brought in their verdict—guessed it right, at nine to three, just by applying some experience I picked up in trials on the West Coast. I left the practice of law in 1920 to go into the automotive-accessory business. Looked like a fine thing, but an old Wall Street fellow who came out to the West Coast to look over a company I was doing business with told me to unload, that the country was overproduced way beyond the saturation point and the danger point, and there was going to be a cyclone. I pitied him as a poor, dyspeptic old bastard with ulcers. Then I lost my shirt and pants. But it taught me, it taught me. I got through 1930 without losing a cent, and I been doing all right ever since. Got a nice ranch in California, plenty to eat, and a lot of people waiting to read my next mystery. When I die, it won't be from ulcers."

•

OVERHEARD by our Madison Avenue bus man, who recently rode all the way up to Eightieth Street:

(1) "Oh, I'm very intimate with her, but we're not really friends."

(2) "Why, she hasn't been re-psychoanalyzed since the Second World War!"

Calm Day

LAST Thursday morning, we went over to the Met to see how things were shaping up for the new season under the management of Rudolf Bing, who, we had been advised, has been making some revolutionary moves around the old place—engaging Margaret Webster to stage "Don Carlo," Garson Kanin and Howard Dietz to revamp the book and lyrics of "Die Fledermaus," Robert Edmond Jones to make some sketches for sets to be done by Charles Elson for "The Flying Dutchman," and so on. When we arrived, a rehearsal of the last-named opera was in progress, and we were invited to attend it by Miss Margaret Carson, who handles publicity for the Met. As we sank into an aisle seat beside her, a swift, slim figure shot past us toward the stage, which was occupied by a most convincing harbor scene. "There goes Mr. Bing," said Miss Carson. "That's Fritz Reiner doing the conducting," she added. Mr. Reiner was waving his baton irritably at a singer ensconced in a reproduction of the stern of a boat. "Did I give you a cue?" he inquired. "It is difficult to see you, Maestro," the singer said. "We do it again," said Mr. Reiner. "Hennie," said a voice in the rear of the house, "I asked you not to bring up the O.P. green flies." "Our lighting expert, Mr. Buchter," explained Miss Carson. "They fouled up that drop," observed Mr. Buchter morosely. Mr. Bing came quickly back up the aisle and took a seat quite near us. We moved over to join him and discovered that, far from being winded, he was gaily humming a "Flying Dutchman" air. He told us he enjoys activity. "When I was directing the Edinburgh Festival," he said, his Austrian accent barely perceptible, "we had opera, concerts, dramas, ballets. In three weeks there, we would play to half a million ticket holders."

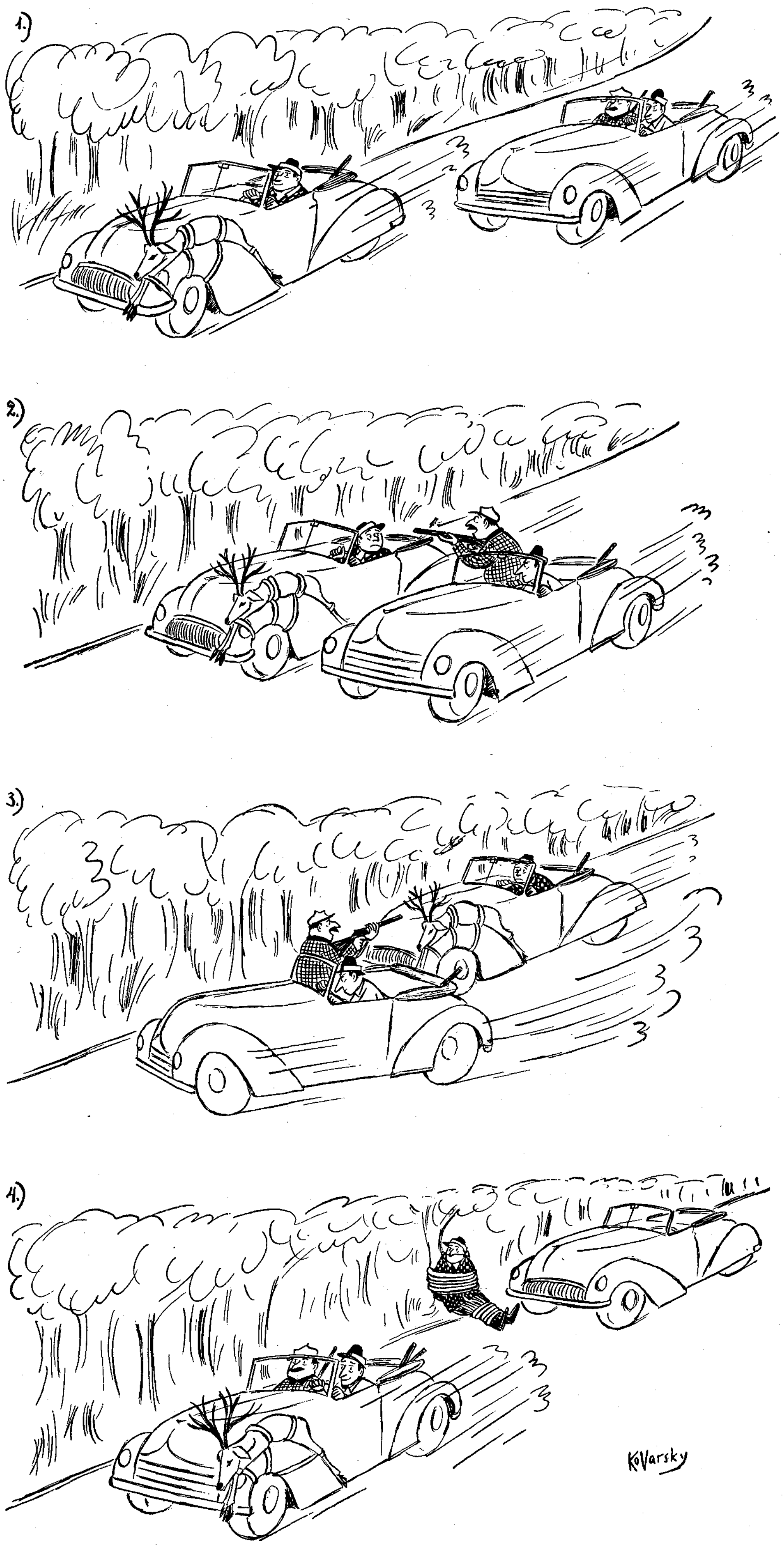
On the stage, right, a kind of lantern slide of a red ship was suddenly visible. It disappeared in the flicker of an eye. "Oh, God!" said Mr. Bing, holding his head in his hands. "Why did the boat jump? It used to come on gently." "The boat is too sudden," Mr. Reiner called from the podium. After several tries, the ship was moved across the stage at a reasonable rate. Amid a great clanking, the outline of what was purportedly its bow came out of the wings. From somewhere the rattle of chains could be heard. "The anchor being dropped," said Mr. Bing. "Should be heavier chains," said Mr. Reiner. "This sounds like a ferryboat docking." He put down his baton and disappeared backstage. "Now we need heavier chains," said Mr. Bing. "But why keep the whole stage idle while we check on them?" The sound of various sets of chains being dropped was audible for about five minutes, after which Mr. Reiner reappeared. The music resumed, and Mr.

Bing began to whistle lightheartedly again, waving a hand rhythmically to the beat of the score. "Oh, how I love this opera!" he said. The howl of a wind machine interrupted his whistling, and he shuddered. "What we need is a *big* wind!" he cried out in some agitation. "With the orchestra at forte, we won't hear this wind machine at all." An assistant hurried to his side. "How much is a new wind machine?" demanded Mr. Bing. "Ten thousand dollars, a hundred thousand?" "I'm not sure of that," said the assistant. "I'll look into it right away."

Mr. Bing turned to us, beaming. "I am very glad I have been able to secure Miss Webster," he said, "and I think the 'Don Carlo' is a fine work. After all, Miss Webster is used to handling crowds, such as Shakespeare's, and crowds are crowds, whether they sing or shout. In the case of Mr. Kanin and Mr. Dietz, I think their talent and wit are very well suited to an operetta like 'Fledermaus.' And Herbert Graf, an old hand, who has staged this 'Flying Dutchman,' has done superbly." He peered at the stage for a moment, then jumped up and headed down the aisle. While he was in transit, Mr. Reiner tapped his baton, halted the orchestra, asked one of his men where he'd learned music, shouted for silence, and ordered a singer to make a new start on an aria. When Mr. Bing returned this time, he explained he'd just noticed that the lately arrived ship had no sail. "It's quite all right, though," he said. "It will be here Saturday." Paul Schoeffler, a baritone who will alternate with Hans Hotter in the role of the Dutchman, went into a long solo at this point, and as we slipped away, Mr. Bing was singing right along with him. Miss Carson joined us and said, "It's too bad there was so little doing today. The 'Don Carlo' rehearsal yesterday was really hectic." There was a heavy crash as the two of us got to the foyer. "Must have fouled up that drop again," said Miss Carson.

Last-Minute Work

A CAMBRIDGE resident reports that he made a tour through the new Graduate Center at Harvard as the workmen were finishing up and noted in passing that to each of the pneumatic door-closers was riveted a small metal plaque stamped "Yale." When the Center was formally opened recently, the Cambridge man made a second tour of the premises, and noted in passing that the plaques had all been unriveted and removed.

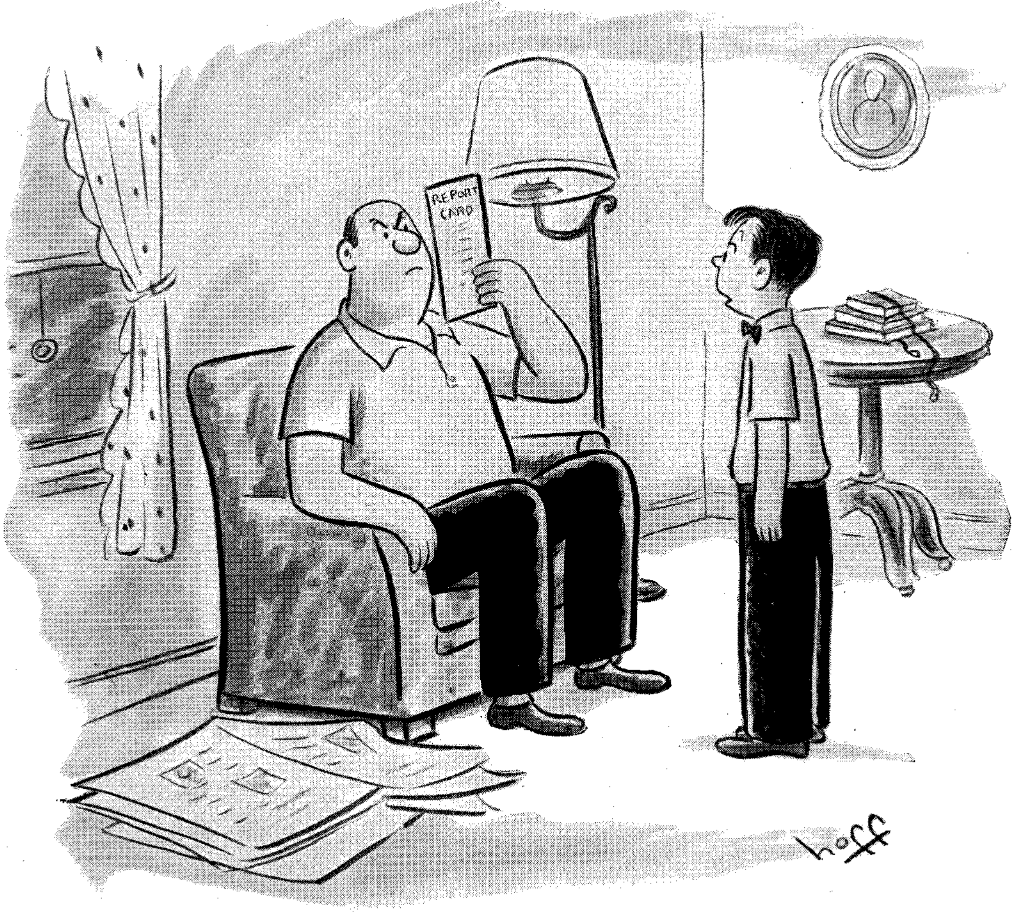


SALESMAN, SPARE THAT PSYCHE

LET'S have a show of hands—how many people here know what they'd like to be in their next incarnation? I mean if you had your choice, would you want to be, say, the curator of the British Museum or a crackerjack circus aerialist or the best of breed at the Empire Cat Show or what? Every thoughtful person interested in which way his soul is going to jump, whether he subscribes to the Buddhist system of musical chairs or not, must have asked himself this question at one time or another, and inasmuch as I happen to have just stumbled on an ideal future identity, with about as much omnipotence as anyone could ever hope to attain, I'd like to register it before it's snapped up. Comes the transmigration, I want to be vice-president in charge of sales of a twenty-million-dollar cosmetics corporation. Not any old vice-president but one in particular—a chap named Martin Revson. Martin Revson can be me if he likes, or if he wishes to sublet to some other tenant, we can work that out, too. He'll find me perfectly flexible.

My admiration for Mr. Revson, I hasten to say, is in no way vitiated by the fact that up till yesterday I didn't know him from Adam's off ox. It was an interview in a recent issue of *Business Week*, entitled "Smart Words, Quality, and Freud," that introduced me to the man and, specifically, to his technique for salvaging sterile personnel, possibly the most singular in American industry. Using a portable microphone to capture the full, idiomatic flavor of Revson's words, *Business Week* cornered the executive to ascertain how the Revlon Products Corporation launches and sells new makeup aids. The beautycoon, as I flinch at calling him, opened his heart. "The reason women buy cosmetics," he said, laying his nose slyly alongside his finger, "is because they buy hope. In other words," he added, glomming a phrase from an impractical *schlemiel* named Henry David Thoreau, who gets himself quoted in the damnedest contexts, "most women lead lives of dullness, quiet desperation, and I think cosmetics are a wonderful escape from it." He then cited a liquid foundation called Touch and Glow that apparently confers powers of escape analogous to those enjoyed by Harry Houdini, and recounted how this product was born, packaged, publicized, and merchandised. By and large, his revelations were a shade less than epochal, but one minor disclosure about the mechanics of radio publicity deserves mention: "Well, those things are done sort of inadvertently—what you do is go to see Hope or Skelton or somebody of that nature and tell them about your new product coming out with, oh, a couple of million dollars in advertising, and then the script writer writes it in. We try to plan it with the writer and say—here, this script you are using two weeks hence, if you have a chance to use it—if you've got a girl in there that is known to be funny on the program for eight or ten weeks, and he says she has the Touch and Glow look, that would bring an ordinary yak from the people listening in. So that's the way we get it in—sort of inadvertently." The easy negligence of the whole thing is truly captivating. For sheer insouciance, nothing could surpass the spectacle of an incipient Mark Twain grinding out cosmetic yaks with a two-million-dollar pitchfork lightly pinking his bottom. No wonder the corridors of Radio City are gritty with Benzedrine.

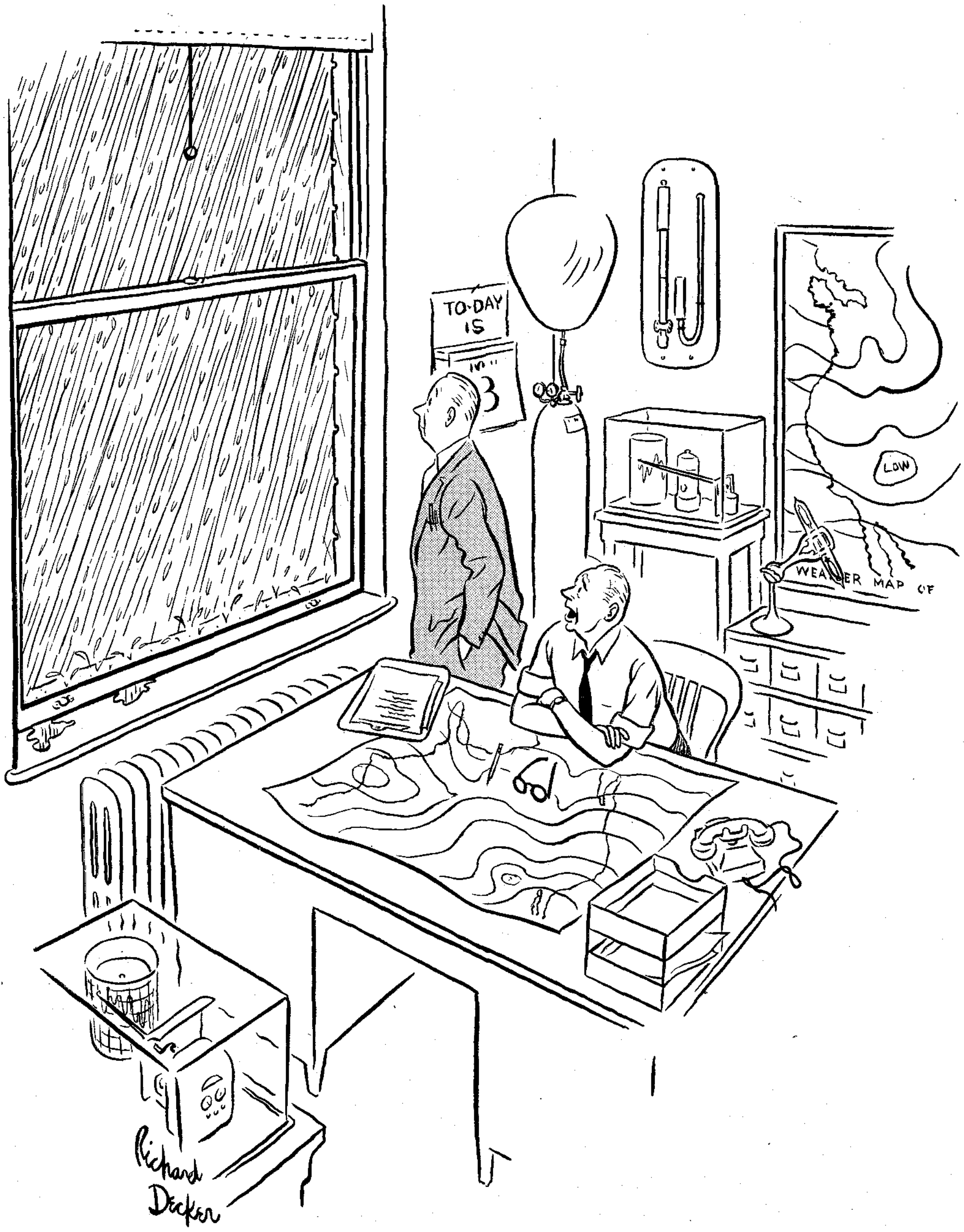
The crux of the interview, however, was Revson's exposition of his company's policy toward its unproductive salesmen. "Incidentally, what about these sales meetings I hear about called Psycho-Revlons?" his inquisitor demanded. "What exactly are they? Why are they called 'psycho'?" Pared down to essentials, the answers run as follows: "Well, we feel that the salesman may not be as good as he appears to be outwardly. And he has to be analyzed when his sales are not good. He doesn't recognize, unless he is analyzed, what the hell is the matter with him. Now, instead of firing men, we have salvaged them—men with brains and intelligence—merely by using the Psycho-Revlon method. Sitting a man down and reviewing with him all the things that are wrong with him. Even though the man may be in his forties . . . Further than that, we show scenes—action scenes and motion pictures of live ac-



"What do you think the trouble with me is, Dad—heredity or environment?"

tors—depicting the mental blocks that arise in a salesman's mind, and we try to remove those mental blocks."

PERHAPS we can best evaluate Revlon's sales clinic by visiting a similar rehabilitation center at the Sassoon Tweezer Corporation, world's largest manufacturers of styptic pencils. It is one of the contradictions of our highly complex society that the Sassoon Tweezer Corporation should market nothing but styptic pencils, whereas the Sassoon Pencil Corporation controls the entire tweezer output. Ah, well, far better leave such anomalies to wiser heads and raise the curtain.



"There's one thing—we did say 'cloudy.'"

• •

Scene: A Psycho-Sassoon, about eleven o'clock in the morning. The setting is a small, trapezoid-shaped chamber draped with yards of filmy gray cheesecloth, calculated to convey an atmosphere of intense cerebration. Since this décor, in addition to being hideously inflammable, tends to engulf the dramatis personae, they may have to spend most of the action in a crouching position, with fire extinguishers playing over them, but a good actor can project anywhere. Three men are discovered onstage: Loudermilk, vice-president in charge of sales; Bultitude, a district supervisor; and Folger, a salesman.

Bultitude (*angrily*): What's the use of coddling the little skunk, Mr. Loudermilk? I say kick him out on his tail and be done with it.

Loudermilk: Tut, tut, no point in bullying the fellow. We'll never straighten him out if you take that line.

Bultitude: Well, I give up. I wash my hands. *You* deal with him. (*He flings away in a pet, promptly entangles himself in the draperies, and spends the rest of the production struggling to work free.*)

Loudermilk (*frowning over a report*): This sales chart of yours, Folger—it's a mite baffling.

Folger: In what way, sir?

Loudermilk: Well, according to your breakdown, you've just made a three-week swing through the Middle Atlantic States and sold over six million dollars' worth of styptic pencils.

Folger: You said it. I guess that's pretty near an all-time record.

Loudermilk: It is. The only trouble is we've checked with ten or fifteen of the retailers and they disclaimed ever ordering the goods.

Folger: No kidding.

Loudermilk: Furthermore, none of them remembered ever seeing you. Didn't know your name, in fact.

Folger: I couldn't have made a very deep impression, could I?

Loudermilk: No, not if you didn't go into the stores.

Folger: You've got a point there, Mr. Loudermilk.

Loudermilk: Man to man, Folger—have you ever been in the Middle Atlantic States?

Folger: To the best of my recollection, no, sir.

Loudermilk: Under the circumstances, then, these orders can hardly be construed as binding, can they?

Folger: Well-l-l, if you want to be technical . . .

Loudermilk: What do you suggest we do now?

Folger: Of course, I can always resign—if you feel you can dispense with a man who brings in six million dollars' worth of business.

Loudermilk: I think you incline to be a faulty logician at times. I mean to say those orders are more or less mythical, aren't they?

Folger: That's so. I keep forgetting.

Loudermilk: Your expense account, on the other hand, is, regrettably, all too real. Do you recall any details of that?

Folger: Er—no. Would you mind refreshing me?

Loudermilk: Not in the least. It

comes to about forty-five hundred, including the champagne.

FOLGER: Well, I certainly loved every moment of it. And I'm confident Gloria would agree. (*As Loudermilk's eyebrows elevate*) My sweetie. *Petite amie*, as the French say.

LOUDERMILK: Oh? I—er—I had always understood you were a respectable married man.

FOLGER: I'd like to see anyone better qualified. I've got wives in three different cities.

LOUDERMILK: Look here, Folger, I'm going to talk to you straight from the shoulder. A man's private life is his own—

FOLGER: Check. Everybody's entitled to a little fun on the side.

LOUDERMILK: Sure he is. For instance, I have a babe tucked away in a nest on Seventy-third Street, and I tell you she's been an inspiration to me. By the way, you won't say anything to Mrs. Loudermilk about this?

FOLGER: Not unless I need a quick century note or the equivalent. You know how it is when you get caught in a squeeze.

LOUDERMILK: You bet I do. Just come around any time and I'll help you out. No, what I'm driving at is your work.

FOLGER (*peevishly*): Oh, shoot, do we have to go into that now? I promised to meet Gloria at Jaeckel's and look at a broadtail coat.

LOUDERMILK: This shouldn't take more than a few minutes. You see, I have a hunch your whole sales approach is wrong. There's some sort of mental block or kink that prevents you from functioning properly, and I'm going to iron it out. Press that switch on the desk, will you? (*As Folger complies, the room darkens and a screen lights up at rear.*)

FOLGER (*enchanted*): Oh, boy! Movies!

LOUDERMILK: You like them, eh?

FOLGER: I eat 'em up. I go to two, three every afternoon.

LOUDERMILK: Well, this one's kind of special, because you appear in it. (*Folger starts.*) Now, don't get panicky; it's all in the family and I'm only showing it to help you. We made it with a concealed camera in a Syracuse drugstore. Remember that trip?

FOLGER: Not very well, sir. I was plastered a good deal of the time.

LOUDERMILK: It'll come back to you. (*A white-coated figure, backed by shelves of pharmaceuticals, settles into focus.*) There, that's the prospect—old man Hornaday, isn't it?

FOLGER: In person, and, brother, what a crab.

LOUDERMILK: No, just a misfit. Doesn't know how to get along with salesmen. O.K., here's a shot from the reverse angle as you come in.

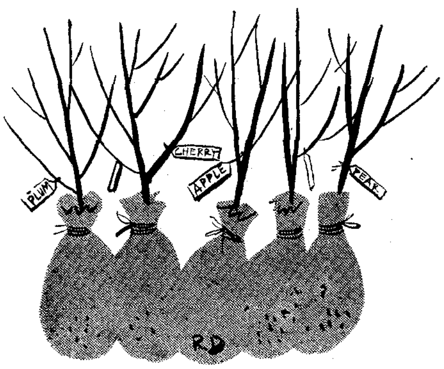
FOLGER: Oops, look at that display of yoghurt. I really knocked that for a loop.

LOUDERMILK: Hornaday should have fastened it down, he'll have a lawsuit one of these days. This next part's a trifle blurred. You seem to be tangling with a customer.

FOLGER: Ah, some wacky dame. She tried to inveigle me into the phone booth.

LOUDERMILK: Oh, that's why she's slapping you; I couldn't figure out. Anyway, here you've finished wiping off the lipstick and you start your pitch to Hornaday.

FOLGER: Wait a minute. Something's been omitted. What's he grappling me by the seat of the pants for?



LOUDERMILK: We're really lost without a sound track. If you could reconstruct your dialogue, maybe we could analyze your failure to clinch the sale.

FOLGER: Search me. I gave him the standard buildup. "Ever nick yourself shaving?" I said. When he said yes, I sprang the convincer I've been using. "Try an electric razor," I said, "and you can laugh at styptic pencils." I can't imagine why— Holy mackerel!

LOUDERMILK (*encouragingly*): Go ahead, lad. I think I know what you're going to say.

FOLGER: It just dawned on me. I was touting him off styptic pencils without realizing it!

LOUDERMILK: Exactly. Instead of *selling* the product, you were *undermining* it. What we call the will to stop eating.

FOLGER (*snuffling*): Oh, my God, how could anybody be so blind?

LOUDERMILK: Don't reproach yourself, old man. In the dark, subterranean river of the unconscious we all have these lurks quirking.

FOLGER: Quirks lurking, you mean. Take the mush out of your mouth.

LOUDERMILK (*apologetically*): I'm sorry. After you get into your forties, you— well, you slip a cog now and then. Like poor Bultitude, there, for instance—look at him floundering around in that cheesecloth.

FOLGER: Poor Bultitude nothing. There's no room in a high-pressure business organization for weaklings. If

THE INN AT BLECHINGLEY

(ON THE LONDON ROAD, IN SURREY)

On the inn sign, creaking in the breeze,
Is a white hart, boldly drawn, with these
Polite words, "The Amenities,"

Appended modestly below,
As if the passerby must know
The amenities, and whether or no

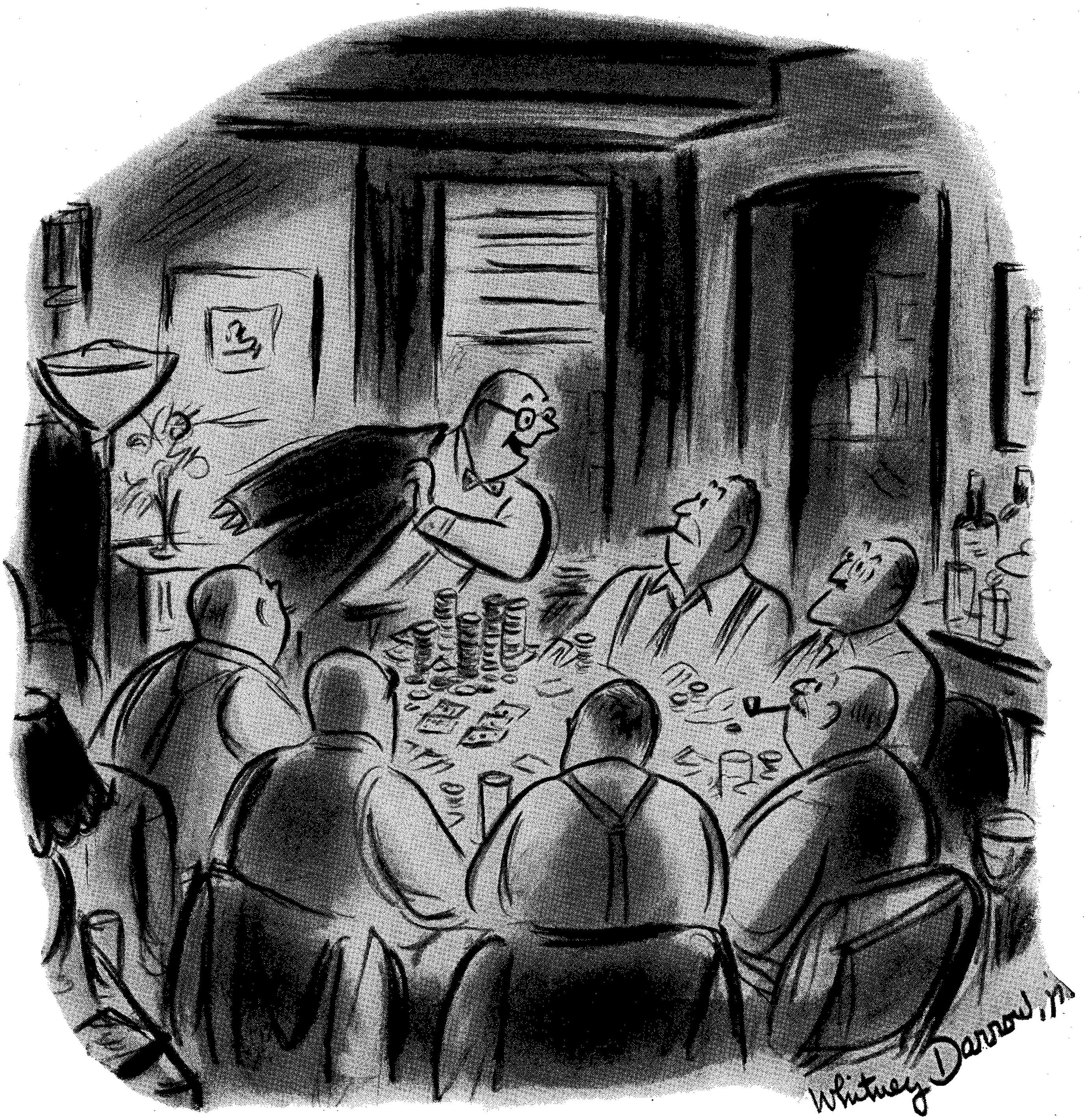
He would be glad of them, within,
Available and genuine,
And an inglenook to observe them in.

So I, in passing, stop to read
The sign, discovering indeed
Under the bold white hart my need

Of that refreshment offered me
At the White Hart at Blechingley—
And step in for an amenity.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

• •


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Well, fellows, I guess I'd better pull out before I get delusions of grandeur."

• •

you can't fish, cut bait. If you can't cut bait, get out.

LOUDERMILK: Folger, you're dead right. Listen, we need a district supervisor with energy and imagination. Anybody who can think in terms of six-million-dollar orders is good enough for me. How soon can you step into Bultitude's shoes?

FOLGER: Well, I'd sort of like to talk it over with my wives.

LOUDERMILK: Do that, and, what's more, take a couple of weeks in White Sulphur Springs at our expense. We want you back on the job in fighting trim.

FOLGER: Thanks, Chief, I feel like a new man. Who knows? One of these days you might even have a vacancy here for a vice-president in charge of sales.

LOUDERMILK (*tolerantly*): Now, now, boy, you've just found your pin-feathers. You haven't yet begun to fly.

FOLGER: No, but to punch home your avian simile, I'll never lack for worms as long as you hold onto that little nest in Seventy-third Street. So long, Doc, and love to Mrs. Loudermilk. (*He exits whistling. His superior stares after him, plunged in a brown study. Then, reaching for the telephone directory, he begins scrabbling through it for the number of "Business Week."*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

MY GRANDFATHER BELL

MILLIONS of people remember Alexander Graham Bell as the inventor of the telephone. I remember him as Grandfather. I was long past childhood before I discovered that his friends thought him eccentric and that his Cape Breton Island neighbors sometimes wondered if he were touched in the head. It is true that Grandfather did things other people didn't do, but he always had what seemed to me at the time perfectly good reasons for doing them. Even now, as a grown woman, I can't quarrel with most of his ideas and arrangements, and certainly not with the way he picked the site for his summer home on Cape Breton. That part of Nova Scotia is wooded, hilly, full of glens and gorges, and very picturesque. In the center of the island are the large, irregularly shaped Bras d'Or lakes, which communicate with the sea by two channels and are salt water. Grandfather and Grandmother both liked a view, and wanted to place the house so that each room would offer a different panorama from its windows.

They chose a pasture at the end of a point of land extending out into the Bras d'Or. The point was several miles long and surrounded on three sides by water. On the fourth side, the land rose into a low mountain covered by forest. But the pasture was large, and how could they tell from the ground which spot would be best? Grandfather solved the problem by having a two-story scaffolding built onto a hay wagon. Then he and Grandma climbed up into the scaffolding.

This was about 1895, long before I was born, but I have often heard my mother tell about it, and can imagine the scene without any difficulty, for Grandfather looked pretty much the same during the last quarter century of his life. Huge of frame, clad in gray tweeds and with a dark-blue tam-o'-shanter pulled down around his immense white head, he anxiously helped Grandma climb the ladder to the second story. Her skirts were long and cumbersome, and there was another reason why he was fearful that she might fall. Scarlet fever, which destroyed her hearing when she was four years old, had also affected her sense of balance. Being impulsive and fearless, she often forgot this handicap.

When Grandmother was seated on a kitchen chair on top of the scaffolding, had arranged her skirts in graceful folds, and taken a firm grip of the railing, a farm boy named John MacDermid hitched a team of horses to the wagon. Then he climbed aboard, gathered up the reins, and clucked to the horses, "Tch, tch, now. Giddap there." With a lurch, the towering structure moved forward, and Grandfather and Grandmother were driven slowly around the pasture. Grandfather stood with his feet firmly planted, his head thrown back, and his gaze sweeping the horizon. Every now and then, he would lean over the railing and call down to John to stop the horses, so that he could study the view. Grandfather would then pull out the little notebook he always carried and jot down a few words. Grandma would hold a pencil against the skyline, tilt her head, and close one eye.

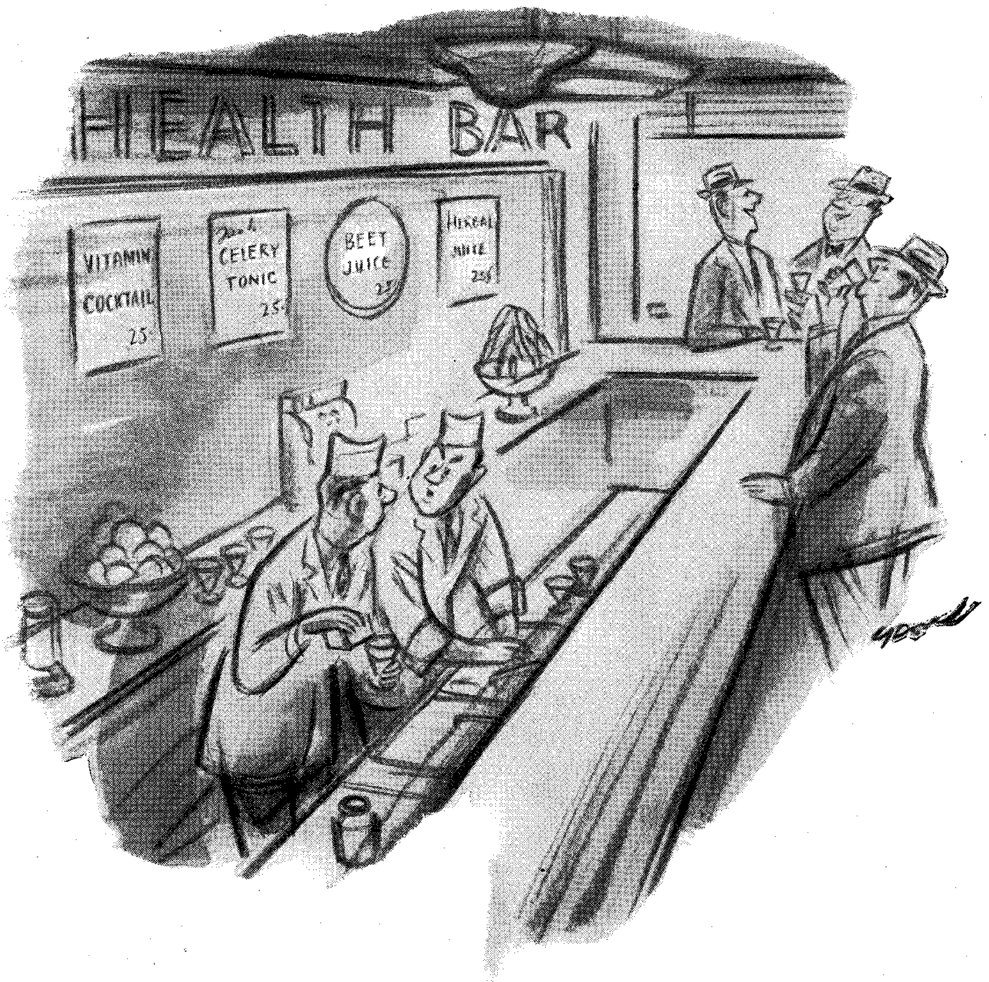
They were not hurried. Grandfather had refused to build until he owned all the farms leading to his isolated site; he wanted to control the road to his house and the springs that were to provide the water supply. This had taken several years, during which time he and Grandmother lived in a lodge at the base of the point. They spent a good many fine afternoons that summer considering potential locations. They made such an impression riding around in the pasture on their scaffolding that farmers' children who saw them more than half a century ago still recall the sight with awe.

The name Grandfather gave to the place, Beinn Bhreagh (pronounced "Ben Vree-ah"), is Scotch Gaelic and means Beautiful Mountain. The house was, and is, big and ugly, in the flamboyant style of the eighties. A round tower guards either end, roofs rise precipitously, the arrangement of rooms is impractical, balconies and terraces jut out at unexpected places.

When the architect's drawings for the house came, Grandfather was in an autocratic mood quite rare with him, and he announced to Grandma that he didn't want a lot of fussing and changing with the plans. "Either accept these blueprints as they are, my dear," he said, "or we won't build a house." Grandma wasn't satisfied, but she recognized the mood, and the fact that there was nothing to be done about it. As she once confided to a friend, living with a genius was not always a bed of roses. She approved the plans as Grandfather wished, and spent the next quarter century remodelling when he was busy with other concerns.

There was generally a crowd in the house, for a Scotsman wants his clan about him. During one of those early summers that Grandfather loved to tell the young fry of my generation about, two sets of our great-grandparents came to visit. Both couples had celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversaries. All four were over eighty. For two months, thirteen people sat down at the table every day. Grandfather always concluded the story with "And the following year was the healthiest in a long time for all thirteen of us."

In the summer of 1918 or 1919—I'm not sure which—twenty-six stayed in the house on the point. There is a photograph of us all—two daughters and their husbands, children and babies with their governesses and nurses, an old-maid cousin who used an ear trumpet, a guest or two, and the domestic staff. We grandchildren slept, dormitory fashion, in the attic or on the sleeping porch. We loved the house, with its turrets and balconies and eleven fireplaces, as much as Grandfather did. He told us that the architect's blueprints showed a secret room, but we never found the room or the blueprints. I didn't know it was an ugly house until we grew up and one of my sisters went to art school.



"What gets me down here is all their damned bright and cheerful talk—everything going beautifully at the office, wife and kids in good shape, up like a lark in the morning . . ."

• •

ALTHOUGH Grandfather liked activity around him, his soul required isolation and quiet. Any child understands this, and so it never occurred to me that grownups thought this need for solitude peculiar. His favorite hideaway was an old houseboat, the Mabel of Beinn Bhreagh, named in honor of his wife. He owned two newer houseboats, the Getaway and the T'shawly (I never have known what that meant), but he preferred the battered Mabel.

I remember particularly one Saturday morning when preparations were under way for Grandfather to spend the weekend on the Mabel. Soon after breakfast, John MacDermid, who in his youth had piloted the scaffolding and was now the coachman, drove the express wagon under the front portico. Sarah MacDonald, the waitress, bustled around loading it with straw baskets. She held her back stiff and compressed her lips as she wedged in thermos bottles.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered. Then she shook her head and muttered something about "outlandish notions" and "sensible people."

My cousin Sandy and I waited. We were going part of the way, for the ride. John flicked his whip smartly a couple of times, started to say something, changed his mind, and took out his tobacco pouch. He had been disapproving of "queer doings" for years, and I considered disapproval part of his nature.

"All ready, John," said Sarah when she had finished packing in the equipment.

John took a police whistle out of his pocket and pierced the morning stillness with two long and three short blasts. In a moment, two long and three short hoots floated down from the upstairs study. It sounded like the call of the great horned owl, but it was only Grandfather blowing into his hands. He often said—and we grandchildren quite agreed with him—that it was a waste of time and energy for someone to be running up the long stairway and down the long corridor to his study to tell him when John came for him. He had tried to teach John the trick of cupping his hands, pressing the thumbs together, and blowing through the space between, but John had abandoned the attempt long before, and used the police whistle instead.

This arrangement between the two of them seemed to me so practical that I wondered why guests were first startled and then amused when the system was explained. Before they departed, they were generally trying to learn how to hoot into their hands themselves.

Looking comfortable in his gray tweeds and heavy ribbed socks, Grandfather climbed onto the seat beside John. Sandy and I sat on the floor in back, bouncing about among the picnic baskets as the wagon followed a rough dirt road cut through the hardwood forest. Grandfather and John lighted their pipes, and the fragrance of pipe tobacco mingled agreeably with the fresh wood scents. The trail we followed was called the Golden Wedding Road, because it was built the year my Hubbard great-grandparents celebrated their half century of marriage. Grandfather had by this time bought all the timber holdings on the mountain, so that he would have space to carry on his scientific experiments without shocking his neighbors.

As we jogged along, we caught flashes of blue water below us. Lush green sphagnum moss clung to the ground beneath the trees, and bunchberries flamed red to tempt the birds. Once, John pulled on the reins as a hen partridge and her eleven chicks scurried out of the way of the trampling hoofs. Farther along, where the road turned down toward the lake, a deer broke from the forest, bounded across the road, and disappeared in the foliage with one flick of its white tail. Grandfather turned in his seat to exchange a delighted smile with us.

At the beach, Sandy and I dropped off, to wait until the wagon returned. Nobody but John was allowed to go all the way. Grandfather waved goodbye, impatient to be alone. We were left standing on the beach, gazing after the wagon and listening to its wheels crunching over the stones. The tide was high, and the horses splashed through icy water as they drew the wagon around a projecting plaster cliff and disappeared. With a sigh, we turned to hunt for flat stones to skip across the waves. In my mind, I saw every detail of the scene that lay around the bend.

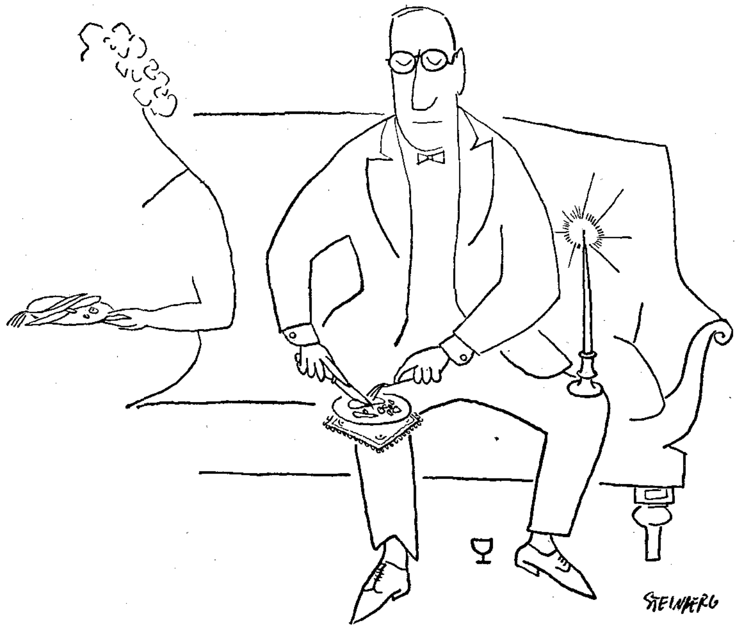
The Mabel, no longer seaworthy, had been drawn high on the shore some years before, and resembled an enormous brown pumpkin squatting on two pontoons. Her paint had weathered to a color that blended with the landscape. On one side, a fresh-water pond supported white, unattainable water lilies; dragonflies flitted from bloom to bloom, and a frog sat on a lily pad. On the other side, the Bras d'Or splashed salt waves onto the beach.

Twenty years earlier, a motorboat used to tow the Mabel about the lakes, and farmers along the lake shores had nicknamed her Dr. Bell's Floating Palace. Charles Thompson, a colored man who for thirty-five years was Grandfather's man Friday, told the curious that the brass doorknobs on the houseboat were solid gold, and I was glad Grandfather did not dispel the illusion. But even in her palmy days the Mabel could not have been regal. Her silhouette was bulbous, her quarters cramped, and her design, whipped up by Grandfather one evening because his eighty-year-old father wanted to fish on the lakes, uninspired. But the Mabel was steady and waterproof; cruising around in her, the aged Melville Bell tested every fishing ground on the Bras d'Or. When he could no longer risk exposure on raw days, fishing from the small covered veranda, Grandfather hacked a hole in the floor of one room, so his father could sit comfortably indoors and fish. People said it was a crazy idea to cut a hole in a boat that way, even though the floor of the Mabel was raised above the water by her pontoons, but whenever I fish from an open rowboat and a cold wind blows down my neck, I wish that the Mabel of Beinn Bhreagh were still afloat and I were aboard her.

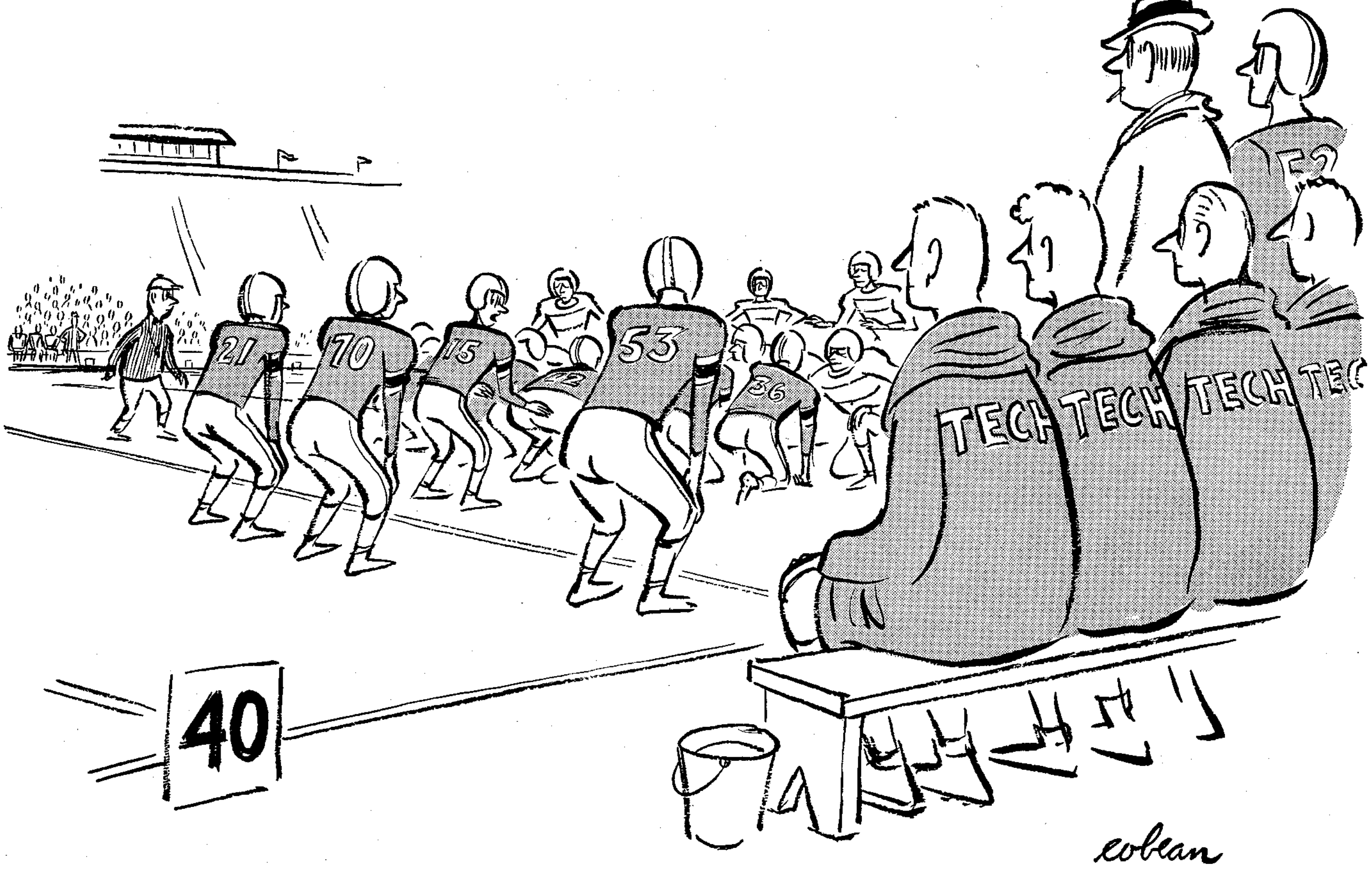
The front section of the houseboat was, at the time I remember, a small living room, with a stove, a frayed black horsehair sofa, two or three rickety wicker chairs, an unplaned wood table, and a very solid bookcase. Grandfather could step from the living room onto the veranda. From here, he could scan the lake for miles, clear to the bridge at Grand Narrows. The scenery was magnificent and reminded him of his native Scotland.

He often stayed alone on the boat for two or three days, his only company an occasional lake steamer passing offshore or, in the distance, a full-rigged schooner carrying coal from Cape Breton's mines. Here he could think undisturbed. The Mabel was his personal version of today's Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton. He thought about airplanes, or genetics, or teaching the deaf, or, in his later years, the League of Nations, or how to see through fog, or whatever project he happened to be working on. If he couldn't think, he read detective stories.

He also sunbathed. A generation before the custom became fashionable, Grandfather would stretch out naked on the houseboat's flat roof. That was why no one except John was permitted to approach the Mabel when he was in residence. (In the family circle, Grandfather was a very modest man.) This addiction to sunlight was considered one of his worst eccentricities. Cape Bretoners tolerated his kites and flying machines (the first airplane to fly in the British Empire was built in his laboratory), his flock of twin-bearing sheep, his strange tetrahedral tower (an experiment in architecture), and his even stranger hydroplane (cigar-shaped, with outriggers), but they knew for sure that he was touched when they heard that he made a practice of lying on the roof of his houseboat without any clothes on. Once, long before we children could remember, he was sunbathing and pencilling notes on the flight angles of gulls and terns soaring overhead when a noise offshore attracted him. Turning his head as he tossed out a handful of the bread crusts he was using to lure the birds, he saw that a lake steamer had swung from her course, and a man with a megaphone was shouting to a party of tourists that this was a closeup view of Dr. Bell's Floating Palace. Grandfather quickly covered himself and lay still, so he wouldn't attract attention.



PERHAPS it was the physical comforts that the commercial success



“$x^2-xy-9y^2-2x+4y$ . . .”

• •

of the telephone had brought Grandfather that made him eager to learn whether he had wit enough to survive unaided in the wilderness. The idea haunted him. He read “Robinson Crusoe” to us children, and one Christmas he gave me a copy of “Swiss Family Robinson.” Inspired by his enthusiasm, Sandy and I often went out into the woods and survived until we got hungry, or until it grew dark. Our efforts pleased Grandfather. You never knew when the ability to survive in the wilderness might come in handy, he told us. Now, suppose that in the course of his travels he were suddenly shipwrecked and left drifting in a lifeboat. Would he die of thirst with water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink? Certainly not. He had shallow, three-foot-square wooden boxes with sloping glass lids constructed in his laboratory. When the pans were filled with salt water and placed in the hot sun, moisture gathered in salt-free drops on the glass, and then ran down into a little tin at one corner. Grandfather was delighted with the contraption. I always wanted to ask him, yet could never quite bring myself to do so, if he’d be likely to have one of these clumsy boxes with him when he jumped from a sinking ship.

When Grandfather was in his sixties, he decided that he must find out definitely, once and for all, whether he could survive in the Canadian woods with nothing but a knife. He left his clothes in the old houseboat and disappeared from the family circle for several days. For clothing, he tore off swatches of sphagnum moss and tied them about his body with the flexible roots of young spruce trees. He set snares for rabbits and tried to make a bow and arrow with his knife, but neither scheme worked; he wasn’t, as a matter of fact, clever with his hands. For hours, he lay beside the still water of a pond, waiting to spear fish with a birch sapling. When the fish jumped, disturbing the water lilies, they were too far away. Finally, he lost his spear, just as Sandy and I did later when we tried the experiment. So Grandfather subsisted on bunchberries and raspberries. He reported that he managed to start a fire by rubbing sticks together, but I suspect he cheated a little here, that the sparks were induced by a pocket microscope or small magnifying glass. I can’t imagine Grandfather’s being without one or the other. After he got the fire going, he made porridge from seeds of a water sedge, and found it a very thin gruel. He caught cold sleeping on the damp moss, and the bunchberries gave him indigestion. When he returned to civilization, Grandma put him to bed with a hot-water bottle at his feet and a mustard plaster on his chest. The family went, one or two at a time, into his room to see him and found him sitting up in bed eating from a tray. On his plate was a large helping of Virginia ham and a bowl of cottage cheese covered with thick cream and brown sugar. We concluded that if Grandfather ever really got lost in the north Canadian woods, we had better send rescue parties immediately.

I THINK it must have been about 1915, when Grandfather was approaching seventy, that Grandmama resolved that a telephone line should be strung from the house to the Mabel, two miles away. After vehement opposition, Grandfather finally agreed, with the understanding that no one would use the line except his wife, and then only in an emergency. Someone always had to listen for Grandmama when she used the telephone, and one evening toward the end of the First World War, I helped her telephone Grandfather during a thunderstorm. He had gone down to the houseboat the day before, planning to work on the specifications for a naval artillery target. Ordnance officers of the United States and Canadian Navies were coming to try out his model, and he was pressed for time.

A three-day sou'wester was blowing up, and Grandma was worried. She may have been afraid he would leave off working on his target to prowl around the mountainside in his moss costume. It often seemed to me that Grandmother worried about Grandfather needlessly, for if he did get lost in the woods, he turned up again quite soon. Once, to be sure, he couldn't find his way back to the place he had left his clothes, but he simply waited until it was dark and he could come and tap on the pantry window, and faithful Charles took another suit out to him. He was late for dinner, though, and he and Grandma were having company.

The telephone was on a table in the upstairs hall. Now, while Grandma watched, I sat down and cranked the handle on the wooden bell box, which was fastened to the wall—two long and three short rings—for the Mabel of Beinn Bhreagh. Even at that time, the telephones installed in the Cape Breton place were of the 1897 variety—not because Grandfather was sentimental about them but because neither he nor Grandma liked using the telephone. The old-fashioned instruments discouraged callers, because they were so often out of order, frequently breaking down in the middle of a conversation.

No answering ring came from the telephone. Grandmama looked at me questioningly. I wound the creaking handle again and we waited.

"Ring once more, dear," Grandma said. "If he doesn't answer, I'm going to send John down to see if he's all right."

A short ring sounded from the wooden box. I lifted the receiver off the hook. Grandma's face brightened. Holding the receiver to my ear, I heard Grandfather's voice, far away, and very gruff and irritated, "Hoy, hoy, there! Hoy, hoy!"

Grandfather never said "Hello" on the telephone, and it exasperated him that this greeting had become general, instead of "Hoy, hoy," which he considered more euphonious. I wanted to shout "Hoy, hoy!" back at him, but I knew the rule. Without answering, I thrust the instrument into Grandma's hands, keeping the receiver to my ear.

"Alec, Alec, is everything all right? A bad storm is blowing up. The barometer is falling. I don't like your being down there alone." She paused and looked at me. As Grandfather's distant voice reached me, I shaped the words soundlessly, so that she could read my lips while he talked.

"Everything is all right. I have a nice little fire going. Sarah sent plenty of cooked food. Several thermos bottles. I haven't cooked anything." Over the creaking and crackling of the wire, I could hear his voice rise. "The wind howls *furiously*. It's magnificent."

Grandma interrupted. "I want to send John down to spend the night."

"No, please don't."

"Will you promise me not to go walking on the mountain in this storm?" There was a pause. She turned to me. "What does he say, dear? Nothing?" I raised my free hand and waved it, as a signal to her to wait. Grandfather's voice was booming into my ear like surf breaking on the beach.

"He wants to know who's listening for you," I said.

Grandma, surprised that he should ask, turned to the mouthpiece again. "Lil. Lil is listening for me."

"Gammie, Gammie, he says he wants to speak to *me!*" I was terribly excited at his waiving of the rule.

Grandma nodded for me to go ahead.

"Hello, Grampie. I mean hoy, hoy, there."

"Hoy, hoy, girlie. Nice to hear your voice, dear. How is Gammie?"

I pulled the instrument close to my face, so that Grandma couldn't read my lips, and shouted into it. "She's worrying about you. And she's sure the roof'll blow off the houseboat."

"It'll hang on another year," he shouted back. "Only one small leak in the corner. I put a pail under it. Goodbye, darling, goodbye. Take care of your Grandmama." Of course he was all right, I thought. Why were people forever worrying about him? I handed the instrument to Grandma, who had been watching intently and now continued the attack. "Alec, Alec, will you *promise* not to go walking on the mountain in this storm?"

Reluctantly, the faraway voice said, "If you wish, my dear, I promise. But don't worry and *don't send John.*"

Just then the line went dead. Probably a tree had fallen across it. I pictured Grandfather (and still can picture him, to this day) hanging up the receiver, going to the door, and opening it to face the wild night. A bolt of lightning rips the sky and is followed by thunder, and a gust of wind sweeps the papers from the table and blows out the kerosene lamp. Grandfather hesitates a moment, then struggles into his heavy slicker. He rams a shiny black sou'wester down over his head and, going out on the veranda, climbs the ladder to the sun deck. This is not walking on the mountain. Certainly not. He rejoices in the breakers piling on the beach, throwing foam and spray over the beach-bound houseboat. He studies the woods, the tormented sky. But he has promised. He yodels once or twice, then shrugs his shoulders and returns to the bare cabin below. The sound of water dripping rapidly into a pail in the corner informs him that the break in the roof is larger than he thought. Perhaps the picture of his cozy study in the house, with open fire and conveniently placed gaslights, comes to mind. And Grandma sitting quietly in her armchair beside him, reading. He smiles, for he knows Grandma will surely send John down in the morning to rescue him. Humming an old Scotch folk tune, he relights the lamp, picks up his scattered papers, and then gets back to work on his naval target.

—Lilian Grosvenor

•

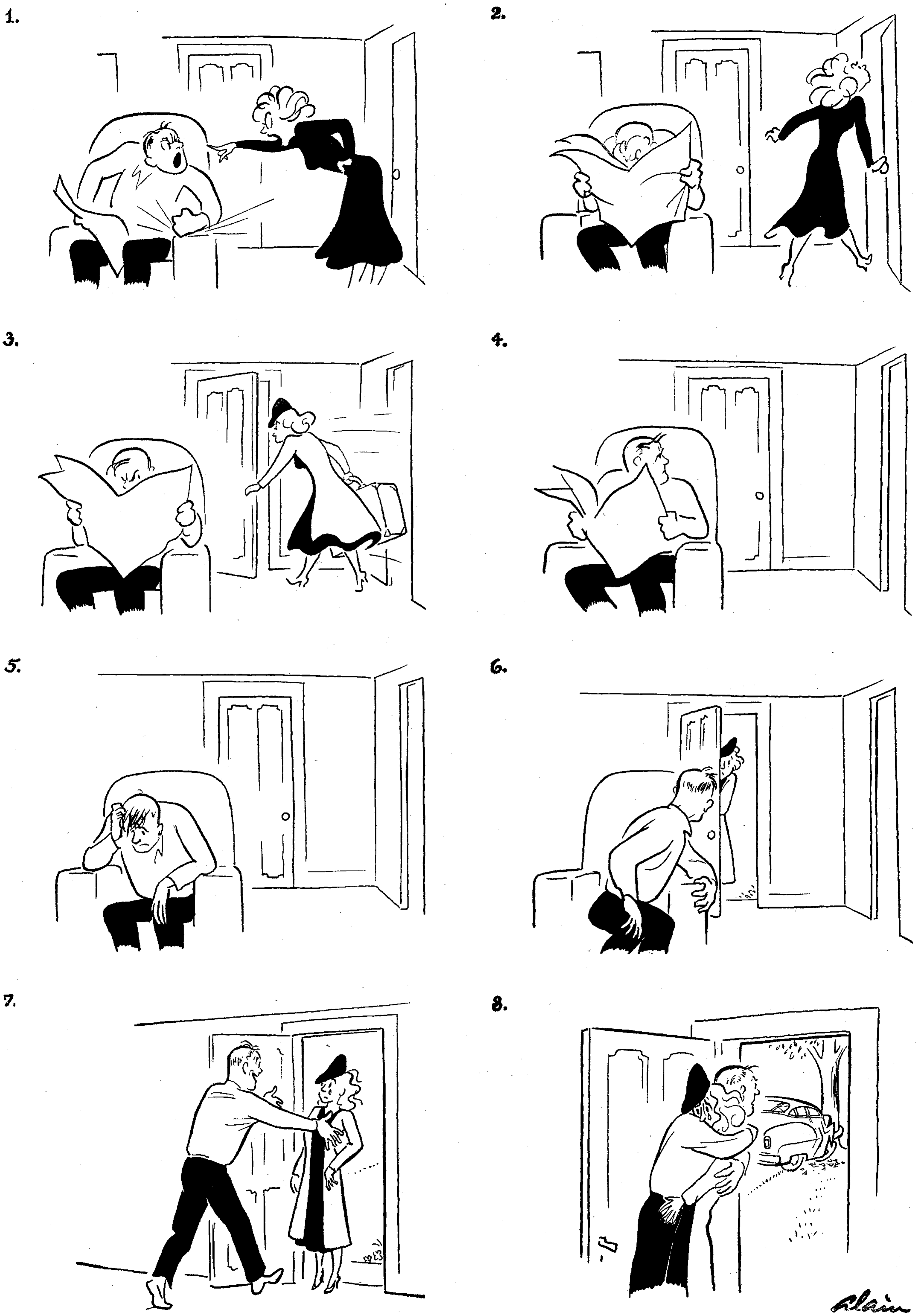
SONG FOR THE LOW VOICE

Darken, air; and mood, surrender,
Under autumn's heavier languor.
Mist and murk and lassitude
Darken air; surrender, mood.

Summer shadow, summer shade
Leave the thinning tree and bough,
Gathering in thicker cloud.
Mood, surrender; darken, air.

Sultry weather turns to sombre,
Chill October, warm December,
All oppressive, all obscure.
Mood, surrender; darken, air.

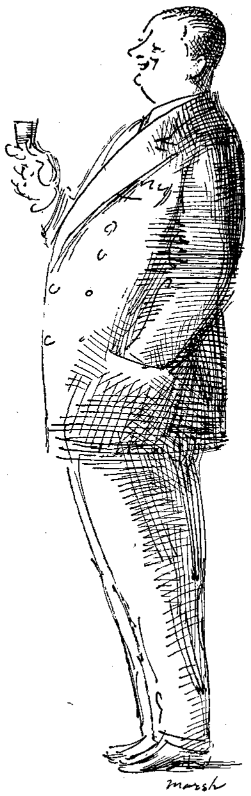
—Rolfe Humphries


1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
Alain

PROFILES

TOOTS'S WORLD

I—HOW FAR CAN WE GO?



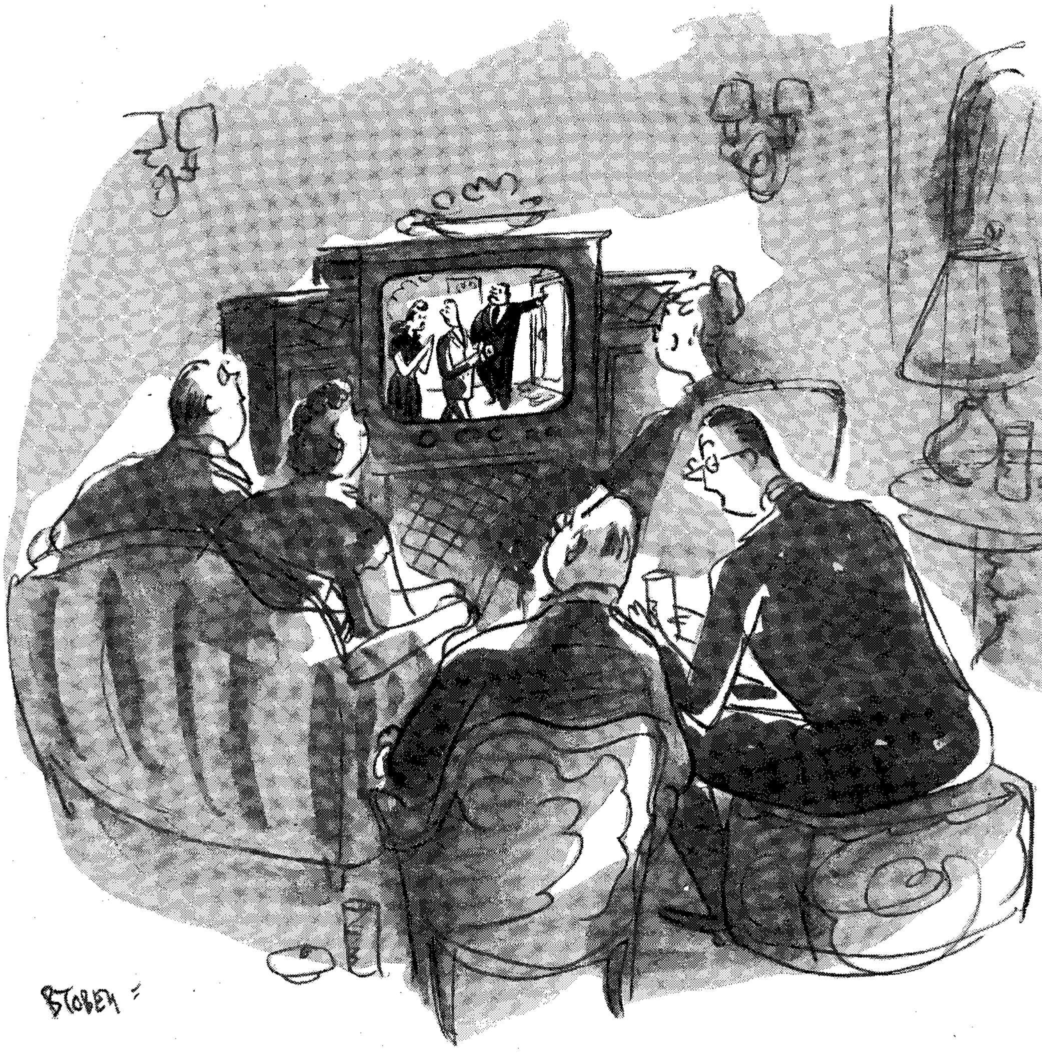
Toots Shor

TOOTS SHOR, the burly, impudent, hard-working, high-spirited, sentimental proprietor of the restaurant at 51 West Fifty-first Street that bears his name, is the possessor of a great talent for making friends and enemies. Most of the people who are acquainted with Shor do not simply like him or dislike him; they love him or loathe him. He is capable of making a mild impression on practically nobody. In the eyes of his admirers, Shor is as kind as Saint Francis of Assisi, as generous as Santa Claus, as worldly wise as Bernard Baruch, and as understanding as Dorothy Dix. "I doubt if the world will ever know his true greatness, because so many of his good deeds are sub rosa," Pat O'Brien, the film actor, wrote recently in a letter to a friend. "I call Toots on the phone several times a month. I call him because I'm lonely or to seek advice. As to the lonely reference, Tootsie will always be synonymous with New York, the Manhattan I love and miss, the Gotham close to my ticker. When I say advice, I mean getting his opinion on contracts and stories or a rundown on what goes on in life. It might seem strange that I seek business advice from Toots, but through the years it has paid off. His ideas are always propounded with the mental strength I could never get from other sources. With all his rough exterior, he is gentle and kindly, his friends are legion and loyal, and they will never leave him in the stretch. You can always bet the field when you go to the Shor window, provided you level with him and don't crowd him on the rail. He has more on the ball than Hubbell and more in his heart than just a tick. If he doesn't insult you, he doesn't love you, and if he doesn't love you, you have missed a chunk of life." Shor's detractors are equally vehement. "There's nothing the matter with Toots except that he is an egotistical jughead and as phony as a three-dollar bill," an opinionated man who used to be loved by Shor but who is now, without regret, missing a chunk of life has said. "He's a slob with delusions of grandeur—he wants to be a snob. When his friends are batting three-fifty, Toots can't do enough for them. Then they're real, solid-gold crumb bums. But when they start hitting two hundred, something happens to Toots's eyesight—he can't see the old pals so good any more. He's a guy with the instincts of a bum and the mental outlook of an elephant. He's exactly the kind of guy he'd throw out of his own place." Shor, who has never held himself up as a model of moderation, is neither surprised nor noticeably disturbed by the fact that other people hold immoderate opinions of him. "I have an expression—'Never criticize a guy for something you do yourself,'" he remarked the other day when in a philosophical state of mind. "I'm not like Will Rogers. I've met plenty of guys I didn't like. If I don't like a guy, I wouldn't do nothin' for him. If I like him, there's nothin' I wouldn't do. That's the way it is. Anything I do, I do to excess."

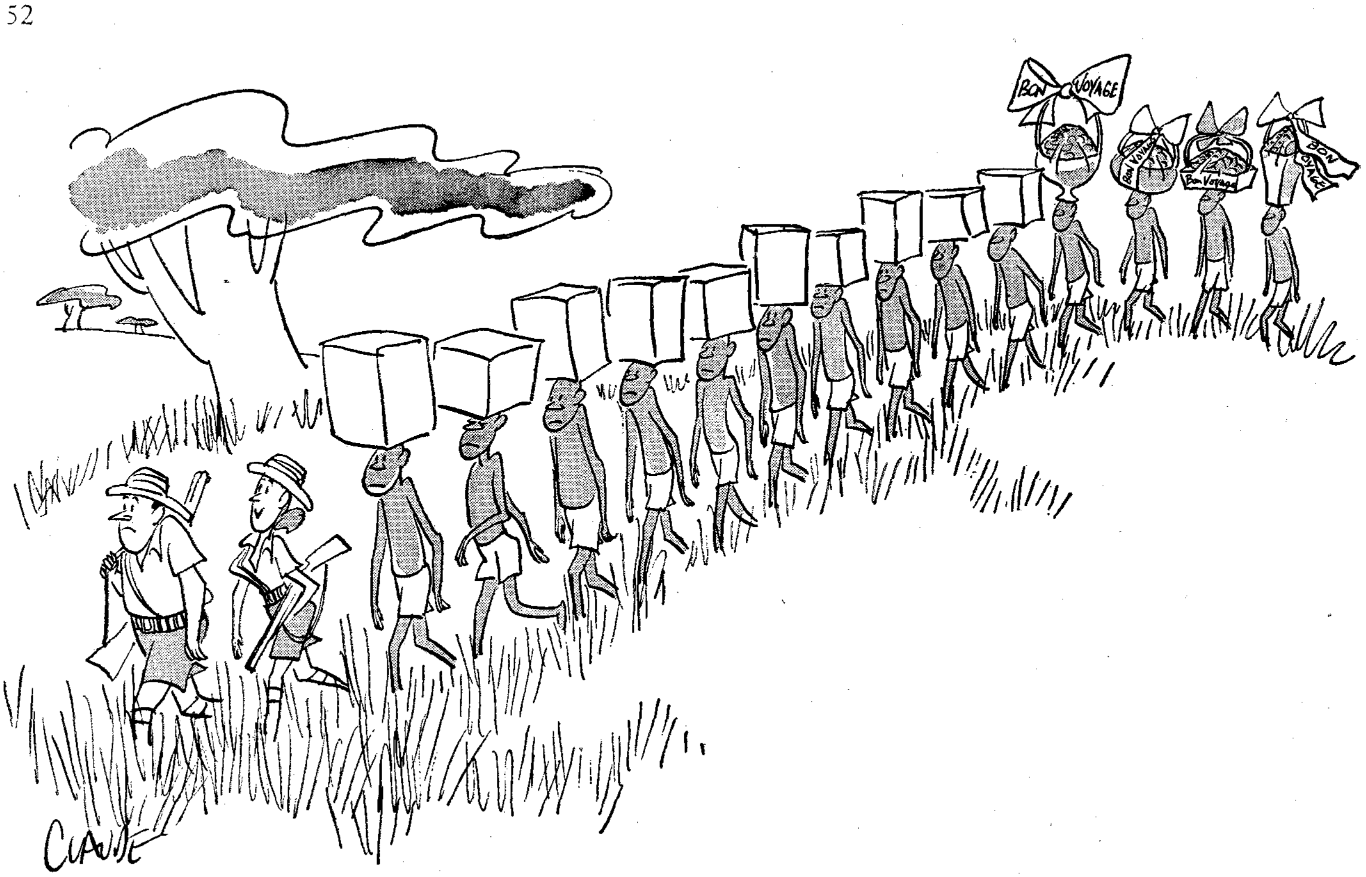
As a host, Shor is, by design, excessively brash. He has acquired the reputation, which he has no trouble living up to, of being a proprietor who ingratiates himself with his customers by being banteringly rude to them. One evening, Louis B. Mayer arrived with a group of friends at Shor's restaurant and, since it was crowded, had to wait fifteen minutes for a table. As his party was being ushered to a table, Mayer passed Shor and said, "I hope we'll find the food has been worth all that waiting." "It'll be better than some of your pictures I've waited in line to see," Shor replied. Charles Chaplin came in for dinner on another busy evening. "You'll have to wait twenty minutes, Charlie," Shor said. "Have a drink and be funny for the people." When Harry Truman was Vice-President, he came to New York to see a prizefight and had dinner beforehand at Shor's, where, during his days as a senator, he had eaten a few times and become friendly with the proprietor. Somewhat awed, Shor began addressing his guest as Mr. Vice-President. Truman smiled and said, "I'm still Harry to my friends." "Jimminy crickets!" Shor said. "Here I was tryin' to give you a buildup." A couple of dapper-looking foreigners, escorting a pair of beautiful domestic blondes, walked into the restaurant one evening and started snapping their fingers for service. Since Shor is rather chauvinistic, holding that American blondes are for Americans, and since he didn't like the way the men were acting, he instructed his headwaiter to take his time seating the party. After they had been kept waiting a short while, one of the men stepped over to the bar, where Shor was having a drink with some friends. "This waiting, this treatment, it is an imposition," the man said. "Yeah?" Shor growled. "Who sent for ya?" Shor takes the position that he is running a restaurant primarily for his friends and that while he doesn't mind letting strangers in, he expects them to appreciate the privilege. "I've been standing here for forty-five minutes while a dozen people who came in after me have been seated," a stranger who hadn't made a reservation complained one night to Shor. "I'm leaving, and I'm never coming back, and furthermore I'm going to tell all my friends." "Go on," Shor said. "Tell him."

A successful manufacturer who is a fairly frequent patron of Shor's has conjectured that the restaurant would double its business (which is already capacity) if the proprietor would change some of his ways. "I like Toots and I like his food," the manufacturer has said, "but sometimes, when you've had a nervous day, you don't feel like going in there and being called a bald-headed bastard and getting swatted on the back and poked in the stomach, even if you know it's a compliment. You just want a quiet meal. Toots is thick. He doesn't understand that. And the way he treats some of the people who come in there, it makes me embarrassed." During lunchtime one day recently, Shor was standing near the bar in his restaurant chatting with a friend from out of town. A man wearing black-rimmed glasses, who had been sitting at the bar, walked over and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Shor. I don't know whether you remember me." He extended his hand. Not taking it, Shor said, "No, I don't remember you." "Well," the man, a doctor from Newark, said, "I was in about three or four weeks ago, and we talked baseball. I used to play, years ago, on the Coast." He stepped back a couple of paces, to afford a better view of himself for identification. Shor looked at him in silence. "I thought you might remember," the Doctor said, taking off his glasses. "I was sitting over there, and we talked for a little while. Not very long." "No, I don't remember," Shor said. "I just thought you might," the Doctor said uneasily. "But I guess you don't." Shor said nothing. The Doctor waited hopefully a moment or two, and then said, "Well, please pardon the interruption. My wife is waiting for me. Excuse me." He walked back to the bar. After he had gone, Shor said, "Those bums. What do they expect me to do—give 'em a lot of soft soap? If I spent two minutes with every one of those guys, I wouldn't have time for nothin' else." Earl Wilson, who visits Shor's twice a day to pick up items for his column, came in and joined Shor and his friend. While they were talking, a ruddy-faced man walked out of the dining room and approached the group. "Hello, Earl," he said to Wilson. "Remember me? I'm from Remington Rand. You did a column about our convention." Wilson acknowledged that he had some recollection of the piece. "Say, Earl, I've been wanting to meet the big boy, here," the Remington Rand man said, indicating Shor with his thumb. "Will you tell him it's all right to say hello to me?" Wilson mumbled something, and his acquaintance continued, "Toots, I've been coming in here for a long time but I never had a chance to meet you. You don't know me, of course, but you probably use some of our machines. I'm with Remington Rand." "The hell with Remington Rand," Shor replied, turning his back. "How do you like that?" he said to his out-of-town friend. "Two creeps in ten minutes." He disappeared into the dining room. The Remington Rand man picked up his hat at the checkroom.

Shor's relaxed manner is regarded by his friends as his most endearing trait. "Sure Toots insults guys he could be nice to, and when he stops doing that, he's through," Jerry D. Lewis, a radio writer and Shor aficionado, has said. "He didn't get where he is by bowing and scraping and jerking the forelock. Also, for every guy he insults, there are twenty guys he'd give the shirt off his back to." Shor is purposefully brazen even with the people to whom he would give one of his shirts, which are custom-made and silk, and cost thirty-five dollars. He shows his affection for his dearest friends by habitually addressing them as crumb bums, creeps, or balloonheads, and by making extravagantly unflattering remarks about their appearance and their accomplishments. They return the compliments in kind. Shor once told his good friend Jackie Gleason, a stage comedian, that he had the face of a pig. "And you got the body," Gleason replied. A great deal of the humor at Shor's is based on the elementary fact that Shor is a very large man, standing six feet two and weighing two hundred and forty. The jocular variations on this theme range all the way from Bert Lahr's description of Shor as a bloated midget to Faye Emerson's introduction of him on a television program as "Mr. Toots Shor, half man, half stomach." What is considered at Shor's the classic joke about the proprietor's appearance was made in 1944, when Shor, along with a couple of dozen other people who had contributed in one way or another to the Democratic national cam-



"The book hinted at a skeleton in the girl's closet, but in the play they toned that down to a sort of streak of family temperament that threatened to put their marriage on the rocks. In the movie, they played it up again but used a twist ending—the fiancée turned out to be only a stepdaughter, not a real daughter. In the radio version, he was hypersensitive—a struggling young sculptor who throws his half-finished work around. She thought he was touchy because of all her money and her social position, but a psychiatrist friend told her he didn't want to finish anything, for fear it wouldn't be any good. Here they're obviously building up family disapproval of the match."



paign, was invited to have tea with President Roosevelt at the White House. On his return, Shor received a telegram from his friend Reuben Bernstein, a theatrical-company manager. "I see they finally put a pig in Tiffany's window," the wire read.

The fact that Shor's formal education was desultory provides another mine of comedy. The jokes that have been made about his presumed illiteracy compare favorably in quantity and quality with those that have been made about Jack Benny's stinginess. One from the Shor stockpile is about how once, in an unguarded moment, Shor complimented Bob Considine, who was in the restaurant with his wife, on one of his columns. "Who read it to you?" Considine said, employing a standard rejoinder. Shor was momentarily silent, and Mrs. Considine said, "Bob, you shouldn't talk to Toots that way." "I can take care of myself," Shor said. "I was just quiet because I was tryin' to think who *did* read it to me." By going along with the fun made at his expense, and frequently enlarging upon it, Shor has become practically insultproof. One evening not long ago, several of Shor's friends were sitting in the restaurant exchanging persiflage with the proprietor. "Let's break it up," one of them said. "My time's too valuable to waste on a creepy restaurateur." "Stop callin' me names like that," Shor said, pretending to be indignant. "I sell food and whiskey, but that don't make me no restaurateur. I'm just a creepy saloonkeeper. And I ain't ashamed of it."

It is widely surmised on Broadway that Shor was used as the model for Harry Brock, the roughhewn, unlettered protagonist of Garson Kanin's comedy "Born Yesterday." Kanin used to spend a lot of time at Shor's, but lately, according to some of the customers, he has become "high-tony," preferring the food at the Colony and Le Pavillon. The part of Brock was played on Broadway by Shor's old friend Paul Douglas. In the play, Brock, who proudly describes himself to a reporter as a mug and a roughneck, is a millionaire who made his money dealing in scrap iron. The reporter speaks of Brock's being in the "steel business," and he gets sore. "Look, don't butter me up," he says. "I'm a junkman. I ain't ashamed to say it." Like Brock, Shor is "confident of his boorish charm," to quote the play, and he is doggedly comic. Sitting at a table with several professional funnymen, such as Bob Hope, Fred Allen, and George Jessel, Shor is inclined to try boisterously to beat them at their own game, not always with notable success. When his wife is a witness to these doomed excursions into the realm of humor, she sometimes says, "Don't struggle with it, Tootsie. You're not going to get a laugh." Shor and his wife were once invited to lunch with Cardinal Spellman at the prelate's residence. The Cardinal asked Shor how he thought the food compared with the fare he serves at his restaurant. "It's cheaper, but not so good," Shor said. After Shor's meeting with President Roosevelt, a reporter asked the ebullient restaurant proprietor what he and the President had talked about. "I kept eatin' cake," Shor answered obliquely. "It was damned good cake. I wish I could get the recipe for my joint." Unlike Brock, who indicates his opinion of the democratic process by remarking "Listen, you know what a senator is to me? A guy who makes a hundred and fifty bucks a week," Shor is spoken of by his friends as a pillar of patriotism. "I think Toots is a great American," Major General Emmett J. O'Donnell, Jr., has said. "In many ways, he reminds me of my old chief, General Hap Arnold—an extrovert to the highest degree, bluff, hearty, direct-dealing, and honest." In "Born Yesterday," Brock's friend and lawyer, warning him against the effects of his flamboyant behavior, says, "There's such a thing as being *too* colorful." Once in a while, Shor's friends are tempted to give him the same hint. As a result of having been extraordinarily colorful, Shor has been barred by a couple of popular Manhattan cabarets, but his spirits have never visibly wilted. One evening, James C. Petrillo, who has such a pronounced germ phobia that

OR ET NOIR
BY
CARON

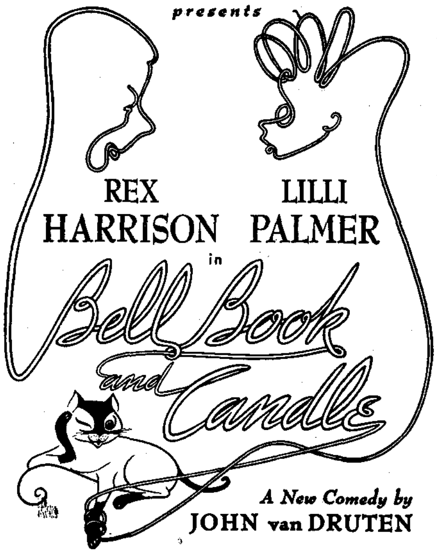
the éclat of gold and the charm of black pearls

© Caron, 1950

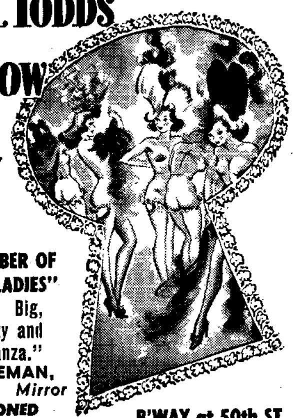
OPENS TUESDAY, NOV. 14

IRENE MAYER SELZNICK
presents
REX HARRISON LILLI PALMER
in
Bell Book and Candle
A New Comedy by
JOHN van DRUTEN
Directed by MR. van DRUTEN
Scenery and Lighting by GEORGE JENKINS

BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN—MAIL ORDERS FILLED FOR 12 WEEKS IN ADVANCE
Eves.: $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Mats. First 2 Weeks: Thurs., Nov. 16 & Sat.; Thurs., Nov. 23 & Sat. Mats. Thereafter Wed. & Sat.: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Tax Incl. *List 2 or more alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.*
BARRYMORE THEA., 241 W. 47 St., N.Y. 19



ATLANTIS PRODUCTIONS
The Theatre Guild • Tennent Productions Ltd.
John C. Wilson
present
JOHN GIELGUD PAMELA BROWN
in CHRISTOPHER FRY'S
Romantic Comedy
"The Lady's Not For Burning"
Directed by JOHN GIELGUD *Decor by* OLIVER MESSEL
ROYALE THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.



MICHAEL TODD'S PEEP SHOW
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Comedy Directed by
BOBBY CLARK
with a
CAST OF 100
including "A NUMBER OF COMELY YOUNG LADIES"
"A smash hit! Big, Beautiful, Breezy and Brash Extravaganza."
—ROBERT COLEMAN, *Mirror*
AIR-CONDITIONED
WINTER GARDEN
B'WAY at 50th ST. NEW YORK 19

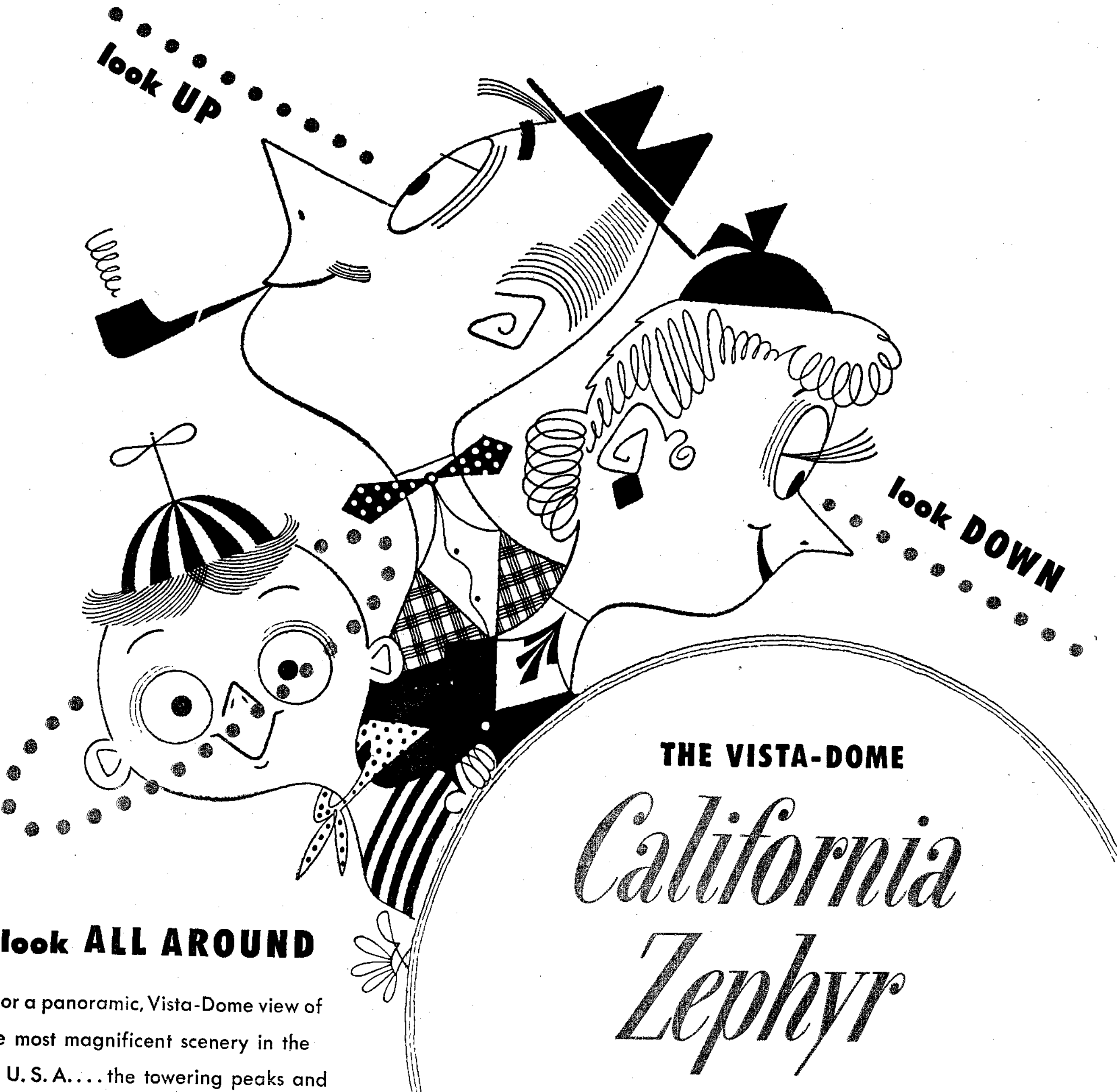
he refuses to shake hands and extends a single finger instead, was sitting at the bar in Shor's when the proprietor came in after attending a night baseball game. He quickly put Petrillo at ease by sneezing into his beer. When Shor is not struggling, he occasionally gets off an earthy mot, the most successful of which, perhaps, was the one he made, during the war, right after the government imposed a twelve-o'clock curfew on night clubs and restaurants. Approving the measure, Shor said, "Any bum who can't get drunk by midnight ain't tryin'." The *Herald Tribune* wrote an appreciative editorial about that one.

THERE are some customers toward whom Shor consistently shows a measure of respect; these are athletes and sportswriters. He believes they are the salt of the earth, a naturally superior class of men. Once, the lawyer for a veteran sports figure who had got into trouble asked Shor to appear in court as a character witness for his client. "You don't need me or nobody to do that," Shor said. "All you gotta do is walk up to the jury and say, 'There can't be nothin' wrong with this man, or else how could he have been in sports so long?' " Shor believes that sports are the backbone of American life and that good citizenship demands a close interest in them, though he is sufficiently broadminded to make an occasional exemption. He has, for example, given a clean bill of health to Morris Ernst, a lawyer who finds civil liberties more provocative than batting averages. A couple of years ago, Ernst sent Shor a copy of his book "The First Freedom." "I have read it and enjoyed it very much," Shor said in his thank-you note. "Although you are not a baseball fan, I know you are a good American, and that is enough for me." Shor thinks he is the luckiest man in the country because he is on friendly terms with hundreds of baseball players, football players, prizefighters, golfers, swimmers, tennis stars, coaches, trainers, athletic directors, sportswriters, and other sports figures, including pool sharks and curling champions. He is especially proud of his long and close friendship with Bill Corum, whom he considers unsurpassed as a writer, and with Joe DiMaggio, whom he ranks among the ten most important living men. Because members of the sporting world congregate at Shor's, it has become the country's unofficial sports headquarters. It is frequently referred to on the sports pages as the Toots Shor A.C., or, owing to the sportswriters' traditional gift for inventing the arresting phrase, as Toots Shor's Elite Eatery, Genteel Grogshop, Soigné Shack, Maison de Chow, Mezzanine des Muscles, Chez Bicarb, Scrambled Eggs Seminary, or Heavenly Hashienda.

The conversational currency at Shor's is sports, and the talk is generally so deep that a man who attempts to participate in it and doesn't know, for example, the name of the third baseman in the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance infield or what Brooklyn player ruined Carl Hubbell's near-no-hit game on Decoration Day in 1940 is apt to feel as out of place as an unfrocked priest in St. Peter's. Members of the sporting aristocracy never have to wait for a table at Shor's. Not only are they ushered promptly to what are regarded as the choice, showcase tables—the ones against the front wall just inside the entrance to the ground-floor dining room—but they are given especially attentive service, and Shor usually sits down and talks with them. He bestows his personal attention on the people he feels are most deserving of it. On the night of August 1, 1945, Shor attended the baseball game at the Polo Grounds in which Mel Ott, then manager of the Giants, knocked the five-hundredth home run of his career. After the game, Shor hurried back to the restaurant, knowing that a big crowd would show up, as it always does before and after momentous events in the sporting world. He learned on his arrival that one of the customers in the dining room was Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin. Shor introduced himself to the medical man and sat down at his table. A short while later, a waiter walked over and whispered into Shor's ear that Ott had just entered the restaurant. "Excuse me, Sir Fleming," Shor said, getting up, "but I gotta leave you. Somebody important just came in."

Only an extreme emergency, such as the death of a friend, ever keeps Shor away from a local sporting event of any consequence. He has had reserved boxes at both the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds for years, and would as soon miss a baseball or football game at either one as a corporation president would skip a board meeting. He regards the cost of his seats at sporting events as a promotional expense and therefore a deductible income-tax item. A government tax man once called on Shor and questioned such deductions. "Going to the ball games—that's pleasure, isn't it, Mr. Shor?" the tax man asked. "Did *you* ever have to watch the St. Louis Browns three days in a

The most talked-about train in the country!



look ALL AROUND

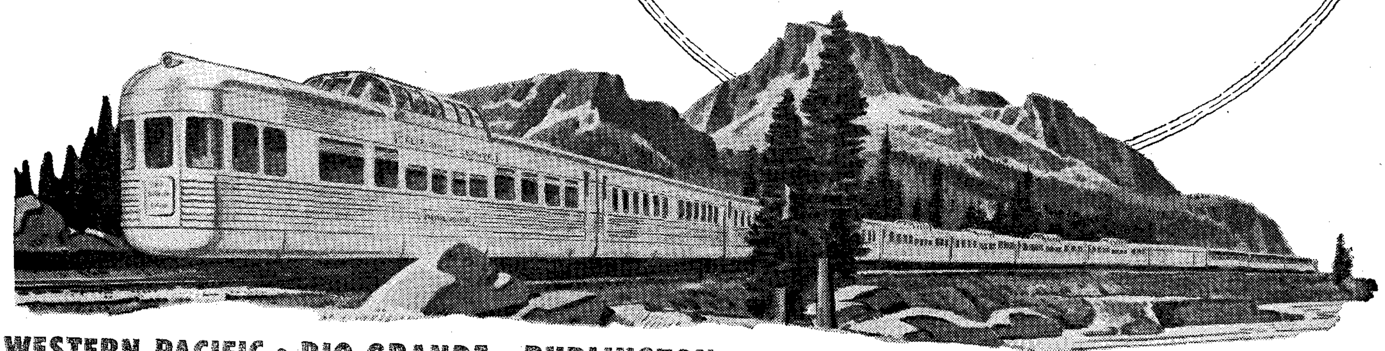
for a panoramic, Vista-Dome view of the most magnificent scenery in the U. S. A.... the towering peaks and rushing streams of the mighty Colorado Rockies and the Sierra Nevada!

THE VISTA-DOME

California Zephyr

Daily between Chicago and San Francisco via Omaha, Denver and Salt Lake City

INCLUDE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VIA SAN FRANCISCO
No additional rail fare!



WESTERN PACIFIC • RIO GRANDE • BURLINGTON *Write Dept. NY., Western Pacific Railroad, 526 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.*

"A REAL HAPPY TIME!" —Barnes, Her. Trib.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

AMERICA'S GREATEST PLAY!
"Mister Roberts"
"Maturity and gayety are an irresistible combination, and this play has both. 'MISTER ROBERTS' has more show vitality than anything since 'What Price Glory?'. For a rollicking, sobering, tender and passionate side-splitting twinge of the heart—'MISTER ROBERTS'." —WALTER WINCHELL
NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring JOHN FORSYTHE
with PAUL STEWART
WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.

ANNE JEFFREYS in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
SAM S. SHUBERT THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"The best drama of the new season" —Coleman, Mirror
JOHN WILDBERG Presents
FLORA ROBSON in
BLACK CHIFFON
A Dramatic Play by Lesley Storm
With Anthony Ireland and Raymond Huntley
48TH STREET THEATRE East of B'way
Eves. 8:40; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

row?" Shor replied. The deduction was allowed.

Sporting events make up Shor's frame of reference. He was once asked when he began work on his restaurant. "I signed the lease on September 15, 1939—the day Galento beat Nova, in Philadelphia," Shor said. He will never forget his first wedding anniversary, November 2, 1935. "One of the biggest upsets in football happened that day," he says. "Notre Dame beat Ohio State. What a game! Notre Dame scored two touchdowns in the last minute and a half of play." He has an equally vivid memory of the night his first child was born. "It was right after Beau Jack beat Fritzie Zivic the second time, at the Garden—a good fight." Shor's wife, a trim, ninety-pound blonde who is called Baby by her friends and is a knowledgeable sports enthusiast, also remembers the Jack-Zivic match with pleasure. She saw it with her husband and then took a taxi to the hospital, where she gave birth to a daughter four hours later. The Shors now have two daughters and one son, and, like all parents, they spend a good deal of time worrying about the upbringing of their children and thinking about their future. One night last summer, Shor and a party of friends, including two radio sports commentators, both of whom have small children, attended a game at the Polo Grounds. The Giants lost; it was their fourth defeat in a row. Shor, who has always had an emotional attachment to the Giants, was rueful about their poor showing. In a car on the way back to the restaurant, he and his friends agreed that it takes faith, hope, and stamina to be a Giant fan. In Central Park, the conversation turned to the rearing of children and the problems of parents. Shor seemed preoccupied and grave. "I been thinkin' lately," he finally said. "I'm raisin' my kids to be Giant fans. I don't know whether I'm doin' the right thing."

THE sport that unquestionably had the greatest shaping influence on Shor's life is pool. In his formative years, he played sand-lot baseball and football with neighborhood friends in South Philadelphia, where he was born, forty-seven years ago, but he achieved his highest athletic renown in the pool parlors in the vicinity of Broad and Federal Streets. There he was respected for his expertness in handling a pool cue and, when the occasion arose, his fists. "I was going to fight pro, but my father didn't want me to," Shor has recalled. "He said if I did, he wouldn't let me

"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Smash Musical Comedy Hit!
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY
HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH
present
THE LAVISH NEW MUSICAL
BLESS YOU ALL
SHUBERT Thea., NEW HAVEN, Week of Nov. 13
FORREST Thea., PHILADELPHIA, 3 weeks beg. Nov. 21
MARK HELLINGER Thea., NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14

"PRICELESS" —ATKINSON "WONDROUS" —BARNES "ENCHANTING" —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
ST. JAMES Theatre, 44th St., West of Broadway
Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.

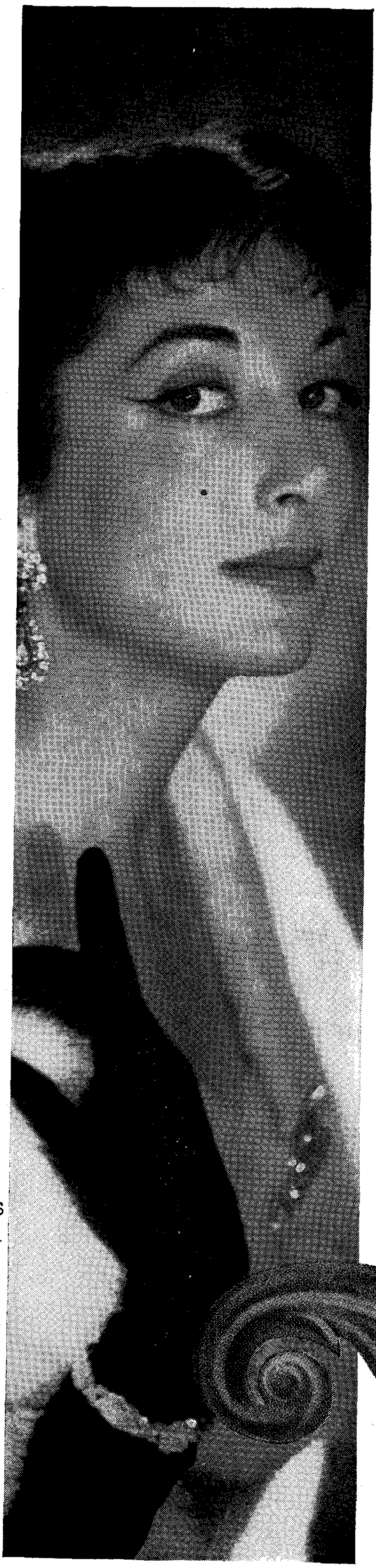
"WONDERFULLY FUNNY"—Barnes, Herald Tribune
COURTNEY BURR and MALCOLM PEARSON present
RICHARD WHORF • NANCY KELLY
in WOLCOTT GIBBS' New Comedy
"Season in the Sun"
Directed by BURGESS MEREDITH
Anthony ROSS King CALDER Paula LAURENCE Eddie MAYEHOFF
CORT THEATRE
137 W. 48th St., Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
ETHEL WATERS
in
the Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Last 11 Perfs.!
THOMAS MITCHELL
death of a Salesman
MOROSCO, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Toujours Moi

Toujours Moi
il recrée pour lui
le miracle de votre présence,
la douceur de vos lèvres,
la caresse de vos gestes,
le parfum de votre sein.
Toujours Moi
le plus personnel des parfums,
Inimitable vous.



always me

Toujours Moi
lingering . . .
whispering your name . . .
recalling your smile . . .
your touch . . . because
it's your fragrance.
Toujours Moi
the only perfume in the world
that defies imitation.

Toujours Moi
Corday

PARFUMS
CORDAY
PARIS NEW YORK

Other world famous fragrances by Corday:
Fame . . . Zigane . . . Jet

"UTTERLY ENGROSSING" Hawkins, World-Tel. Sun
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ presents
JESSICA TANDY in "Hilda Crane"
An Exciting New Drama by SAMSON RAPHAELSON
Directed by HUME CRONYN
with BEULAH BONDI FRANK SUNDSTROM JOHN ALEXANDER EVELYN VARDEN
PRICES: Evgs. at 8:40, Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.20, 3.60; Balc. $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat., at 2:40. Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
CORONET Theatre 230 WEST 49th ST. NEW YORK 19

"A COMEDY SMASH!" —Garland, Jour.-Amer.
CELESTE HOLM in "Affairs of State"
by LOUIS VERNEUIL
with REGINALD OWEN BARBARA O'NEIL and SHEPPERD STRUDWICK
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Tax Included)
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way, CI 6-4636

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

say Chapman, Watts and Garland:
"A MASTERPIECE"
HENRY DANIELL • CATHLEEN NESBITT • HUGH WILLIAMS
The Cocktail Party by T. S. Eliot
with CAROL GOODNER • MARGARET PHILLIPS
Henry Miller's Theatre, W. 43. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
DEBORAH KERR · STEWART GRANGER
Color by TECHNICOLOR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

Tuberculosis can be found early, before there are outward symptoms, by means of chest X-rays. Tuberculosis associations urge every New Yorker to have a chest X-ray at least once a year.
NEW YORK TUBERCULOSIS AND HEALTH ASSOCIATION
386 Fourth Avenue New York 16, N. Y.

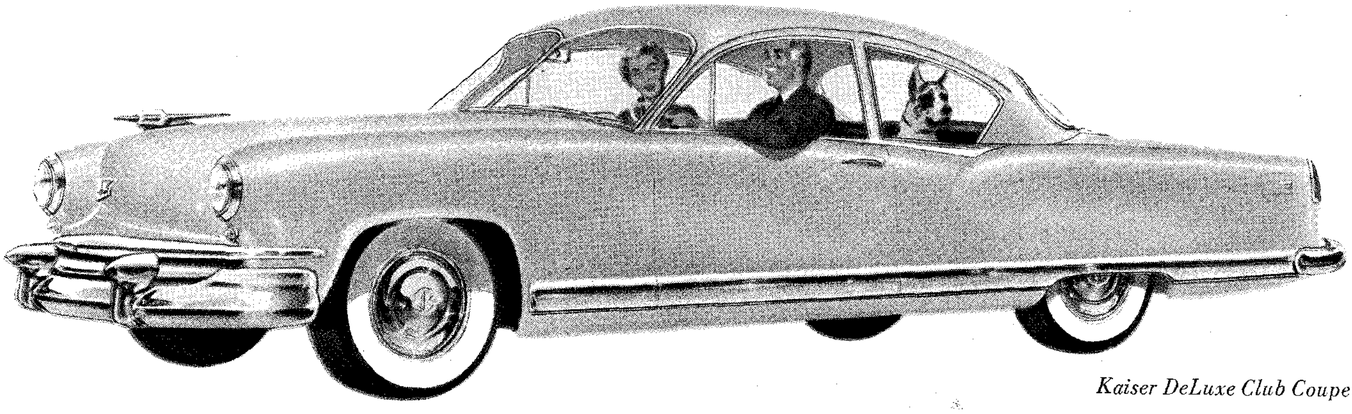
come home. Well, I was gettin' three meals a day, so I didn't." The elder Shor was a tall, quiet Austrian Jewish shirtmaker of mild disposition who had come to this country bearing the name of Abraham Schorr; an immigration clerk at Ellis Island simplified the spelling. Taking up residence in Philadelphia, where he had friends, Abraham Shor met and married a lively Russian Jewish immigrant girl, and they had three children. They named their youngest, who was their only son, Bernard, but he has been called Toots by all his friends and acquaintances, including Owney Madden and a couple of Supreme Court justices, for as long as he can remember.

By the time Shor was five, his father had become foreman in a shirt factory, and had saved enough money to make the down payment and assume the large mortgage on a three-story brick building at the corner of Fifteenth and Wharton. On its ground floor was a candy, cigar, and stationery store, which the elder Shor also took over. The family lived above the store, which was tended during the day by Shor's mother and in the evening by his father. The neighborhood, which was predominantly Irish and Italian, swarmed with children, who made their headquarters in and around the candy store. The youngest Shor is remembered in his old neighborhood as a strapping, good-natured, gregarious, lighthearted youth, sought after by the girls, who considered him a handsome blade, and popular with the boys because of his devil-may-care attitude and his loyalty to his friends. "Our house was a melting pot, always filled with Toots's pals," Shor's younger sister Bertha, a former schoolteacher who is now married to a retired Navy officer and still lives in Philadelphia, has said. "They met there, they ate, they slept, they borrowed shirts, they ran up the phone bill. It was their clubhouse—all races, all religions, all nationalities. Toots was always able to take care of himself, and he made friends easily and kept them. Everyone liked him."

When Shor was fifteen, his mother was killed in an automobile accident, and soon afterward his father sold the store and moved his family into smaller quarters in the same neighborhood. "I was a good student until my mother died," Shor said the other day. "I don't want to use that as an excuse, but after that I took to baggin' school. I did everything a kid shouldn't. I ran away a few times. Went to Atlantic City and around. But most of the time I was bummin' at Broad and Federal. I bummed there four years, shootin' pool. When I was a kid, there was a church at Tenth and Dickinson. They had a pool table in the basement, and that's where I learned to shoot pool. I wonder if that's such a good idea—keepin' kids off the streets by lettin' 'em learn how to shoot pool. Anyway, I got to be a pretty good pool-shooter. People were sayin', 'Toots is quite a pool-shooter.' After my mother died, God bless her, I was hangin' around the poolroom. I quit goin' to school at all. Gus Vitullo—he was a friend of mine—Gus and I used to practice up at this church or at the Y.M.C.A., but we did most of our playin' at Allinger's Poolroom or at Coward's. We were playin' for money. If we made six dollars a day, we figured we were doin' good. We had some fights, Gus and I, with some of the guys that used to hang there. I can remember hittin' guys with pool cues. I fought a guy once in Bobby Gunnis's saloon, and a tough guy named Rags Nolan—he was a pretty big guy around Philadelphia then—he was in there and saw me fight and liked me and began takin' me around. I don't know. When I was a kid, I was like a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde. I was a tough guy for my pals and a nice guy for my father. He died when I was twenty, God bless him. The day my father died, I became a man."

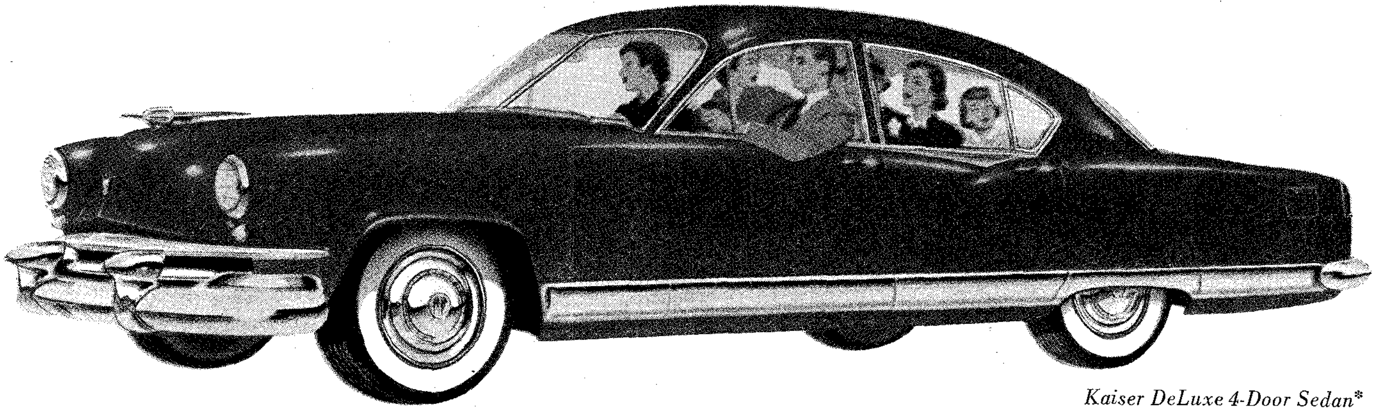
Shor spent the first four years of his manhood with the Eclipse Shirt Company, a Philadelphia concern that a cousin of his owned. Starting in the stockroom, Shor subsequently held various more important jobs in the factory, and when he was twenty-two he became a salesman. His territory was South Philadelphia. It developed that he had a knack for selling, especially in the winter months. During the summer, he worked until noon, parked his sample case at a pawnshop owned by one of his uncles, and went to the ball game. After two years as a shirt salesman, Shor left Eclipse to take a job as a travelling salesman for the B.V.D. Company, at a salary of forty-two hundred dollars a year, which was later raised to six thousand. "I ain't braggin', but I was worth it," he says. "I was a hell of a salesman." Shor covered his territory, a large section of eastern Pennsylvania, in a Ford runabout, and was paid seven cents a mile travelling expenses. "I didn't wear myself out on the road," he says. "I used the phone and then studied a map to see how many miles I'd covered." His headquarters was in Wilkes-Barre, but he managed to wheel into Philadelphia or, more often, into New

Kaiser's got it...



*Kaiser DeLuxe Club Coupe**

and it's Great!



*Kaiser DeLuxe 4-Door Sedan**

1951 Kaiser

...the only car with Anatomic Design!

Kaiser's got it—exclusive new Anatomic Design—and sales prove that it's the greatest motoring idea in years! Here's what it gives you:

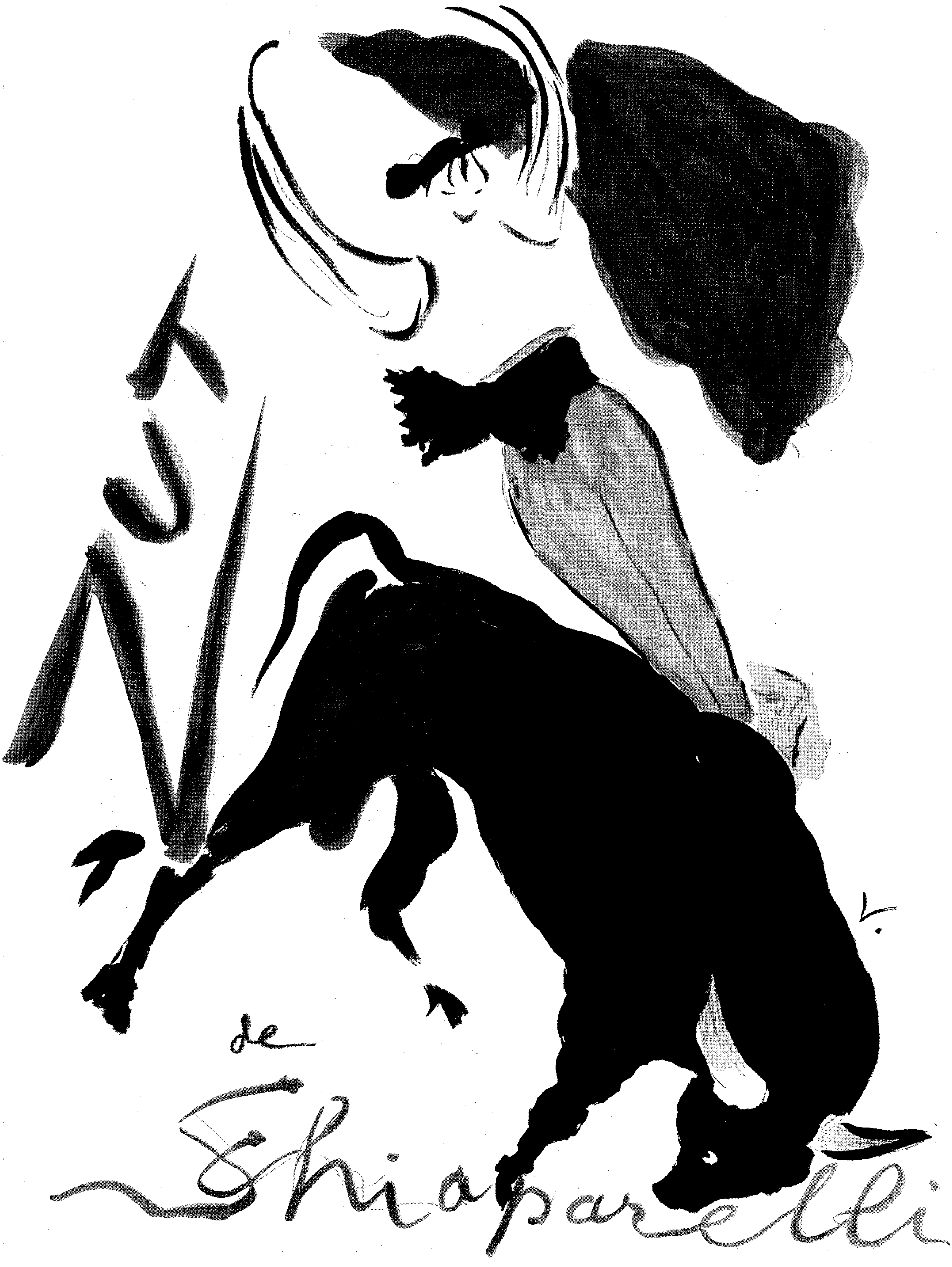
Control-Tower Vision...greatest window area—no "blind spots"! Supersonic Engine... High-Bridge Doors...curved into roof. Tuck-Away Tire Well...for more luggage space! Safety-Cushion Padded Instrument Panel! Level-Flight Springing plus Low Center of Gravity...for a road-hugging ride!

See your Kaiser-Frazer dealer now—and try Kaiser's new exclusive Anatomic Ride!

**One of 6 body styles and 12 models. Hydra-Matic Drive available in all at extra cost.*

© 1950 KAISER-FRAZER SALES CORPORATION

Built to Better the Best on the Road!


Zut
de
Schiaparelli
L.

Schiaparelli's latest Paris perfume sensation... made and packaged in France

York nearly every weekend. Two of his boyhood friends, Rudolph Weiss and Jack Cohen, who were employed in the New York office of Warner Brothers Pictures, shared an apartment on West Fifty-fifth Street, and Shor spent his weekends in the city with them. He became infatuated with New York and found it increasingly hard to return, after a weekend of revelry in Manhattan, to Wilkes-Barre and underwear. In 1930, when he was twenty-seven, Shor quit his B.V.D. job and came to New York to live, moving into his friends' apartment and shortly afterward moving right along with them into Essex House. "I started out livin' high-class," he says. "Those guys were payin' the rent."

Before leaving B.V.D., Shor, through the intervention of his friends at Warner Brothers, had been promised a job in the firm's real-estate department, but when he showed up there, the man who had agreed to hire him had been fired. He began shopping around for something else to do, and eventually looked up a man named Joe Moss, whom he had met through his cousin Dewey Kauffman, the operator of a couple of night spots in Atlantic City. Moss was then running the Hollywood Restaurant. He put Shor in touch with two men, one named John Steinberg and the other known only as Christo, who were the managers of a speakeasy on West Fifty-fourth Street called the Five O'Clock Club. They gave Shor a job he describes as that of "inside bouncer." He was paid seventy-five dollars a week, and from time to time added to his income by selling a case of whiskey, a transaction on which he was able to pocket thirty dollars. He was happy in his work. "There I began meetin' all the celebrities—Cagney, Crosby, Eddie Dowling, all those guys," he says. "Oh, I loved it, I loved it. Just about every day, I'd write a postcard to my sisters in Philly. 'Saw Pat O'Brien last night,' I'd say, or 'Met Adolphe Menjou today. This is the life.' Ziegfeld's was just down the street, and all those girls were in the joint, and Earl Carroll's girls, and George White's. Jimminy crickets, when I think back!"

THE Five O'Clock Club was owned by what was then called the mob, or the syndicate, the two leading figures of which were George (Big Frenchy) La Mange, who died, of natural causes, several years ago, and Owney Madden, who now lives in retirement in Hot Springs, Arkansas. "Sure, I knew Owney Madden and

BIG, BEAUTIFUL and Bewitching!

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

Outstanding example of fine cabinetry, this fresh new console offers big-as-life, real-as-life pictures. Big new 17" G-E rectangular black tube. Automatic Sound—just tune the picture, sound is right every time. G-E built-in antenna. Hand-rubbed mahogany veneers. Model 17C101.

General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Danish B&G KJØBENHAVN Porcelain

THE NATIONAL FACTORY OF PORCELAIN

BING & GRONDAHL®

The consummate art of the Danish porcelain maker captures the tender remembrances of childhood in exquisite detail. Figures vibrant with underglaze color—gifts that will be treasured always.

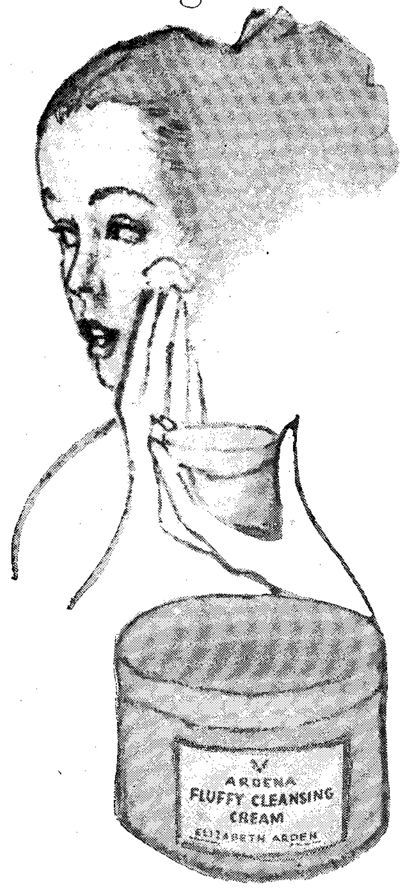
Ole — 6½" high . . $30 Shepherd Dog — 3¾" high . . $12

Name of nearest dealer and interesting pamphlet forwarded on request.

D. STANLEY CORCORAN, INC.

7 West 30th Street New York 1, N. Y.

For swift... deep cleansing!



Fluffy Cleansing Cream

An exquisite cream that you whisk on and off in seconds because of its light, whipped-cream texture! Models and actresses love the way it cleanses every iota of *their* make-up; think of how beautifully clean and soft it will make YOUR skin!...**1.25** plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden Basic Beauty Ritual

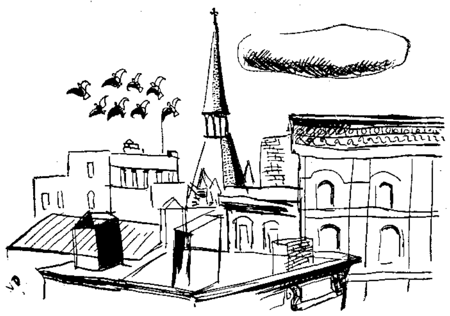
CLEANSE with Fluffy Cleansing Cream, 1.25 to 6.50
REFRESH with Ardena Skin Lotion, 1.00 to 9.50
SMOOTH with Ardena Velva Cream, 1.00 to 6.00 prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 22, PLaza 9-2940

Big Frenchy," Shor said recently. "I worked for 'em. What the hell? So did a lot of other people! I didn't do nothin' wrong." Shor takes an annual spring vacation in Hot Springs; he usually sees Madden there, and they talk over old times. When Shor worked for Madden and La Mange, however, he was a relatively unimportant hired hand, and not on intimate terms with his employers. Many of his dealings were with Sherman Billingsley, who functioned as the general manager of all the speakeasies controlled by the syndicate. Shor and Billingsley didn't get along well together, and, Shor says, Billingsley had a habit of getting him fired. "Sherm would fire him and Owney or Frenchy would rehire him," Shor's friend Nick Blair, the night-club proprietor, who was on the scene during that period, has said. "It got monotonous."

Eventually, according to Shor, Billingsley succeeded in getting him removed permanently from the Five O'Clock Club. Out of a job, he had a talk with Texas Guinan's brother Tommy, who fixed it with Madden to put Shor back on the payroll as the inside doorman at another of the syndicate's holdings, the Napoleon Club, a fashionable speakeasy at 33 West Fifty-sixth Street. "Toots was more than a doorman," Nick Blair recently said. "He was really more like a host. I remember at the Napoleon the captain would come to Toots and say he had some big shot at the table and what would Toots suggest for the guy's dinner? 'Here, you watch the door,' Toots would say, and he'd go up and join the guy's party. People liked him. He was a popular guy." One night at the entrance of the Napoleon Club, Shor became involved in an argument with a prohibition agent. "I got lucky and flattened him, and they got out a body warrant for me," Shor says. "Madden called me up and said, 'You better get out of town for a few days. Do you want to go down and see George?' George was in Havana. I said I wanted to go to Atlantic City, and Madden said he would send me some money. He sent me a G. I look at this. I say, 'This is important money.' I went to Atlantic City and blew the G. I figured if they'd pay that much to get me out of town, they'd pay that much to get me back. They did. I had a great time down there. I took a coupla good-lookin' broads to a speak down there, and it shows you the psychology of people—they don't know how to buy a drink. I walk in with the dames and take a corner table. People are lookin' at me and the broads. Oh, there's a hundred people in there, and they're all lookin' and buzzin'. I order drinks for the house. Now everybody's buzzin' louder. It shows you. A hundred people. Drinks seventy cents apiece. What's that? Seventy dollars. For less than a hundred dollars, you're a big man. It's the psychology of buyin' a drink. Most people don't know how to do it. When I came back from Atlantic City, Madden put me back to work."

After a few months more at the Napoleon Club, Shor left to become a partner in a small independent speakeasy called the Ball and Chain. "They gave me a twenty-five-per-cent interest, because they thought I could bring in business," he says. "I was there three weeks, and then I got out. They weren't honest. They didn't give me my share of the money out of the slot machine." Shor, moving up in the trade, became assistant manager of the Maison Royale, another independent speakeasy, at 10 East Fifty-second Street, where Nino's Restaurant is today. In a nostalgic mood, Shor, accompanied by a friend, dropped in at Nino's a while ago to have a drink. "When I was here, this was the hottest speakeasy in New York," Shor said over a brandy-and-soda. "The guy that owned the place, Charlie Lucas, he was a great saloonkeeper—he knew how to buy a drink. He was a bum, but he had something. He was me. This place made a lot of money, and Lucas opened another place next door. While he was runnin' that, I was runnin' this. I was doin' good here, and then this place was knocked down by revenue agents. It was just before Christmas. I borrowed five hundred from Lucas to split up and send to my sisters in Philadelphia, so they'd think I was doin' all right. I was out of work for a while, and then Leon and Eddie came to me—it was when they were buildin' their place at 33 West Fifty-second—and they wanted me to work in their new place, runnin' it as daytime manager. I went to work for Leon and Eddie in the fall of 1932, and I was there about four years. I got a salary



and a per cent of the business done up to six o'clock. I ain't braggin', but that was a real popular place when I was there."

Shor's exuberant personality, together with the fact that a touch of glamour was automatically attached to nearly everyone connected with a speakeasy, had made him a rather well-known night-life figure, and he had become friendly with numerous celebrities, including Mark Hellinger. "If it hadn't been for Hellinger, Toots might have developed into a small-time guy," Rudolph Weiss has said. "Toots learned to think big from Mark. About money, for one thing. Mark figured money was just cards—you deal them out. Pretty soon Toots was dealing them out, too. When Mark was around, Toots was kind of a male Pygmalion." Following the example of Hellinger, whose wife was Gladys Glad, a Ziegfeld beauty, Shor, in the fall of 1934, married a pretty Irish chorus girl named Marian Volk. A year and a half later, he left Leon and Eddie's to become full-time manager of Billy La Hiff's Tavern, at 158 West Forty-eighth Street, which was patronized mainly by sports figures, newspapermen, and theatrical people. The Tavern had reached its peak in the twenties, when, under La Hiff's easy-going management, it was a favorite rendezvous of Jimmy Walker, Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun, Bill Corum, Mark Hellinger, Gene Fowler, Mike Romanoff, Walter Winchell, and many other budding or fully blossomed personalities. La Hiff died in 1934, and when Shor went to work at the Tavern, it was owned by the founder's son. Young Billy La Hiff had no taste for the business, and in December, 1936, he put the place up for sale. Shor persuaded a Philadelphia real-estate operator named Paul F. Harron, who was then a friend of his, to buy the restaurant as an investment. Shor was given a half interest in the restaurant and continued to act as manager. The Tavern was doing a monthly business of about twenty-five thousand dollars. Shor was thus presented with a good financial opportunity, and he made the least of it.

As manager of the Tavern, Shor played the role of guest of honor at a party that went on indefinitely, the difference being that when the affair was over, the guest paid for the festivities. Surrounded by athletes and other people he admired, Shor was so overcome by his sudden eminence and general good fortune that he seldom found time to spend on the mundane aspects of the business. He literally lived at the

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

HARVEY'S 'BRISTOL' Sherries
Recognized as the Foremost Sherries of the World
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
FOUNDED 1796
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.
SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM
A full pale *oloroso*—the world's greatest luxury sherry. Because of the rareness of the sherries of which it is composed, it is available only in limited quantities.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK
Similar in style to Bristol Cream, a rich tasting Wine great in its own right...and the only alternative luxury Sherry.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY
A superlative *fino* — the finest tasting dry sherry in the world. Premium in quality, it has just the right dryness and a delightful after-taste.

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
SINCE 1796

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

BONWIT TELLER

VERY MUCH AT HOME 25.00

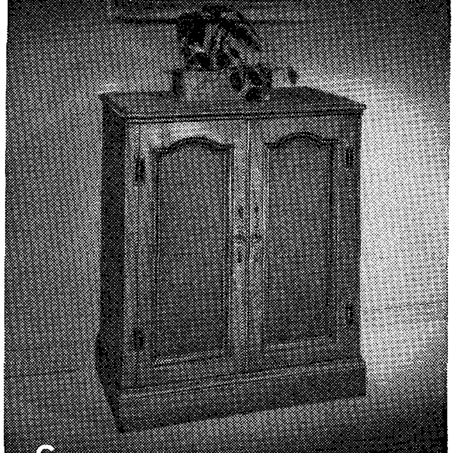
Pretty colored, company mannered, at-home housecoat. Try the blue-and-purple, or the amber-and-grey, or the tan-and-red, each with contrasting velveteen belt. Sheer wool, by St. Mary's robes 10 to 18 Third Floor

New York Chicago Boston White Plains

Tavern, which was in a three-story building that had, on the two upper floors, four small apartments that belonged to the restaurant. Shor and his wife occupied the largest apartment, a three-room suite, while the others were ordinarily used by friends of Shor's who were penniless but convivial, and so were treated as guests, paying no rent and charging their meals at the restaurant. A rather large number of Shor's other patrons were free-loaders in the classic tradition, who accepted his largess as if it were something guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. Shor looks back on his days at the Tavern as one of the happiest periods of his life. "We were all drinkin' and laughin' all the time," he says. "There was no seriousness in anybody. Nobody had any money, but nobody needed any money. We had plenty to eat and drink, and we didn't even have to pay for our laundry. We had a laundry right in the place. It was a great time. Nobody cared."

WHILE Shor was running the Tavern, he was also making a reputation around Broadway as a gambler. He bet mainly on sporting events, and his wagers were substantial, ranging from five hundred dollars to ten thousand. During the 1936 baseball season, Shor cleaned up sixty thousand dollars betting on the Giants, who won the pennant. He lost all this, and more, when they failed to win the Series. He bet on Joe Louis in his second fight with Max Schmeling and won ten thousand. "Toots was a big gambler and a big roller and sent it all," Bill Corum has said. "He often bet when he didn't have the money to pay if he lost, but the other gamblers knew he would pay. They knew he understood the code." Shor's friends were often called upon to help him live up to the code. At six o'clock one morning in 1938, Paul Douglas, who was then a radio announcer, was awakened at his apartment by Shor. "I gotta have three Gs, and I ain't got time for dialogue," he said. "Can you get it up—yes or no?" Douglas said yes, and did. As Shor's gambling losses grew, the size of his bets increased. "The thing wrong with Toots as a gambler was that he had a genuine contempt for money, so his winnings didn't mean anything to him," Jerry D. Lewis has explained. "He had to gamble big, because the only way he could get a thrill was if he lost." According to this theory, Shor was being so repeatedly thrilled in the latter half of 1938 that he was obliged to borrow money from the Tavern to pay his

the magnificent Magnavox radio-phonograph-television



Settle back and enjoy famed Magnavox AM-FM radio or hours of uninterrupted recorded music. Exclusive Magnavox design permits you to add big-picture television in many Magnavox radio-phonographs. Prices start at $219.50 (plus tax).

The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

Prices subject to change without notice

"Don't forget the Angostura"
Vip

ANGOSTURA®

AROMATIC BITTERS

MAKES BETTER DRINKS

our fly front shirt..... in oyster white imported fugi silk

short sleeves . $15
long sleeves . $16.50

Shields

15 EAST 60TH STREET NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

losses. Harron decided that the restaurant was not turning out to be a gilt-edged investment, and on New Year's Eve that year he persuaded Shor that it was time to get out.

On New Year's Day, Shor bet on three post-season football games, won two of the wagers, and pocketed three thousand dollars, but this was soon gone and presently he had nothing. "Toots was only as broke as gamblers can get, which is broke plus," one of his friends has said. "But no matter how tough things got, he never moaned. Everybody said Toots was the classiest bum in town." On leaving the Tavern, Shor and his wife moved in with her parents, who had a small apartment on West Fifty-fourth Street. "It's tough to be broke when you're married," Shor says. "When you're single, it's easy. You eat a hot dog, sleep on a park bench. Nothin' to it. But when you're married, the girl you're married to don't deserve that rap. You learn who your friends are when you're broke. I'll never forget, when I was broke, Bill Corum called Baby every day. Quent Reynolds, Paul Douglas, Hellinger, Ted Husing, Grad Sears, Steve Hannagan, Johnny Broderick—all those guys—they were all lookin' out and tryin' to do something for me. I remember one time I was feelin' bad and I was out drinkin'. I was in this dive, and somebody comes up and pokes me in the shoulder. I look up and it's Johnny Broderick—he's a detective then. I'm feelin' mean, and I say, 'What the hell do you want?' Johnny says, very quiet, 'Nothin', Toots. I just thought you could use this.' He puts a roll of bills on the table and leaves. Imagine a cop lookin' you up and givin' you money!" For close to a year, Shor, as far as most of his friends could see, did nothing except go to the World's Fair, which fascinated him, gamble whenever he could lay his hands on any money, and walk the streets. "Nobody had much confidence that Toots was coming back," Bill Corum has said. "Of course, Baby did, and there were a few others, but most people thought he'd blown the deuce. He had chances to go to work here and there, managing restaurants and night clubs, selling liquor, and jobs like that, but he turned them all down. He wanted to do something pretty big. His expression was 'How far can we go?' Of course, he was having a tough time. He didn't even have walking-around money. All the time he was laughing and making a lot of noise, he was walking around C.O.D., but he made out. Always when Toots is in trouble, he hustles. He hustles best when

COPENHAGEN
Heering
MANUFACTURER
MADE IN DENMARK
ESTABLISHED 1818
Gold & 1st Class Medals
49 PROOF
MADE BY
PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
Sole Agents in U. S. A. Schenley Import Corporation, New York

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

for your
after dinner
enjoyment

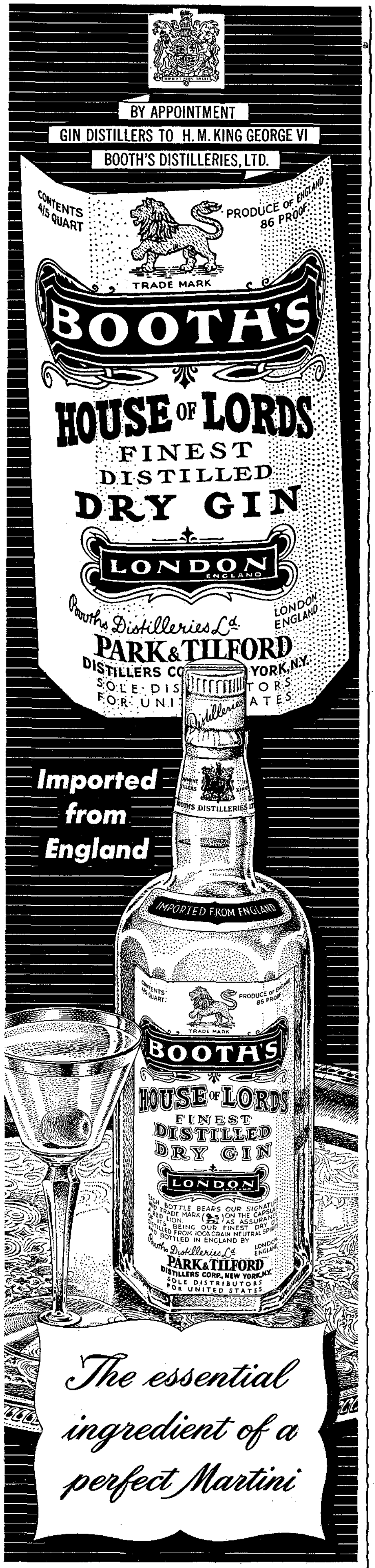
Round off your dinner with Cherry Heering—an old liqueur delight from Denmark which all guests enjoy. Made with unchanged formula for four generations by the Heering family in Copenhagen...Even more delightful when served *chilled.*

Cherry Heering Cocktail—

⅓ Cherry Heering; ⅔ gin; twist of lemon. *Delicious!*

49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

IMPORTED by Schenley



BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.
CONTENTS 4/5 QUART
PRODUCE OF ENGLAND 86 PROOF
TRADE MARK
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON ENGLAND
Booth's Distilleries Ld. LONDON ENGLAND
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES
Imported from England
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
The essential ingredient of a perfect Martini

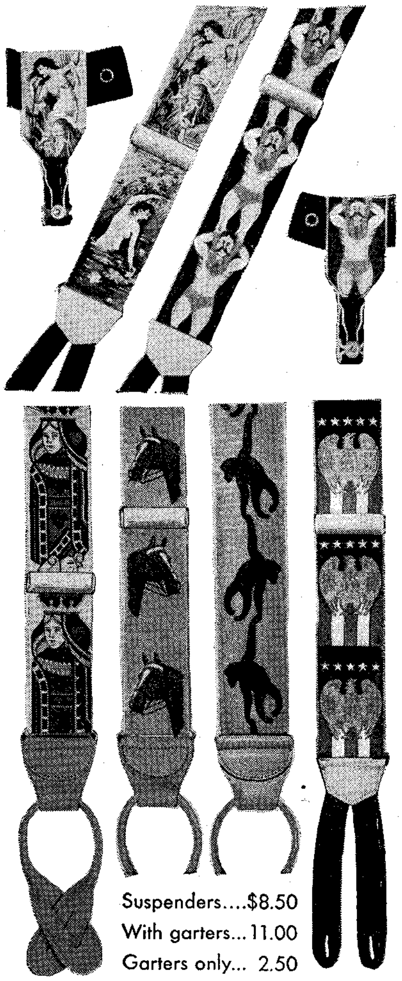
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • 86 Proof
PARK & TILFORD Distillers Corp., New York

the pinch is worst. That's a trait you either have or you don't. Toots has it."

While Shor was being called the classiest bum in town, he was doing a good deal of quiet hustling. From the time of his fiasco at the Tavern, he had been obsessed with the urge to open a restaurant of his own, but backers were not easy to find. Late in the summer of 1939, he got a promise from a friend named Leo Justin to raise fifteen thousand dollars toward the cost of opening a restaurant to be managed by Shor. Justin, who died in 1942, owned and operated, in partnership with four other men, a string of motion-picture theatres in New Jersey; the money for the restaurant was to be drawn, with the consent of the partners, from the partnership's funds. With this initial backing, Shor began putting his talent as a hustler into high gear. Working with a real-estate agent named George M. Horn, he looked at dozens of restaurants that were for sale and inspected a number of sites for building the kind of place he had in mind. He finally found a location, at 51-53 West Fifty-first Street, that appealed to him; the property, which was then occupied by two old brownstone houses, was owned by Charles F. Noyes, the real-estate man. Shor paid a visit to Noyes. "I told him about this dream I had of puttin' up a restaurant," Shor says. "I told him frankly what had happened to me, how I was broke, and about the Tavern and everything. He liked my honesty or my kisser or something. Anyway, he agreed to loan me seventeen thousand five hundred dollars to tear down the old houses and put up a new two-story building. I'd had some estimates, and I figured it would cost about thirty-two thousand five hundred to do the job. The money from Noyes I got on a note to be paid back over a period of nineteen years. I signed a twenty-one-year lease on the property." Shor engaged Irvin L. Scott as his architect. After the plans had been drawn, stories about the projected new restaurant appeared in the real-estate departments of the morning papers. "I went out and got the early editions, and I read the stories, and I said to Baby, 'We gotta celebrate,' " Shor recalls. "All we had in the house was a few cold cuts and no whiskey, so we ransacked the place and got about a dollar together and took a taxi down to the Paradise. We could put it on the arm there."

After construction had started, it developed that Shor's estimate of the building's cost had been typically optimistic. Justin and his partners agreed

For Sartorial Security

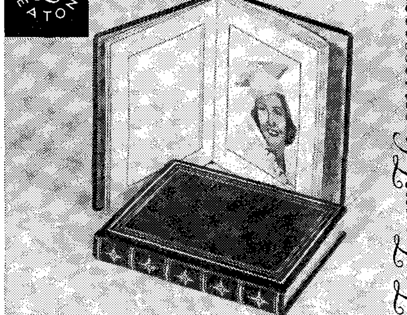


Suspenders....$8.50
With garters...11.00
Garters only... 2.50

Gift-boxed. Parcel Post Prepaid U.S.A.
Brocade ribbon - English nickel fittings
Leather or cord ends
Daphne - grey on mauve ground
Acrobats - red and white on black
Card Royalty - playing card colors
Horses - chestnut & white on blue
Monkeys - dark brown on beige
American - national colors & gold

Calvin Curtis
CRAVATEUR
60 EAST 55th ST., NEW YORK
"CRAVATEUR" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LLL EATON
Luxurious Leather

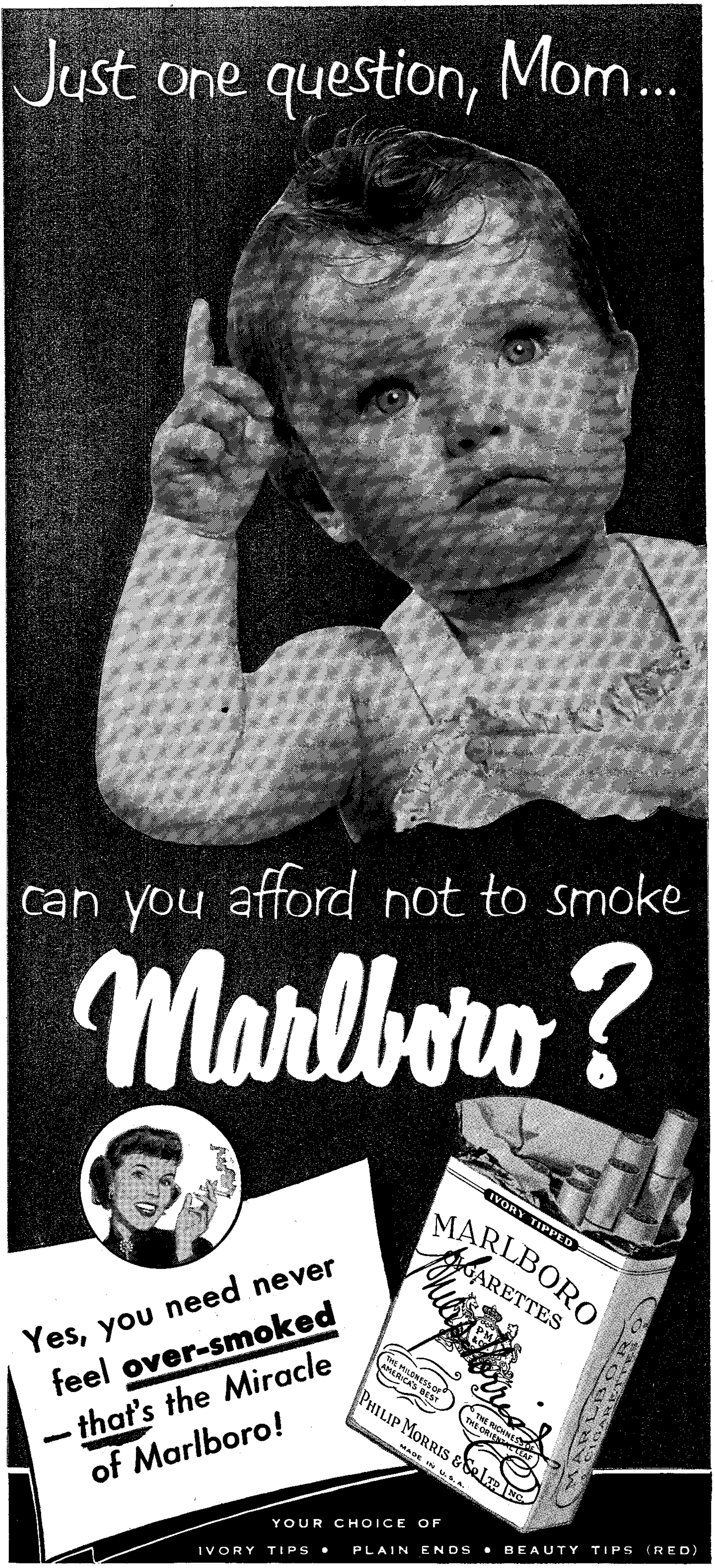


accessories by Laura Lee Linder

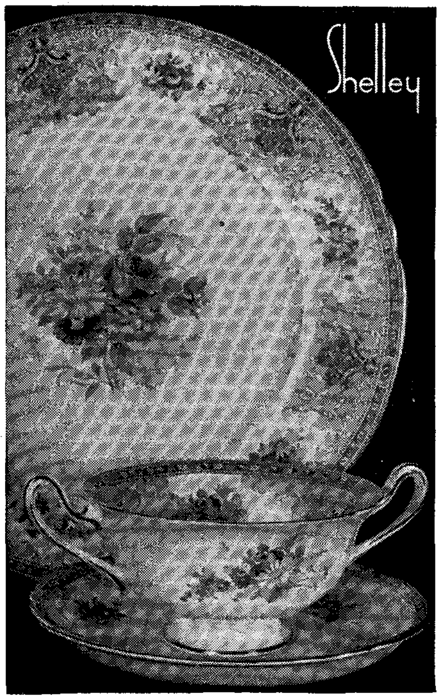
"Parlor Portrait" in finest gold tooled calfskin, holds 14 picture mounts, 2" x 3", about $6; 3" x 4", about $9. Made by Laura Lee Linder Fine Leather Division, Eaton Paper Corp., Pittsfield, Mass.

to put up an additional thirty-five thousand dollars, bringing their total investment to fifty thousand dollars. Shor bought the kitchen equipment, chairs, tables, silverware, and other furnishings and supplies on time, paying twenty-five per cent down and signing notes for the remainder. His capital again ran out while the building was going up, and he was obliged to resume his hustling, borrowing a few thousand here and there from his friends and acquaintances. Money sometimes turned up unexpectedly. One day, Shor was talking to George Horn, the real-estate agent, and mentioned that he was up against it to make a partial payment to the contractor who was installing the woodwork. Horn offered to lend him the commission he had collected from Noyes for renting the property—a matter of four thousand dollars. Shor was overwhelmed, but he recovered rapidly and accepted the loan. He leased the hat-check-and-washroom concession to Abe Ellis, the concessionaire, for twenty thousand dollars a year, and got seven thousand dollars in advance, which enabled him to weather another emergency. As a result of his carefree attitude at the Tavern, Shor's credit standing with the firms that supply meat, vegetables, and other provisions to restaurants was not high. "I figured I'd have to call on those guys and show 'em I was a good risk," Shor says. Before starting on his rounds, he went to see Eddy Duchin, the well-heeled orchestra leader, and told him he needed money. Duchin asked how much. "I gotta have a lot," Shor said. "Gimme a blank check." Duchin did. "I personally didn't sleep for a week," Duchin has since said. Shor used the check to help impress the provision suppliers with his solvency and reëstablish his credit, and then he returned the check to Duchin. The restaurant was completed near the end of April, 1940. By that time, a hundred and forty-one thousand dollars had gone into it, and the operation was already being spoken of admiringly by Shor's Broadway friends as a creditable job of hustling.

Two days before the restaurant was to open, Shor and Justin, who up to then had gone along without formalizing their business relationship, sat down together at a corner table in the restaurant to discuss the terms of their deal. "Leo said he thought we ought to have some kind of a written agreement," Shor has recalled. "He said he'd been thinkin' about it, and he'd tell me what he thought and then I could tell


Just one question, Mom...
can you afford not to smoke
Marlboro?
Yes, you need never feel over-smoked —that's the Miracle of Marlboro!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PM & Co
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
YOUR CHOICE OF
IVORY TIPS • PLAIN ENDS • BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

SHOP IN BERMUDA



Elegant
ENGLISH BONE CHINA

Shelley's English Bone China
has a subtle elegance all its own.

This delicately designed
and superbly fashioned chinaware
is notable for its lustre and
translucence—and for the
harmonious way it accents
the enjoyment of gracious living.

At our new China Shop,
centrally located on Front Street,
you will find a handsome
selection of Shelley sets
and pieces—and a galaxy of
other distinguished articles
to help make your Bermuda
shopping a truly exciting
and worthwhile adventure.

H.A.&E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON
BERMUDA

OUR 62ND YEAR

Write us for a free copy of "Key To Bermuda"
This colorful folder, with map of the Islands,
will help you plan a more enjoyable visit.

SHOP AT SMITH'S

him what I thought. 'Toots,' he said, 'I think we oughta go into this fifty-fifty. You have fifty per cent, and the partners and I have fifty per cent.' I thought that was great. If he'd said we split it up sixty-forty or eighty-twenty, I'd been satisfied. Then he said we'd organize a corporation, and I'd have full control of runnin' the place—complete charge, includin' signin' the checks. I liked everything except the part about the checks. I said to Leo, 'I don't want to sign the checks alone. I know my weakness. Let's both sign the checks.' Leo said O.K."

The day before the opening, the restaurant workers' union began picketing the place, because Shor had hired non-union help. As a result, on opening day, which was April 30th, although the waiters showed up, the kitchen help did not. He hastily assembled an emergency crew, by calling chefs and cooks who had worked for him at the Tavern and getting other back-of-the-house workers from an employment agency. After supervising the last-minute details, Shor went home around four o'clock in the afternoon to dress for the grand opening, which was to take place that evening. With his wife and Jimmy Cannon, Shor left his father-in-law's apartment, on West Fifty-fourth Street, shortly before six and walked down to the restaurant. He paused at the doorway and took from his pocket all the money he possessed—a quarter, a dime, and a nickel. "I might as well walk in flat-pocket," he said, and threw the money across the street into the gutter. —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

No birds, animals, bicycles, baby carriages, or other vehicles will be allowed in said Audubon Building.—*Clause in a New Orleans lease.*

Now, see here!

•

Every so often one hears or reads about digging the bulbs of the Peruvian daffodil (Ismene) before the foliage has been touched by frost.—*The Herald Tribune.*

That's why we keep a loaded shotgun.

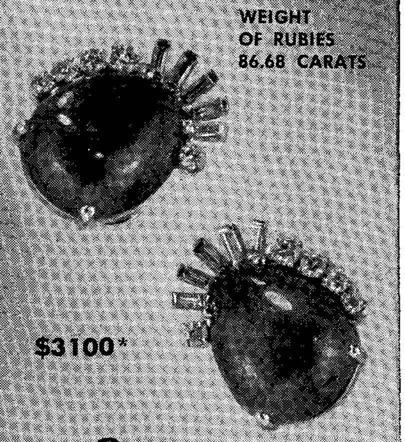
•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Worker*]

As for the United Nations, this unhappy football kicked around for three years by the architects of the cold war is now dressed up, and ordered to fall in—and march, double time!

Cabochon Ruby and Diamond Earclips
SET IN 14 KT GOLD



Olga TRITT
18 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
For CHILDREN
PERSONALIZED POTTERY
Makes Eating Fun

Complete 4 Piece Set
Only $5.00 Prepaid in United States

Colorful, durable dinner and butter plates, mug, bowl. Child's first name baked into all pieces. Special design for boy or girl. Enthusiastic letters from pleased customers received daily. Ideal Christmas, birthday or occasional gift that pleases parents and child. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prompt delivery. This original design, fine pottery sold only through mail order by us. Send child's name and sex with check or money order to:

(*Free catalog on request*)

JOHNSON POTTERY, Inc.
Box 494 Dept. F Binghamton, N. Y.

SERVING
PIKE boiled
served Hot or Cold

DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST FOR 30 YEARS

Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
BROADWAY & 81st ST., N.Y.C.
ENDICOTT 2-2030

OPEN EVERY DAY

Coca-Cola
Work Refreshed
Coca-Cola
Work Refreshed
Coca-Cola
Work Refreshed
Coca-Cola
Work Refreshed
Coca-Cola
5¢
Where you work
The pause that refreshes
with ice-cold Coca-Cola

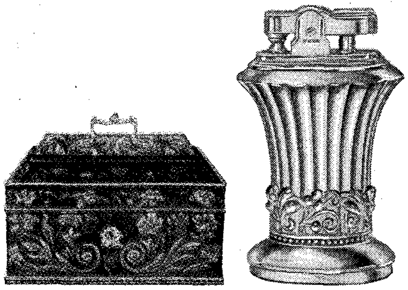
COPYRIGHT 1950, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Prussian Sweetmeat Dish.
Pictured with it, a RONSON DECANTER
Table Lighter. Tall, graceful and
in heavy silver plate—$14.50 plus tax.

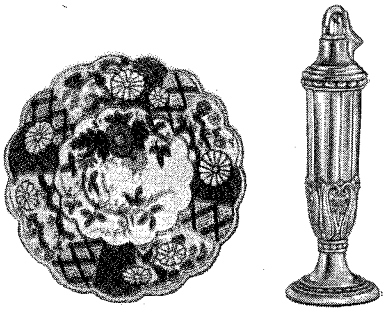
Old Chelsea Porcelain Figurine. The
Table Lighter is a RONSON LEONA.
Heavy silver plate and jewel-tone coral
or turquoise enamel—$10 plus tax.

Wedgwood "Etruria" Flower Vase.
RONSON QUEEN ANNE Table Lighter in
heavy gleaming silver plate, exquisitely
styled in the period—$11 plus tax.

Glazed Chinese Temple Vase. Shown with it
a RONSON GEORGIAN Table Lighter inspired
by an Old English motif. Beautifully
styled in heavy silver plate—$12.50 plus tax.



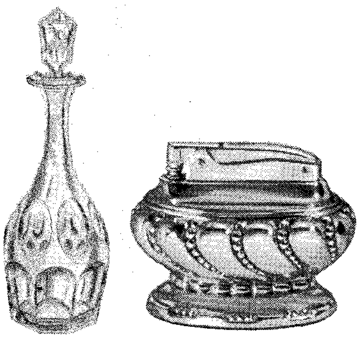
Marqueterie Tea Caddy. Shown
with it, a RONSON NEWPORT Table
Lighter in heavy silver plate,
with tall fluted body—$9 plus tax.



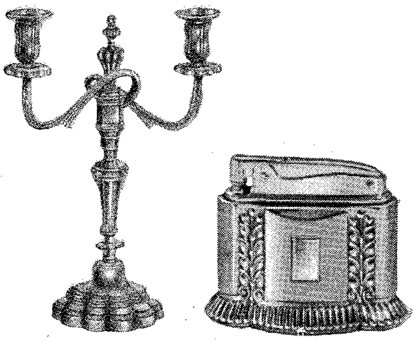
English Chelsea Dessert Plate. The
Table Lighter is the RONSON JUNO, in
heavy silver plate designed for very
effective table settings—$12.50 plus tax.

All Ronsons illustrated in reduced size.

You find them together



Old Crystal Decanter. The RONSON
CROWN Table Lighter shown with it is
Danish modern in design, fashioned
in heavy silver plate—$11 plus tax.



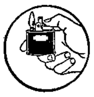
Victorian Wrought Bronze Candelabrum.
The Table Lighter is a RONSON DIANA,
in polished and satin silver plate, with
monogram shield—$8.50 plus tax.

family treasures . . . and treasured RONSONs in heavy silver plate

They're serenely at home with the most cherished possessions—those beautiful Table Ronsons that you buy for your own use and to give to friends. Every design has such artistic integrity that it fits into any background—traditional, modern, or good old "family mixed." And of course you know the superior workmanship of a Ronson. Each is precision-built to fine jewelry standards for years of dependable lights. But don't risk disappointment! Look for that famous trade-mark RONSON.

Remember! Your lighter works best with Ronsonol Fuel and Ronson Redskin 'Flints'.

Enjoy Ronson's "20 Questions"! Radio—Sat. nights (Sun. nights, Pacific Coast), MBS. Television—Fri. nights in many cities.



Press—it's lit!
Release—it's out!
Safely out the instant
you lift your finger.

give a RONSON®
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

RONSON • Newark, N. J.
Toronto, Ont. • London, Eng.

THE THEATRE

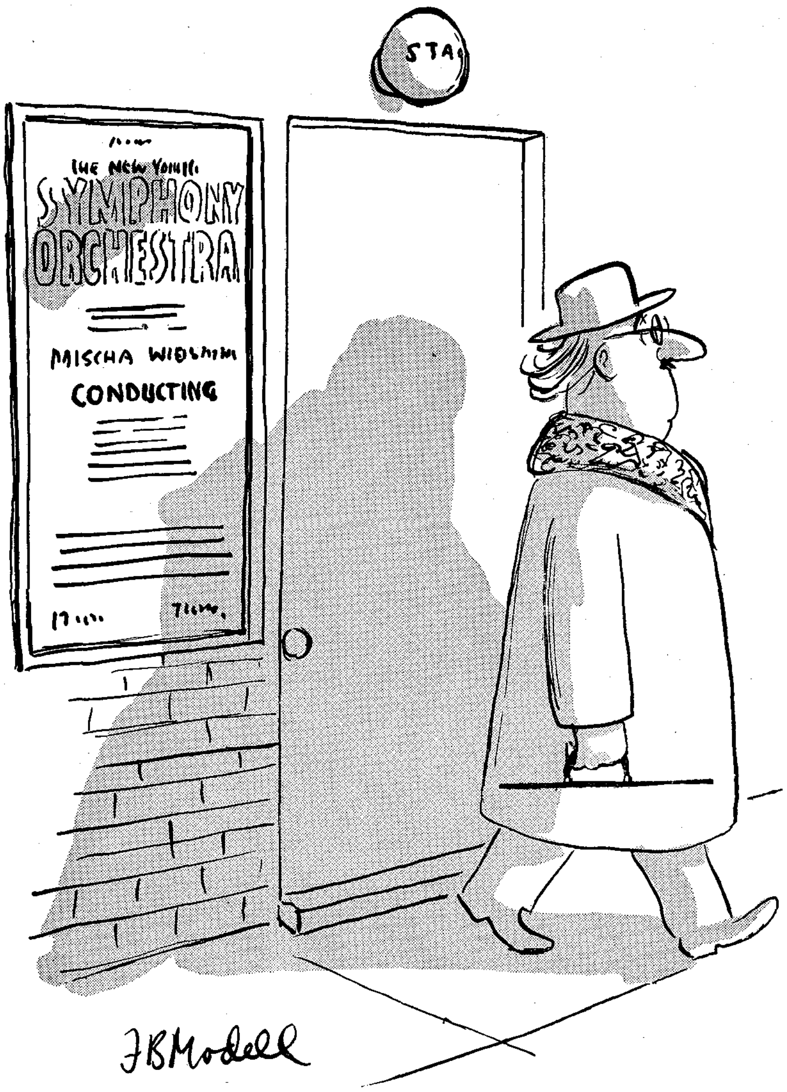
THE THEATRE

THE MISERIES, LIGHT AND DARK

I THINK my great difficulty with "Hilda Crane," Samson Raphaelson's play at the Coronet, was that I wasn't always sure exactly what the author was getting at. On the surface, the plot is simple enough—a twice-divorced young woman is courted by and presently marries a good, dull man, a rich manufacturer of lawnmowers; deceives him with a theoretically fascinating college professor, not too convincingly presented as an authority on Shelley; and ultimately, in her remorse, takes a handful of sleeping pills and dies—but it is clear that Mr. Raphaelson is concerned with more than this sad and rather familiar dilemma. There are two mothers involved, Hilda's and her husband's, and I guess the playwright intends to say that these formidable matrons are somehow responsible for the wreckage of his heroine's life. The millionaire's mother, a lady of common origins, obsessively attached to her son, has managed to keep him from the altar for forty-three years, and she is fiercely determined to block his latest romance, even going so far as to employ detectives to dig into her prospective daughter-in-law's vivacious past. I wasn't quite able to tell whether this dangerous antique's hatred for Hilda was based chiefly on disapproval of her loose habits or whether she was actually a study in abnormal psychology, but this on the whole is a minor complaint. The other parent, however, is a harder problem. There seems to be a suggestion that Hilda got the way she is because her mother never really loved her father and she has made up her mind that her own life will be different. It is a cloudy point at best, though, and it seems to be contradicted from time to time when Mr. Raphaelson advances alternative explanations for his protagonist's behavior, such as the classic inability of one generation to understand another, the notoriously superior appeal of poets as compared to hardware dealers, or even, I occasionally suspected, just plain nymphomania. My final impression was that the author, recognizing the inadequacy of any of these ideas as the single theme of a play, had tried to combine them all and succeeded only in diluting his drama to an unfortunate extent with confusion.

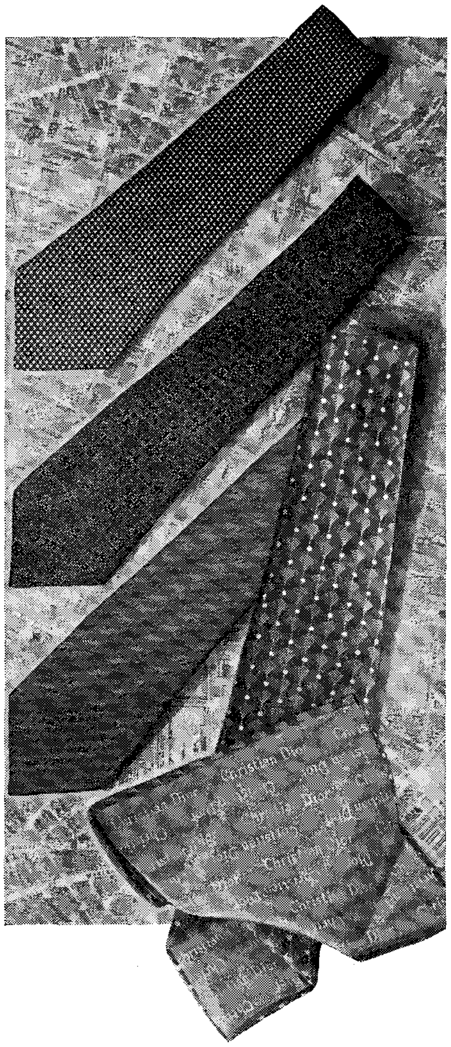
In addition to this uncertainty about the real cause of Hilda's downfall, the play, I think, suffers seriously from the fact that the professor, who is obviously meant to be a Byronic figure, is actually rather feeble and querulous, both as an artist and as a lover, altogether, in fact, far less attractive to any discriminating girl than his stodgy rival; from a certain inertia in the author's style that causes him to portray strong emotions in terms of well-worn clichés; and from a wayward system of emphasis, both in acting and in direction, that places so much stress on relatively unimportant scenes that the crucial ones are inevitably diminished.

While "Hilda Crane" strikes me as an extremely faulty play, a conventional magazine serial invested with a sort of bogus portentousness, I admired, with very few reservations, most of the acting in it. Jessica Tandy, as Hilda, sometimes appears to overplay comparatively insignificant scenes, giving them, you might say, the old Blanche Du Bois, but she brings such extraordinary charm and humor and pathos to the big ones that I'm sure she can be forgiven. Evelyn Varden, generally regarded as primarily a comedian, is marvellously funny as the mother-in-law, but she demonstrates in probably the best scene in the play that she has considerable gifts as a straight actress, too; Beulah Bondi, in the difficult role of Hilda's mother, gives a remarkably restrained and intelligent performance; John Alexander is excellent as the lawnmower king, making him, as previously noted, a much more striking figure than Frank Sundstrom's rather wispy and hysterical man of letters; and Eileen Heckart, whom I don't recall having seen before, does a nice, gay job as the carefree bride of a real-estate man. Howard Bay's sets, two contrasting living rooms in Winona, Illinois, capture the spirit of that glum wasteland with bloodcurdling exactitude.



"THE BARRIER," a musical treatment of Langston Hughes' play called "Mulatto," was a trial in many ways to a man

Carson's Men's Store, Chicago
presents
the new look of elegance in
MEN'S TIES
by couturier
CHRISTIAN DIOR



Being merchants to men, we're naturally eager to introduce a new style idea. But never at the expense of good taste. These ties, by Christian Dior, attest to our credo.

They're new, yes, but they're as sound as bankers' grey flannel.

Hand-tailored in America, of silks that were loomed abroad. Antiqued in color, distinctively original in design.

Elegance is the keynote of these ties, with the name Christian Dior jacquarded *in the lining* as their one pure-French extravagance.

Seven fifty and ten dollars each

Entrust us with your Christmas gift choice. Simply specify your color preferences when ordering by mail. Parcel Post, 15c.

■ First Floor

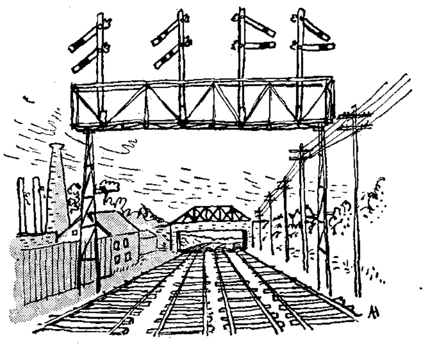
The Men's Store

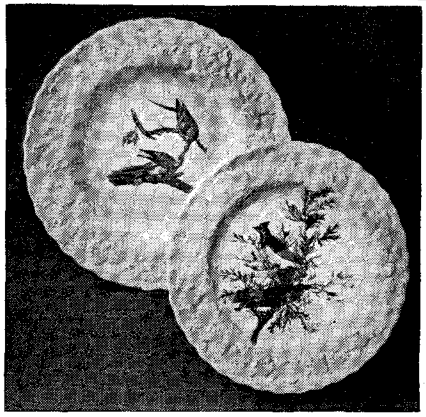
CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

MONROE AT WABASH • CHICAGO

very badly equipped to discuss the operatic form. As usual, I found the lyrics largely incomprehensible, owing to the prolongation of the syllables of some words to what seemed like eternity and the almost total eclipse of others; the rendition in majestic song of sentences like "Here's your handkerchief, Colonel Tom" made me laugh nervously, as they always have, and so destroyed at least momentarily my mood of respectful attention; the dogged repetition of phrases of no particular importance fell rather irritatingly on my ear; the occasional excursions into humor seemed to me as tiresome and primitive as those embarked upon by Shakespeare's lesser clowns; the strange innocence of the art of acting displayed by most of the cast was a little embarrassing to one accustomed to a technique in this field more finished than that likely to be met with in a high-school auditorium; and the introduction of an interminable and pretentious ballet, telling in motion a story that had already been more than adequately told in words, struck me as both superfluous and somewhat damaging to the rest of the proceedings. The music, composed by Jan Meyerowitz, was, in my untutored opinion, frequently impressive, but, as several of my more educated colleagues have noted, it was essentially Continental and sophisticated in inspiration and consequently not always easy to accept in a work laid in the Deep South and in a notably backward culture.

Even though I had all these objections, I was not unmoved by the drama, which appeared briefly at the Broadhurst. The action, as you may know, takes place on a decaying Georgia plantation at a time not specified but presumably approximately the present. The principal figures in it are the proprietor; his Negro housekeeper, who since the death of his wife has borne him four children; and the youngest of these offspring, who refuses to accept the ignominy of his birth. The details of the ensuing tragedy are probably too obvious and familiar to need much going into here. There has been some tension be-





PLUMMER'S BEAUTIFUL "AUDUBON BIRD" PLATES

Plummer is happy to announce the arrival of another shipment of always popular "Audubon Bird" Dinner and Salad or Dessert Plates.

In fine Englishware with exquisitely done reproductions from the elephant Folio Edition of Audubon's famous "Birds of America." Brilliantly colored bird and floral centers with embossed floral rim in white.

Set of 8, with different centers, Dinner size, $16.00; Salad or Dessert size, $14.00.

Mail Orders Filled

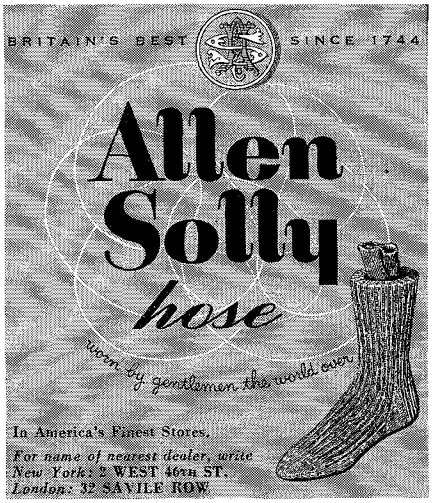
Plummer LTD

734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.
New York City

CHURCH'S *Famous English Shoes*

Finest Scotch Grain $22.50
................plus postage
Church's English Shoes—ours Exclusively.......in Columbus

THE UNION COMPANY
COLUMBUS OHIO



BRITAIN'S BEST SINCE 1744

Allen Solly *hose*

worn by gentlemen the world over

In America's Finest Stores.

For name of nearest dealer, write
New York: 2 WEST 46TH ST.
London: 32 SAVILE ROW

tween the old man and his bastard son for a long time, but the final explosion doesn't come until the boy insists on his rights as the son of the house—specifically, on his right to use the front door rather than the servants' entrance. There is a fight, in which the planter is killed, and then, as is the immemorial local custom, the ecstatic pursuit of the assassin by men and dogs. The play ends with the fugitive's suicide and with an overseer, at least as vicious as Legree, striking the boy's mother in the face, on the ground that she has helped to cheat him out of the pleasure of a lynching. All this is frank melodrama, of course, but I thought it had enough root in the truth to be disturbing and enough excitement and suspense to be fairly effective theatre. Apparently, I was mistaken.

As I've said, the acting, under the naïvely stylized direction of Doris Humphrey, didn't seem like much to me, but the voices, especially those of Lawrence Tibbett, Muriel Rahn, and Wilton Clary, were full and remarkably satisfying. H. A. Condell designed an appropriately sombre set.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Panama Star & Herald*]

To Leilani

My name, you know, is Harry;
And yours must be Leilani;
Or should you have some other name,
I'm sure it's sweet as honey.

You are a Polynesian;
And I'm a North Amer'can;
Here on this Island Paradise
Our ways are Old Hawaiian.

You are a steadfast Pagan;
And I'm a faithful Christian;
Yet were we from two different worlds,
We'd still be One God's children.

Your stars tonight are mine, too;
My suns and moons you share, too;
Your hair now pressed against my breast
Stores stardust, kisses, vows true.

Your voice is sweet and tender;
And my guitar's pitched tenor;
To you, Leilani, heav'nly flow'r,
My heart I do surrender.

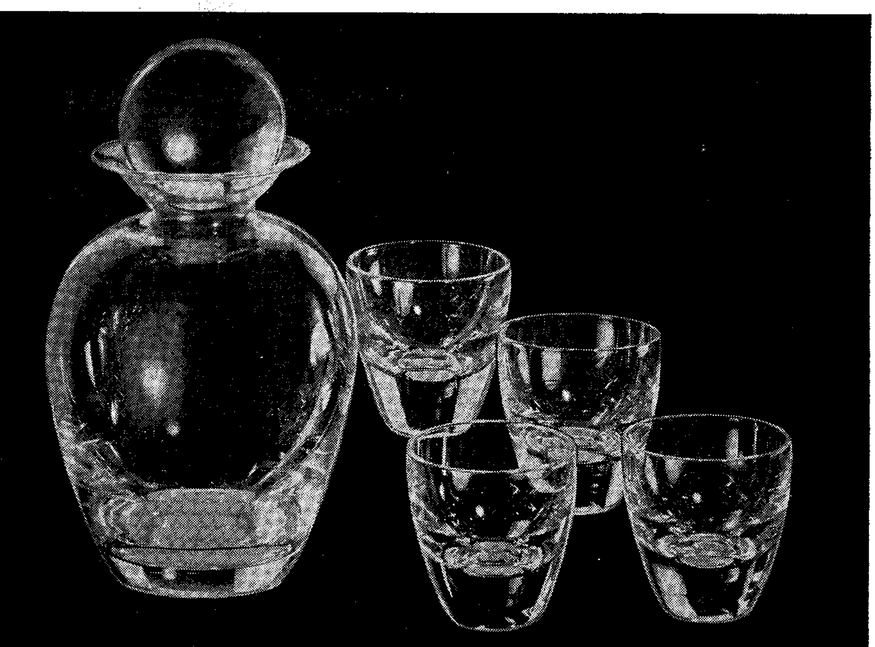
—Harry de Metropolis.

•

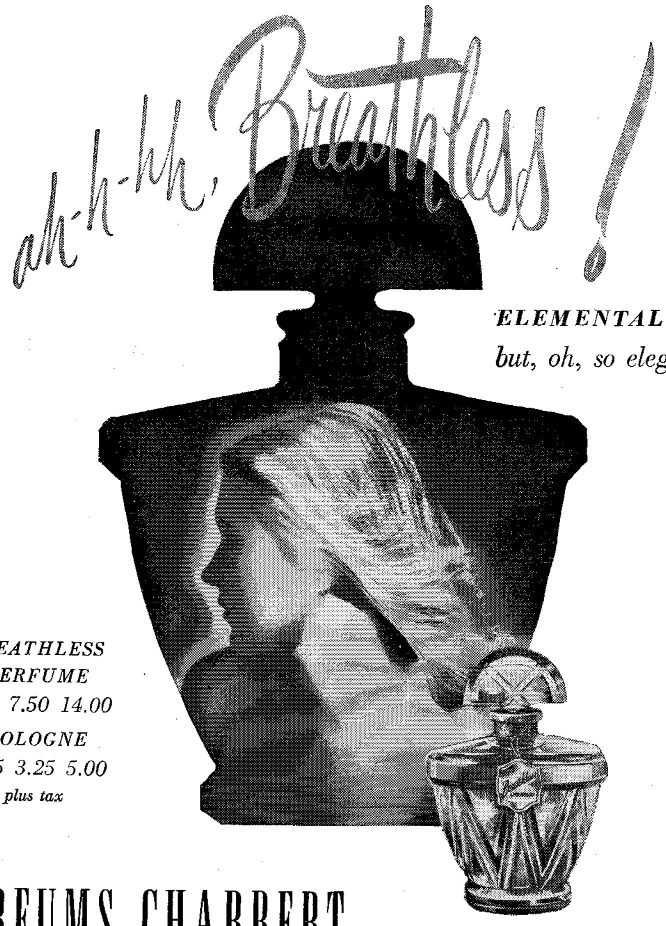
Vladimir Varbu, 38, Sudbury miner, convicted last week of carrying explosives with which police said he was going to blow up his wife and child, was sentenced to nine months by Magistrate McKeown today.

"I take a very serious view of this sort of thing," his worship said.—*Toronto Star.*

Those Canadians are such sobersides.



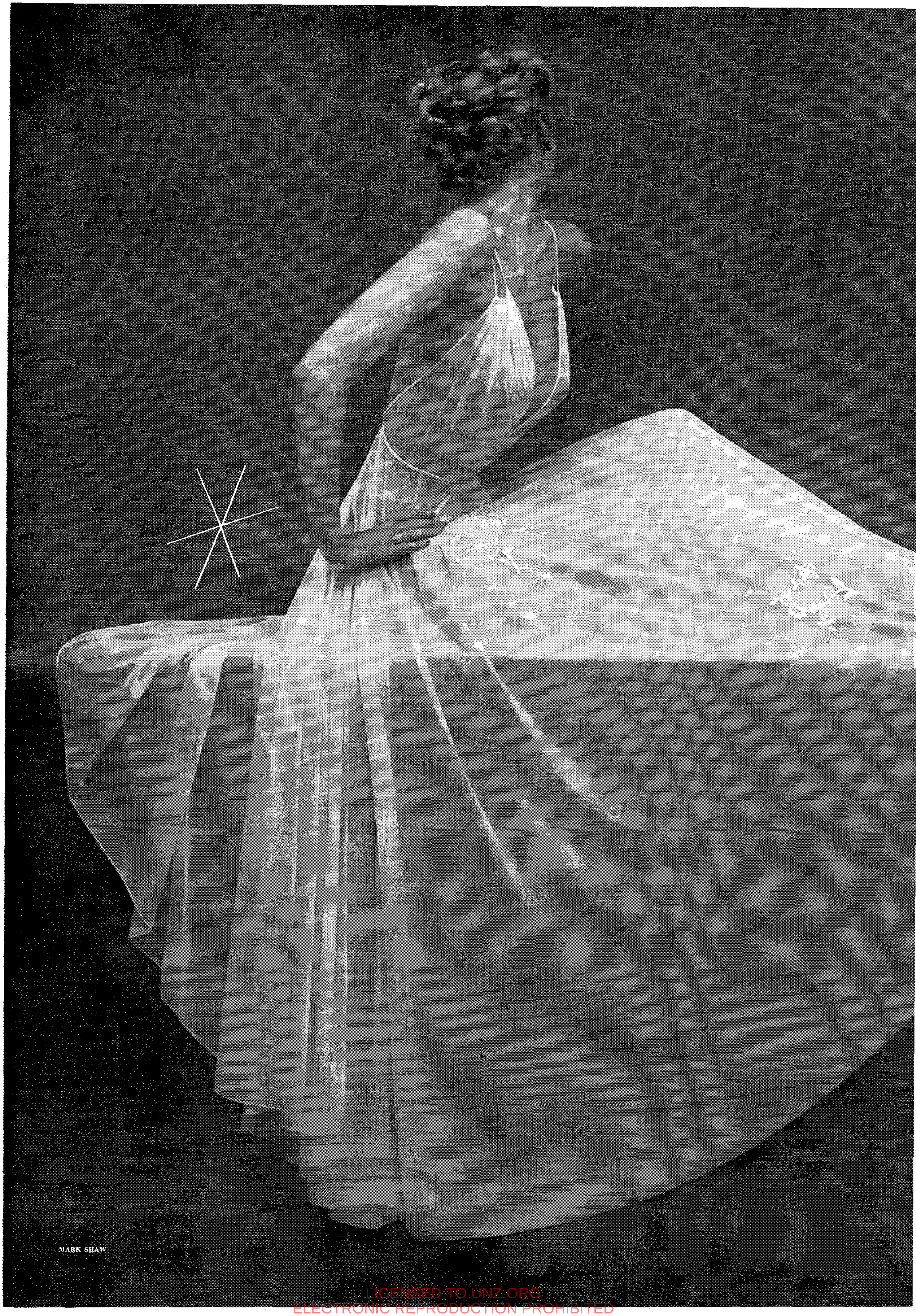
CORDIALS FOR EIGHT . . .
Clear, handblown cordial set of imported crystal . . .
A gift of unaffected beauty for modernists on your list.
Decanter and 8 glasses . . . **$25.**
Add $1 for postage and packing
Mail Orders Promptly Filled by Jean Tree
BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS


ah-h-h, Breathless!

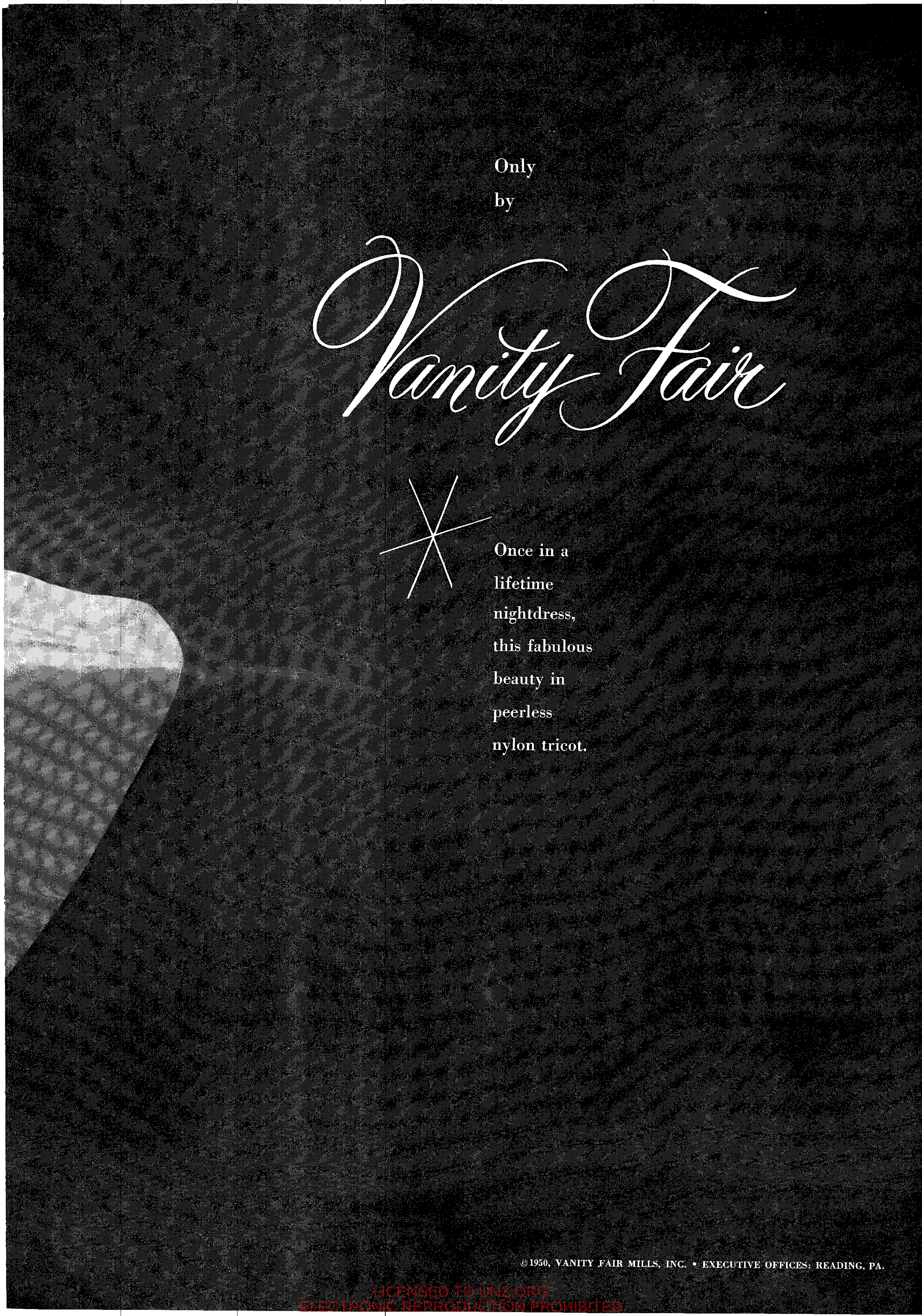
ELEMENTAL...
but, oh, so elegant!

BREATHLESS PERFUME
4.00 7.50 14.00
COLOGNE
1.75 3.25 5.00
plus tax

PARFUMS CHARBERT 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



MARK SHAW



Only
by

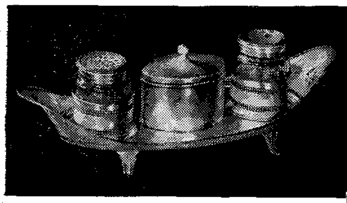
Vanity Fair

Once in a
lifetime
nightdress,
this fabulous
beauty in
peerless
nylon tricot.

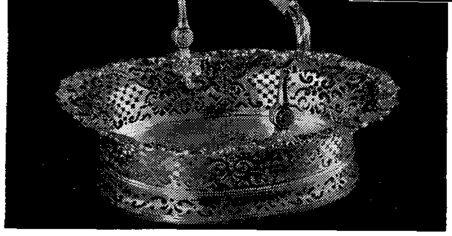
©1950, VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. • EXECUTIVE OFFICES: READING, PA.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George III Sheffield inkstand, c. 1790. $145, tax incl.



George II silver basket by John Jacob, London, 1738. $1150, tax incl.



Rare and complete Spode yellow dessert service. Period 1810-20. 35 pieces, including 18 plates, sauce tureens, baskets and dishes. $2500.

James Robinson
INC.

716 FIFTH AVE., AT 56TH ST., NEW YORK 19
Antique English Silver, China and Reproductions

Charles Heidsieck
Signature of the World's Finest Champagne
1942 BRUT
1943 BRITISH CUVÉE [AVAILABLE IN TWO BOTTLE GIFT BOXES]
BRUT-EXTRA QUALITY
By Appointment
Purveyors of Champagne to H.M. King George VI
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS France
FINEST EXTRA Q^ty
BRUT
RESERVE FOR GREAT BRITAIN

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

OF ALL THINGS

Congressman Javits, of New York, is making a nationwide survey to find out why so many people don't take the trouble to vote. It might help if the candidates stopped making politics sound so much like a gang war.

•

The attempt on President Truman's life brought sympathetic messages from practically all countries except those behind the Iron Curtain. This would seem to confirm the widespread belief that there is no connection between good Communism and good manners.

•

The Chinese armies apparently are having little difficulty in their conquest of Tibet. The only drawback is that the invasion has changed India from China's best friend to her severest critic.

•

Presumably, no one will have anything to complain about once the Supreme Court rules on the constitutionality of the Smith Act, under which the Communist leaders were convicted in New York. The Justices are wiser than the rest of us, and sometimes even wiser than one another.

•

We are told that the registration provisions of the Internal Security Act will involve us in years of legal wrangling. It will make America a heaven on earth, though, for lawyers.

•

The official census report has now come out, and it confirms our worst fears. In the past decade, there has been an alarming increase in the number of Californians.

•

Marshal Tito sent thanks to the United States for its proposal to forward food to his hungry people, and at the same time delivered another blast at the Soviet Union. We could hardly ask for a handsomer bread-and-butter letter.

•

The American Dental Association approves the proposal to add sodium fluoride to community water supplies, because it has been demonstrated that it arrests tooth decay. But doesn't that smack of socialized dentistry?

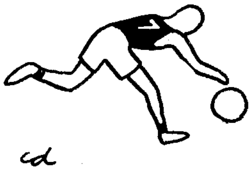
—Howard Brubaker

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 2

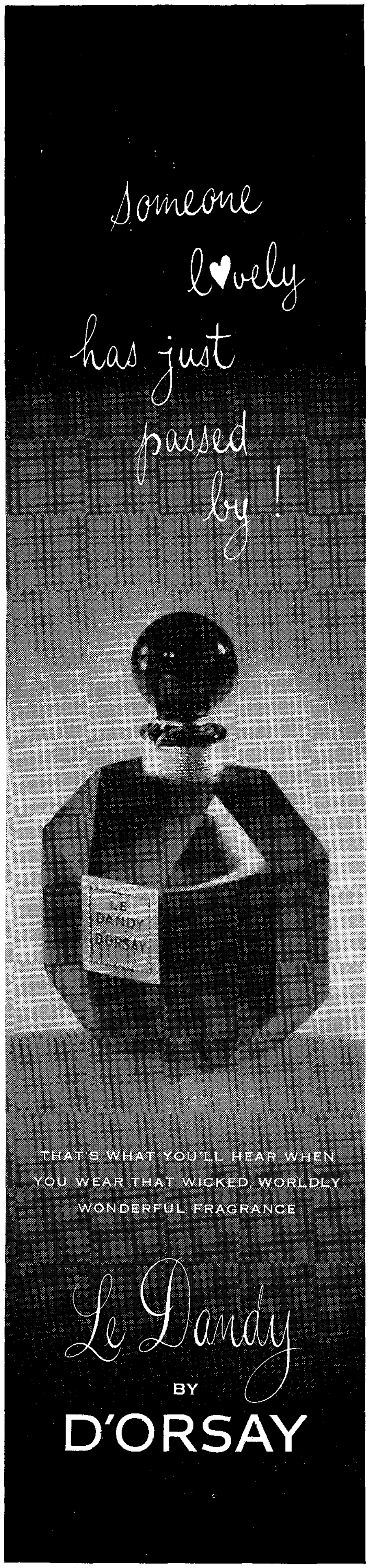
EXCEPT for the tragic gunplay on the steps of Blair House yesterday, the past few weeks have been uncommonly quiet here—quieter, in fact, than anyone wanted them to be. It was devoutly hoped by the administration that the conference of the North Atlantic Defense Ministers, which ended two days ago, would make more noise than it did, but even the note of discord on which it came to an end was muffled, and although several committees, commissions, and subsections of the highly conversational North Atlantic Treaty Organization are in practically continuous session, nothing to raise men's hopes is expected to happen before the next meeting of the Defense Ministers. This may be held in London early in December, but there will be no definite announcement for some time.

The attempted assassination has, of course, been the subject of much talk here, and the elections, in these last few days before the voting, have been the subject of endless talk, but otherwise the only two matters that have aroused any great interest are the entry of some Chinese Communists into what people had hoped was the last stage of the Korean war, and the Anschluss with Tibet that has been pulled off by the same busy Chinese Communists. A month or two ago, the presence of even a handful of Chinese in Korea would have made blood run cold in this city, for it was then felt that the greatest danger we faced was being drawn into war with China. It may be that such a war is what we are headed for right now, but no one here seems to think so. It is considered most unlikely that the Chinese would pick this moment to make intervention and war a national policy. Whether the Chinese in Korea are volunteers, protectors of Manchurian water resources, or a token force to save Mao's face, no one in the State Department or the Defense Department claims to know, but the general feeling is that the danger of war with China has passed. If this turns out to be a wrong guess, it will not be Mao's face that is in need of saving.



On the theory that it would take weeks, or even months, to know whether there is a war in Tibet—a country in which there are said to be exactly two radio technicians and two professional engineers—most people here were skeptical of the first reports that Chinese armies were moving toward Lhasa, but the news has been confirmed to the satisfaction of the country's leading Tibetan scholar, Lowell Thomas, and everyone seems willing to take his word for it. When official confirmation has been received, the event will no doubt be properly deplored by the proper deploring authorities; in the meantime, some of them are making no effort to conceal a grim and perhaps callous satisfaction at seeing Premier Nehru illustrate the principle summed up in the old proverb "When it toucheth thee, then thou smartest." The State Department has a good deal of respect and admiration for Nehru, but it has been finding his high moral tone a bit hard to take in recent months, and many of its members have been annoyed by the double standard by which he appraises Communists. It is clear that he has little use for the Communists in or around India, and he disallows their pretensions of being legitimate nationalists, but he has regarded the Communists off on the horizon, in Korea, China, and Indo-China, as misled but essentially upright citizens of their respective countries. It is known here that all through the summer he has been notifying the Peiping government that it would distress him to see the American and European view of Communists confirmed by an invasion of Tibet. He is now, according to reports from New Delhi, distressed. Touched, he is smarting.

Whether Nehru has any real cause for distress is considered here to be dubious. He has apparently feared that the Communists might use Tibet as a base for the invasion of India by either troops or propagandists. Conquering Tibet would give the Communists a common border with India, but official Washington cannot see how this would improve their position in any way. Our government regards Tibet as incomparably the world's least desirable military base, and can't believe that it will support propagandists any better than it will support soldiers. This judgment is effectively and fascinatingly backed up by a recent Defense Department publication entitled "Armed Forces Talk No. 348," one of a series of canned lectures sent out from Washington to commanding officers, who are supposed to use them to enlighten and cultivate the minds of


Someone lovely has just passed by!
LE DANDY D'ORSAY
THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL HEAR WHEN YOU WEAR THAT WICKED, WORLDLY WONDERFUL FRAGRANCE
Le Dandy
BY
D'ORSAY

PARFUM **FROM $2.75**
EAU DE TOILETTE IN THE NEW
DIAMOND-CUT FLACON **FROM $3.00**
PLUS FEDERAL TAX

Jane Engel

Pure Silk
17.95

Our little miracle by Henry Rosenfeld. Black wheel print with black border and tie. Beige, royal, emerald or orange. Sizes 10-18.

Write, phone RH. 4-0300

Madison at 79th, New York 21

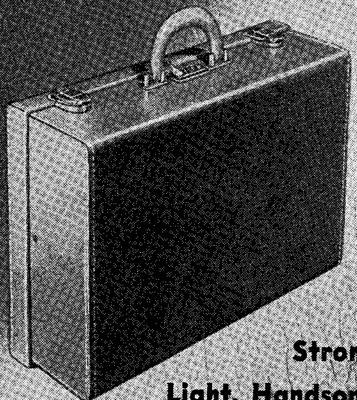
their troops. No. 348, all about Tibet, seems to have the additional purpose of assuring American soldiers that Tibet is geopolitically such a worthless place that they needn't trouble their minds about the possibility of being sent there to liberate it. As a piece of précis writing, it is altogether admirable; probably nowhere, even in the works of Lowell Thomas, is there a more concise and up-to-date summary of the known facts about Tibet. According to No. 348, one difficulty—over and above that of nonexistent communications—about determining whether the place has been invaded is that no one knows exactly where its boundaries are. No one, indeed, knows within three hundred thousand square miles how large the country is. The best information is that it is somewhere between a third and a sixth the size of the continental United States. Estimates of its population range all the way from seven hundred thousand up to four million. One fact the author of No. 348 is certain of is that the population is going steadily down; how he came by this knowledge he doesn't say. There are only five known Occidentals in the country; four are the aforementioned radio technicians and professional engineers, and the fifth is "the British trade consul at Gyangtse, who intends to leave the country as soon as arrangements are completed." The richest man in Tibet is Tsarong Shape, the son of a poor bow-and-arrow maker. He became a successful gardener and a political favorite of the last Dalai Lama. There are no railroads or airports, and there is not a single road that can be negotiated by automobile. As No. 348 succinctly puts it, "the wheel has not yet come to Tibetan civilization." The only house with electricity is the Potala Palace, in Lhasa, and the only radio set belongs to the Dalai Lama. It was sent up to Lhasa, probably on yakback, by American soldiers stationed in India during the Second World War. Lhasa is the largest city and almost the only one; it has twenty-five thousand inhabitants, or fewer than Poughkeepsie.

The Dalai Lama must have been about eleven when he got his radio. He is seventeen now and will not be eligible to rule without a regent's advice until his eighteenth birthday. The man next in rank and influence is the Panchen Lama, who is sometimes a bitter rival and sometimes the second-in-command, or vice-Lama. The last recognized Panchen Lama died, in exile, in 1937, but the Chinese Communists have got hold of a twelve-year-

BEARING THE MOST DISTINGUISHED LABEL ON LEATHER . . .

DALE FIFTH AVENUE FOR BAG 'N' BAGGAGE

Dale Fifth Avenue Bag 'N Baggage is an especially appreciated gift.



Strong, Light, Handsome . . . and only $19.50*

18" OVERNIGHT ATTACHE CASE
- Mature Top Grain Suntan Cowhide.
- Smart English overlapping lid.
- Keyless Sesamee Combination lock.
- Monogramming at no extra charge.

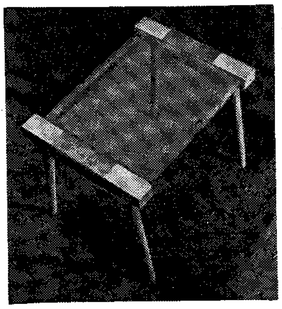
DALE FIFTH AVENUE
In New York, only at 719 Fifth Avenue.
MUrray Hill 8-5200 *plus 20% Fed. Tax
Mail and Phone Orders Promptly Filled.

97 PROOF
TrY DAGGER
Punch Brand
JAMAICA RUM
Rich, Full Flavored
WRAY & NEPHEW
DAGGER PUNCH BRAND Dark JAMAICA RUM
J. WRAY & NEPHEW LTD

also TRY
THREE DAGGER RUM
10 YRS. OLD—97 PROOF

Schieffelin & Co., New York • Importers since 1794

CHRISTMAS GIFT SPECIAL!
SEAT STOOL
A welcome gift for any modern home. Perfect for television, a footrest, an extra seat. Lightly portable, yet solidly sturdy. Topflight design by Allan Gould. Natural birch, Lumite woven seat in black-green. 13" x 17" x 12". Send check or money order and gift enclosure card for this furniture original.

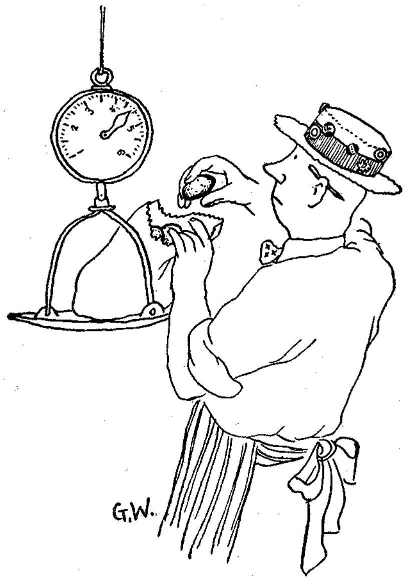


Specially priced for readers of this magazine
$7.95 postage included

shipped direct from
design exclusives
dept. n.y., rfd 1, sandy hook, conn.

old Tibetan boy who they claim was born the instant the Panchen died, and who is therefore, according to the reasoning of the Chinese dialectical materialists, the Panchen Lama by right of transmigration. "The situation," the anonymous author of No. 348 remarks, "is very much as if a Pope of the Roman Catholic Church had been chosen by the Kremlin." It is this boy who has been promising on the Chinese radio "to liberate Tibet, wipe out all traitorous elements, and deliver the Tibetan people." Evidently, the Chinese don't know that the Dalai Lama owns the only radio set in Tibet.

On the question of China's rights in Tibet, the Defense Department, if No. 348's author can be regarded as a spokesman for it, is taking an equivocal stand. It is also true that the Tibetans themselves have been equivocal. The question has been in a lamentable state of confusion since 641, when the first king of Tibet—this was before the country became a theocracy—invaded China and forced the Chinese emperor to give him a princess in marriage. The king conquered much of China, but the princess conquered the king and converted him to Buddhism. Ever since then, relations between China and Tibet have been close but ambiguous. Buddhism spread slowly but thoroughly through Tibet, and since 1577 the country has been a Buddhist theocracy. The Dalai Lamas, or High Lamas, have always insisted on maintaining their spiritual authority, and they have also maintained the right to control internal affairs, such as they are in a country with almost no settlements, but they have rarely, according to No. 348, resisted China's efforts to control its foreign affairs, such as *they* are. Except for a few brief periods of Tibetan national-



Again Holiday greetings to Jill and Dick from the Stewarts

The 1950 Jaccardian Card for hand written personal greetings or invitations

Designed exclusively for Jaccard's by Szoeke. The white Christmas tree is framed in winter green with silver snowflakes and red candles. Card size 5¼" x 6¾". 50 cards and envelopes $6.50

Postage Prepaid in America

MERMOD·Jaccard·KING EST 1829
Locust at Ninth • Brentwood at Forsyth
St. Louis 1 • Clayton 5
Missouri

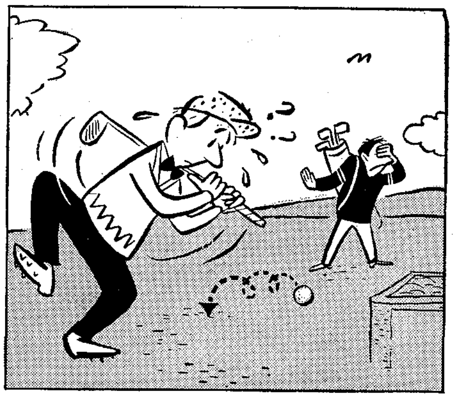
WELL MATCHED...
Our Gray Flannel Bermuda Shorts for Men and Women

Doubly smart—our famous Bermuda shorts—because they are tailored in fine gray wool flannel for men *and* women! You will be well-matched when you wear them for golf, lounging—or on your next trip to Bermuda.

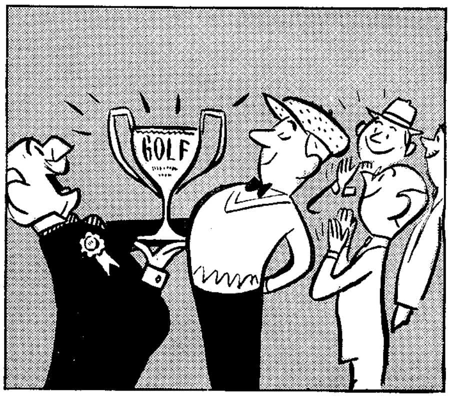
For men, sizes 28-42, **$17.95.**
For women, sizes 12-18, **$14.95.**

THE BERMUDA SHOP
Madison Ave. at 55th St., New York
or Hamilton, Bermuda

SEVEN YEARS



make a BIG DIFFERENCE

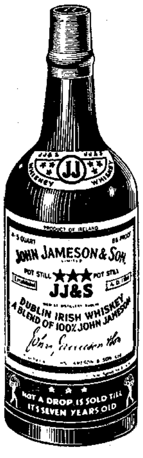


JOHN JAMESON

not a drop is sold 'til it's

SEVEN YEARS OLD

Yes—John Jameson is *all whiskey*—a blend of 100% John Jameson Pot Still Whiskey. And not a drop is sold till it's seven years old. Made solely from barley, malt, wheat and oats and matured at least seven years in oak casks.



W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C.
Established 1888
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

86 PROOF

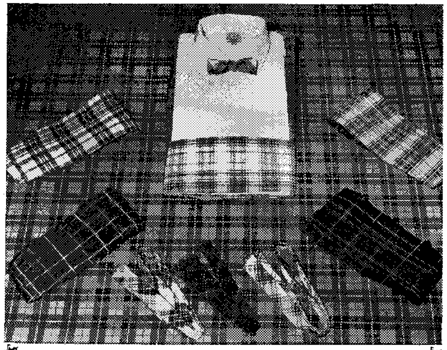
BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY
IMPORTED FROM DUBLIN

ism, China has been ruling Tibet for hundreds of years. The last Chinese ruler was, of course, Chiang Kai-shek, who had a kind of proconsul in Lhasa until July of last year. "China has exercised a sort of lordship over its foreign relations," which is, No. 348's author says (running the risk of being accused by Senator Knowland of selling Tibet down the river), "apparently as Tibet has wanted it." The author feels, though, that while the Tibetans don't mind Chinese rule, they won't like Communist rule, and may shoot quite a few Communists, perhaps with bows and arrows.

About the only matter on which No. 348 is completely unenlightening is the proper pronunciation of "Tibet." It casts no light on whether Elmer Davis is right in pronouncing it as if it were the name of a celebrated baritone or whether Hilaire Belloc was right in making it rhyme with "nursery pet."

IF the government is not too greatly disturbed by the reported presence of Communists in Tibet, it has been immensely disappointed by the failure of the North Atlantic Defense Ministers to accomplish anything of importance during their stay here. The disappointment is not, as one might suppose, over the shelving by the Ministers of the two most widely advertised proposals before them—giving guns to Germans and having General Eisenhower or someone else named Supreme Commander of Atlantic Powers, Europe—but over the fact that these two questions, and particularly the first, were the subject of such protracted wrangling that the Ministers, although they let all their sessions run into overtime, and even stayed on in Washington a day longer than they had intended to, never got around to raising, much less debating or settling, any other questions. Washington considered it terribly important that *something* be accomplished at these meetings. Almost anything would have served, as long as it was tangible evidence that some headway was being made in strengthening the defense of the West. The prestige in Western Europe of Secretaries Acheson and Marshall rests largely on their joint sponsoring of the North Atlantic idea. It is a year and a half since the North Atlantic Treaty was signed and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization established; so far, nothing more shielding than paper has come of it all, and it will be some weeks, at the very least, before another try can be made. During that period, the Korean war is expected to

Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers



Chipp Originals

Authentic Scotch tartan cummerbunds and matching ties will add color to any gentleman in his dinner clothes—wide selection of tartans available.

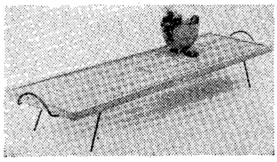
Tropical Worsted Cummerbund	8.00
Matching String Bat Tie	2.50
Silk Poplin Cummerbund	12.50
Matching String Bat Tie	2.50
Soft Pleated Dinner Shirt	10.50
Silk Satin String Dinner Ties	3.50
Silk Barathea String Dinner Ties	2.50

(available in Black, Midnight Blue, Maroon and Bottle green)

Mail orders filled in time for Christmas

Chipp
14 East 44th Street
New York 17, N. Y.
New York Boston
New Haven Cambridge

Paris is blushing—
Nice was never so nice—
DORSET Bar Cafe
a cosmopolitan cafe
in the New York way
luncheon through supper
HOTEL DORSET
30 WEST 54th ST., N.Y.C.
BING & BING, INC., MANAGEMENT



yes! still available

The table everybody loves! Charming gift. Terrific buy. Laverne-Originals design, winner of A.I D. First Award. Better order now, avoid Christmas rush. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. Top is birch dowels in maple channel, invisibly plastic-coated for stain-resistance. Charcoalblack rod metal legs and handles. 5"x17"x9½" high, $21.75 incl. packing cost. Sent express coll. Same design, 14" high, no handles, $24.75. Shpg. wt. 18 lbs. Check or M.O. No COD's. Add 2% sales tax for NYC del.

unusualties inc. 17 e 48 st. n. y.

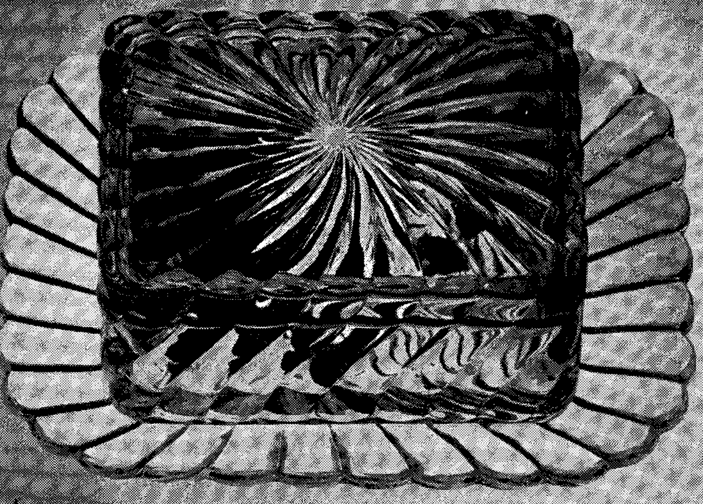
end, and with its end is likely to come a slackening of American interest in the problem of building up strength to match the Russian strength.

So great was the desire of the United States delegates to make these meetings a success that they were ready from the start to finesse both the big issues. The administration was never enthusiastic about naming a Supreme Commander this early in the game. It felt that common sense would be offended if there were a Supreme Commander in the field before there was anything on hand to supremely command. It also felt that the presence in Europe of a Supreme Commander, especially if he was Eisenhower, might create among the people there the comforting and dangerous illusion that American troops were along with him in force. It was the notion of our government that a Chief of Staff of the Western European forces should be appointed first and that only when he had organized a reasonably formidable outfit should a Supreme Commander be called in. Several weeks ago, the government was talked out of this position by the British, who felt that an American general with a lustrous name in a Supreme Headquarters somewhere between the Rhine and the Elbe would not mislead Europeans but would instead demonstrate the firmness of our commitment, and encourage them to stress the need for haste and efficiency on their own governments. Our people yielded to the British reasoning, but they were not exactly crestfallen when it became apparent that a Supreme Command would not be immediately established. They were, however, deeply grieved by the failure of the conference to set up a staff that would at least give the appearance of a united and determined West and that could go about the business of transforming appearance into substance.

They felt very strongly, of course, about using German manpower. That has been an American baby from the start. The Secretary of State wrapped it up in his "single-package" plan for Western European defense presented at the September meeting of the Foreign Ministers, in New York, and he gave the impression that its acceptance was almost a condition of American participation. The prompt protests of the French were not unexpected, but the degree of their anguish and the stubbornness with which they began fighting for René Pleven's single package, in which German manpower had to be wrapped up with the Schuman Plan and the creation of a European

BACCARAT crystal from France

"The Crystal of Kings" . . . founded 1765

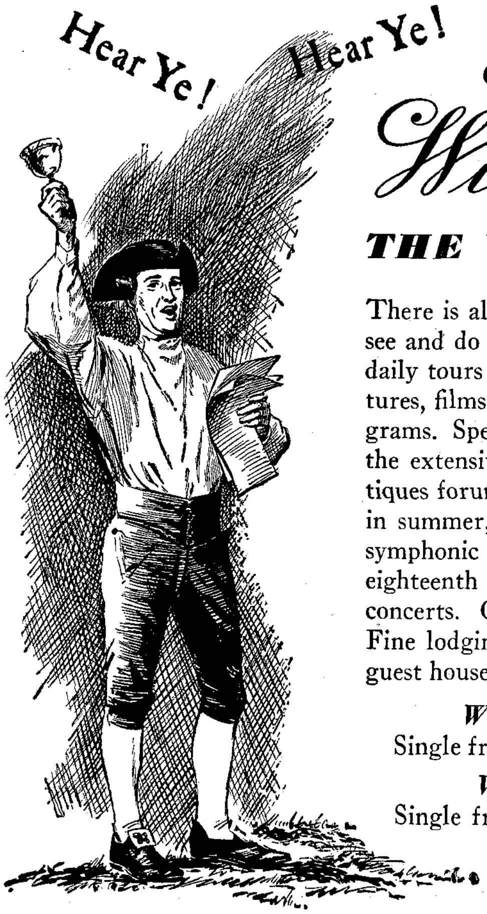


For that special gift—
this crystal cigarette box and tray.
The box, $12. The tray, $8.

At most fine stores and at

BACCARAT & PORTHAULT, INC.

55 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK CITY


Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

COME TO

Williamsburg

VIRGINIA

THE YEAR 'ROUND

There is always something interesting to see and do in restored Williamsburg . . . daily tours of historic buildings, free lectures, films, recitals, and educational programs. Special winter activities include the extensive holiday festivities, the Antiques forum and Garden Symposium . . . in summer, the Common Glory outdoor symphonic drama . . . in spring and fall, eighteenth century plays and candlelight concerts. Outstanding sports facilities. Fine lodgings in modern hotels, colonial guest houses and restored taverns.

Williamsburg Lodge
Single from $3.50 • Double from $5

Williamsburg Inn
Single from $7 • Double from $10

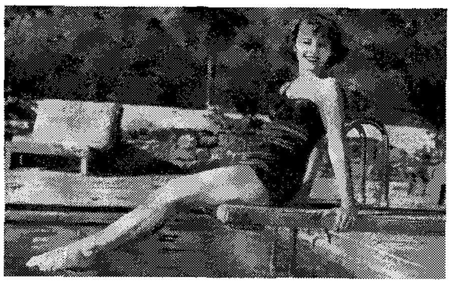
Information: write direct, see travel agent or Williamsburg Reservation Off., 630 5th Ave., N. Y., Telephone CIrcle 6-8896

1699 • *VIRGINIA'S COLONIAL CAPITAL* • **1779**

BE OUTDOORS EVERY DAY in shirt sleeves. Tucson has more sunshine than any other resort city!

For sun+fun this winter
come to warm, dry Tucson

ENJOY TRUE WESTERN HOSPITALITY. Tucson offers plentiful accommodations of all kinds at sensible rates—smart resort hotels, friendly guest ranches, ultra-modern motels, apartments and cottages. Come early... spend the winter here. Enroll your youngsters in one of Tucson's accredited public or ranch schools; *University of Arizona.* Let them grow healthy, brown and strong in the invigorating sunshine.



LOAF OR PLAY IN GLORIOUS SUNSHINE. Swim in outdoor pools. Ride horseback. Golf at fine country clubs. Drive down the new paved highway to Guaymas in colorful old Mexico for marvelous fishing, hunting. Save your shopping until you get here. Mail coupon now to Tucson Sunshine Climate Club, 5050-B Pueblo, Tucson, Arizona, for free booklet.

THIS WINTER YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN IS

Tucson

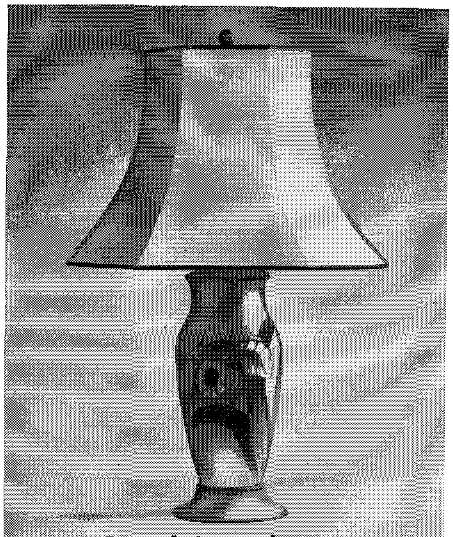
IN FRIENDLY ARIZONA

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

Tucson Sunshine Climate Club
5050-B Pueblo, Tucson, Arizona
Name__________________________
Address_________________________
City__________Zone_____State_________
I am interested in: (type of accommodation)_____
__________; (type of school)__________;
(information on)____________________

army under European command, had *not been anticipated.* The French conditions were unacceptable to us—not in principle but because we figured it would take far too long to meet them—and yet it was not the conflict of French intransigence with American intransigence that made the recent meetings such a frost. The day before the sessions opened last week, our delegates had made it clear that rather than see the conference wrecked, they would be willing to skip over the German question for the time being. What happened (one knows what happens at closed conferences because *they crawl with* public-relations officers brought in by each national delegation, so that their country's version of what happened can be given when the meetings are over) was that most of the other participants decided to have it out with the French then and there. This was a surprise to the Americans, because when the Secretary of State proposed putting Germans back in uniform, the French hostility differed only in degree from that of several other European nations, among them the United Kingdom. But it appeared that in the intervening period most of them had come around to our point of view. In large part, the meetings were spent lecturing the French, in the persons of Jules Moch, the Defense Minister, and Henri Bonnet, their Ambassador here, on their anxiety neuroses—telling them that they are not the only nation that has suffered at the hands of the Germans and accusing them of entertaining groundless fears of their own Communist politicians. Through all this, the Americans are said to have done very little talking, their minds being occupied, one may presume, with the hope that the lecturing would come to an end soon. It came to an end much too late.

If, as has been reported, impatience with the French mounted steadily among the other delegates during the meetings, there was at the same time a growing sympathy for their position elsewhere in Washington. It was pointed out by some of their friends that if it were a German air force that the United States proposed to set up, the reaction of the British public would be as unreceptive as the French reaction to the arming of German infantry divisions. The British remember the Germans for their air raids, the French for their occupation troops. A fact that the French like to publicize widely nowadays is that there were just about as many Parisians killed and tortured by the Gestapo as there



Royal Copenhagen
From Jensen's Collection

Subtle tones of blue, grey, and soft green give singular beauty to the "Orchid Lamp" of Royal Copenhagen porcelain. With hand-made silk shade in harmonizing colors. Overall height, 30". 155. complete.
≋ These three waves are the mark found on all genuine Royal Copenhagen porcelain.

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED
ELDORADO 5-6630
NO CHARGE FOR DELIVERY
WITHIN 300 MILES.
SEND FOR JENSEN CATALOGUE
OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York 22

He's Back!

JOE E. LEWIS
(AUSTIN MACK at the Piano)
IN THE COPA'S NEW FALL REVUE WITH
PATTI PAGE
MARIO & FLORIA
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
DINNER $2.50

FOR SALE
Artistic Home in Scarsdale

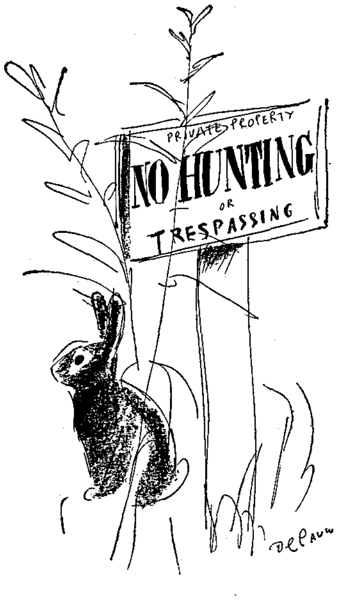
Custom built 4 bedroom house in beautiful Sherbrooke Park. English stone and stucco construction. Attached garage. ¾ acre, beautifully landscaped, secluded. Home has unusually artistic atmosphere, fireplace, built-in bookshelves, maid's quarters on 3rd floor, oil heat and 1,200 gallon tank. Charming enclosed garden. One mile to station. Price $49,500. Would consider renting, fully furnished with fine antiques, $500 per month on year's lease. For particulars write

Box G, The New Yorker
25 West 43rd Street New York 18, N. Y.

THE Newport
Superlative French Cuisine
18 EAST 60th STREET • EL.5-8427

were Londoners killed or wounded during the air raids. Moreover, by no means everyone here was made happy by the form and timing of Dean Acheson's brief for German rearmament; it is felt in many quarters that if he did not know how large a hornets' nest he was stirring up, he should have known. There are also many people who are impressed by the French representation that his September statement torpedoed the Schuman Plan and that unless the Pleven proposals are accepted the Plan can never be revived. While everyone tells the Germans how badly their men and machines are needed, this argument runs, they are sitting pretty, and their old ruling classes need hardly doubt that they can get what they want without sharing their precious industrial sovereignty with the French or anyone else.

Anyway, the deadlock is serious. Acheson and Marshall have expressed confidence that it will soon be broken, but no one believes that they are really as sanguine as they pretend to be. The danger of delay, it is felt here, is not that Western Europe will continue to be exposed to an invasion by the Russians but that it will continue to be exposed to the Soviet peace offensive. There has always been something slightly disingenuous in the argument that Western Europe must rearm in order to repel a Russian invasion. The real purpose of rearmament, in the view of our people, is to enable us and our allies eventually to negotiate with the Russians on a basis of military equality. It is still the belief of the State and Defense Departments that a Russian drive for the rest of the Continent is most unlikely for some time to come; the Russians are thought to be deterred from such an action not only by our lead



Fundador
THE CLASSIC OF BRANDIES

Fundador Brandy... a rare liqueur brandy, full-bodied and mellow, with a character uniquely its own.
Three Vines Brandy light taste and body.
Both 86 proof.

Pride of the host, delight of the guest—this truly fine brandy is an appreciative compliment to your taste. And Fundador Brandy—distinctive in character, unique in bouquet—is the choice of discriminating people the world over.

Pedro Domecq Brandies

Produced and bottled at Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, by the House of Pedro Domecq, founded in 1730.
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole U. S. Distributors.*
Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR
BRANDY

Our newest smoking coat... leisurely yet impeccable. Tailored to perfection of luxurious imported flannel, quarter silk lined.
In a variety of Scotch Plaids 85.00
Imported Silk Ascot 10.50
Silk Crepe Ties 6.50

Budd LTD.

712 FIFTH AVENUE at 55TH STREET, NEW YORK

Now in the NEW "TWO-PACK"
Self-fitting End
Renaissance
by Will & Baumer

Famous

WILL & BAUMER

Renaissance

CANDLES

Burn lovely Renaissance candles by Will & Baumer for your *very special* occasions. They add a gracious "plus" to any dinner . . . enrich the centerpiece . . . lend dignity to mantels and beauty to console and buffet groupings.

Buy them in the exclusive "Two-Pack" box, and be sure you are getting the genuine Will & Baumer candle. "Two-Pack" protects the color and finish, makes them easier to keep. Order a dozen today . . . at your nearest department, grocery, drug or housewares store.

WILL & BAUMER Candle Co., Inc.
Leading Candle Craftsmen for Nearly 100 Years
Syracuse, N. Y.

in atomic weapons but by their fear of its political consequences inside Russia and the satellite countries. A continued lack of unity will only fortify the apathy of large numbers of people in both Europe and America. Surely, the longer the West postpones building its strength, *the harder the job will be, and the longer it will be before diplomacy can again be made to work in world affairs.*

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

●

THEME AND VARIATION

Coleridge caused his wife unrest,
Liking other company best;
Dickens, never quite enthralled,
Sent his packing when she palled;
Gauguin broke the marriage vow
In quest of Paradise enow.
These things attest in monochrome:
Genius is the scourge of home.

Lady Nelson made the best of
What another took the rest of;
Wagner had, in middle life,
Three children by another's wife;
Whitman *liked* to play the dastard,
Boasting here and there a bastard.
Lives of great men all remind us
Not to let their labors blind us.

Each helped to give an age its tone,
Though never acting quite his own.
Will of neither wax nor iron
Could have made a go with Byron;
Flaubert, to prove he was above
Bourgeois criteria of love,
Once took a courtesan to bed
Keeping his hat upon his head.

But mine is off to Johann Bach,
For whom my sentiment is "*Ach!*"
Not once, but twice, a model spouse,
With twenty children in the house.
Some fathers would have walked away
In what they call a fugue today;
But he left no one in the lurch,
And played the stuff he wrote in church.

—PETER DE VRIES

●

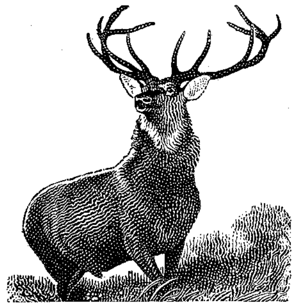
LOS ANGELES (A.P.)—Mrs. Terry Lee Auer, 43, is ready today for a post-graduate course at driving school—although she had just graduated from the school with honors.

She "soloed" yesterday with her husband in their new car. Police said she forgot about the steering wheel when she made a turn. Result—the car ran into a house. Her husband went to a hospital with face cuts.

The locust is one of man's oldest and most destructive insect enemies.—*Fredericksburg (Va.) Free Lance-Star.*

It'll pay to watch Mrs. Auer, though.

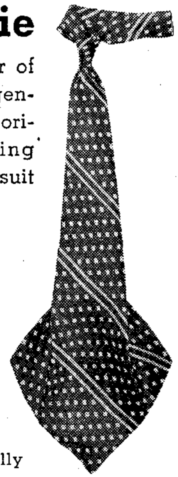
Year in and year out you'll do well with the HARTFORD



—all forms of fire, marine and casualty insurance and fidelity and surety bonds.

See your Hartford agent or insurance broker

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT



The Knize Tie

Tailored by Knize, arbiter of elegance since 1858, for gentlemen who demand authoritative counsel in choosing the correct tie for shirt, suit and occasion.

From $6.75

Tailor • Shirtmaker
KNIZE INC.
NEW YORK
London • Paris • Vienna

24 EAST 56th STREET,
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
Also at Fine Shops Nationally

Spirit of Christmas from Italy . . .

Lovely white Madonna figurines with gold lined halo and cloak. 10.50 and 20.00. Antique finish wrought iron candelabrum, 7.50. Florentine Silver candlestick, 3.00. Prices prepaid. No C.O.D.'s please.

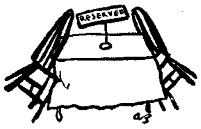
Piazza

Open Saturday 10 to 5

HOUSE OF ITALIAN HANDICRAFTS
217 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y. PL 9-6510

TABLES FOR TWO

On Her Own



ELSA LANCHESTER is doing most of the entertaining these nights in the Persian Room, at the Plaza, and she is, to say the least, extraordinary. Her performance is fragile, but worth seeing, I think. As you must know, by trade she is principally a movie actress, remembered fondly by many as the wife—whichever one it was—that Charles Laughton (her husband in real life, too) played cards with on one of his wedding nights in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." This has no bearing on her night-club work, a new phase in her career, but recollections of her acting may serve to convey her special quality as a performer—her unusual combination of wildness and wistfulness. This entrancing mixture overlays everything she does in the Persian Room, and it's a good thing, too, because her material is weak. She sings songs, would-be comedy numbers, and an occasional serious piece. They miss fire, for the most part, but there is a pathos about her, a sneaking sense of doom, that enriches them. For example, she does a bit in which, English accent and all, she poses as a rural American lady and relates her experiences as a mail-order bride, concluding that they were not too bad, after all. Hearing her through, you decide that she is a rather brave little thing. By the artful use of her eyes, her hands, and her voice, she makes herself fascinating to watch and hear, but one's interest is likely to wane as the slender pretexts for her songs grow apparent. I liked her as a *gamine*, sliding archly around on top of the piano while telling of her fondness for the janitor's boy; and, again, as she sang, with comic relish, of the advantages of "a lady with a piazza." But all the time I was hoping for something sharper in the way of material, and my hope was never fulfilled.

Before Miss Lanchester appeared, a dance team called the Lunds (young man, young woman) came out and went through the usual stuff—an old-time vaudeville routine, a breezy fox trot, and a lullaby-and-good-night number—with grace and charm.

DOWN at a place called the Bon Soir, a handsomely appointed cellar in Greenwich Village, some old favorites are maintaining a high level of amusement. They are Mae Barnes, an inspired rhythm singer; Jimmie Daniels, a singer who has a wonderful repertory of unfamiliar show tunes and is also the master of ceremonies; Norene Tate, who plays the piano beautifully, and occasionally sings in a light but pleasant voice; and Garland Wilson, who mostly just plays the piano but does it exceedingly well. Wilson and Miss Tate, working as a smooth-functioning duo, support Miss Barnes and Daniels. In addition, there is a comedy-song team—Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, as they call themselves. G. Wood, a male, plays the piano and gets a word or two in edgewise as Miss Ghostley sings. They do a group of insane songs, mostly of the patter variety, and manage to keep up a lively interest. The odd thing is I can't recall at the moment just what any one of the songs I heard was about, but I remember quite vividly that Miss Ghostley sang with a strong, fine voice and was suggestive without being in the least alarming. It was Miss Barnes, however, who delighted me. Any old thing—a threadbare popular song, a blues, or a comedy number—became a gem when she bounced it around, giving it extra meanings and a good-natured, even joyous quality. At one point, she and Daniels stood behind the grand pianos being operated by Miss Tate and Wilson, and all four sang a couple of slow-paced, rhythmical pieces in a casual, disarming manner. They are really a team, these four, each with a specialty of his own, and I can't think of their equal around town.

I'VE seen two of the entertainers who are now at Le Ruban Bleu, but a couple of new acts have joined up since I was there. The two I saw are still the main attractions, though, and I can report my complete enjoyment of the antics of one of them, a gifted fellow named George Hall. He did two things that made the evening for me. One was a version of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," in which foolish lyrics, for boy and girl, have been fitted to the melody of the Sousa march. Hall sang both the wheedling words of the boy and the coy protestations of the girl. In another, more advanced bit of comedy material, he followed the fortunes of a glib career man who started as a newsboy, passed part of his adolescence as a sideshow barker, turned up next as a slick lawyer, and ended, in late middle age, as a machine politician. This was a fine performance.

Michael Brown, a familiar face

WHOSE SHOULDERS ARE YOURS?

No other sport jacket is like a Southwick Superflex!

Skip this, if you're a "padded suit" fan. But if you appreciate the supreme comfort and gentlemanly appearance of *natural shoulders, soft construction* and *easy lines*, then slip into a SOUTHWICK Superflex suit or sport jacket. The difference in ease and distinction is truly amazing.

Southwick suits (from $65) and sport jackets (from $45) are now being featured at selected men's shops in many localities. To make sure you get the genuine and original Superflex construction look for the Southwick label.

Southwick "SUPERFLEX"

At these and other fine stores

PAUL STUART
18 East 45th Street
New York

WARNER BAILEY CO.
Hartford, Conn.

JOHN WANAMAKER MEN'S STORE
Philadelphia, Pa.

MC CARTNEY'S
Lawrence and Lowell, Mass.

GROFF & WOLF CO.
Lancaster, Pa.

JAMES CAMPION
Hanover, N. H.

COLLINS, INC.
Charlottesville, Va.

SILVERSTONE'S
Milwaukee, Wis.

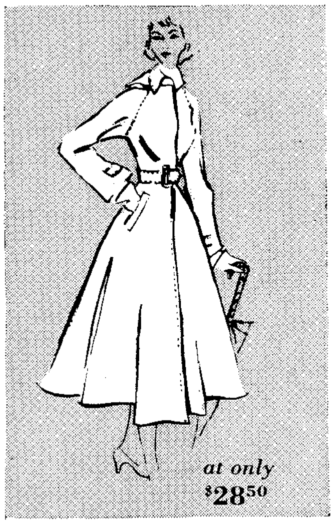
WILLIAM TAYLOR
Pasadena, Cal.

For stores in other cities write to

GRIECO BROS., Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

Exclusive manufacturers of
SOUTHWICK Superflex clothes

New Idea In British Raincoats



at only 28^{50}

18½ *miles* of fine Egyptian yarn go into each square yard of the poplin in these coats. This makes them lightweight, strong, windproof, completely water-repellent *naturally*. In navy, maroon, natural, sea-green. Sizes 10-18.

Mail orders filled.

EDWARD REED LTD.
49 West 49th St. in Rockefeller Center—N.Y.C.

AALBORG
tony

"Det er Aalborg, der skal til"*

Only by trying smooth, piquant, dry Danish Aalborg Akvavit will *you* know what a delightfully "different" drink . . . what a stimulating taste sensation it *really* is.

Especially good with canapes, snacks or cold buffet.

Always Say Aalborg
Before You Say Akvavit

* Smart people know "nothing tempts like an Aalborg!"

AALBORG AKVAVIT

100% Potato Neutral Spirits—90 proof
BRIONES & CO., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

around Le Ruban Bleu, sings startling little songs of his own invention, accompanying himself on the piano. Brown is a clever fellow who can think of countless involved rhymes in recounting the Lizzie Borden case, for instance, but in the end, I'm afraid, he just made me nervous.

I STOPPED by last week to see the show at La Martinique, a cellar that has become noisy again after a long silence. It's a typical sort of entertainment—half a dozen sleek chorus girls, a baritone who sings loudly into a microphone while the girls execute some simple dance steps with difficulty but courage, a pretty girl vocalist, and a pair of comedians. We can skip right along to the baritone, who is probably the most proficient member of the cast, but he, after all, is just there to waste time while the girls resolutely circle the floor and the featured entertainers get their make-up on. There's a tap-dancer, too, somewhere in the show.

The club has been blindingly redecorated in a scheme that includes a valance of bunting around the bandstand. For a moment, I thought I had dropped in on a political rally. —D. W.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Dr. George W. Crane in the Indianapolis Star*]

A lot of the so-called great poetry is likewise a product of good press agentry on the part of somebody in the past who foisted it upon his current generation, after which our English professors have been following suit in typical sheeplike fashion.

Just read the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" (some professors will have apoplexy at my apparent sacrilege), and you will realize there is more essential human interest in the "Face on the Bar Room Floor."

As for some of the real poetry of our age, salable on its own merits rather than its mildew, consider Edgar Guest's exquisite little piece about how "It takes a heap o' living in a house to make it home."

You'll recognize a great psychologist in Mr. Guest, and you'll also wish some of my medical predecessors had given Keats and Shelley a few injections of gonadal hormones.

•

A person when he looks away from the light will be able to see it less bright more readily than he can see a black letter worse when he looks away from it. It then becomes easier for him to see the letter worse when he works away from it.—*From "The Bates Method for Better Eyesight Without Glasses," by William H. Bates, M.D.*

We can't see *anything*. Where are you, Bates?

MOSSE'S Vigoret
Baby of Famous Vigorub

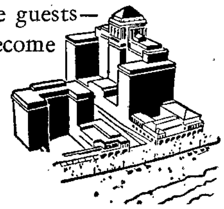
Terry guest towels—woven exclusively for Mosse by Martex. Smart looking—work savers. . . 12 lovely hues or white—in one color or assorted: nile, azure, bud pink, cardinal, buttercup, grey, emerald, wine, aqua, nutmeg, navy, and mauve. Monograms: grey on deep colors, black on pastels. . . ***Really wonderful Christmas gifts!***

With monograms, **$11.50** a doz.
Without, **$5.95** a doz.

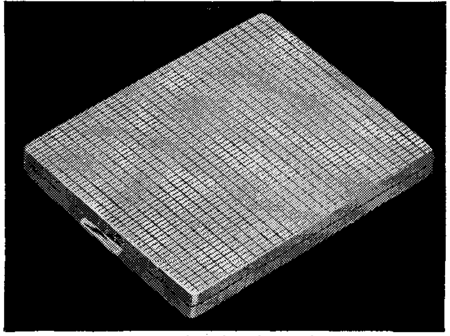
MOSSE-LINEN, 659 Fifth Avenue, New York 22

ADDICTION

It's only fair to warn prospective guests—we may become habit-forming.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk; Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 60 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 3



Now . . . Heavy handmade sterling cigarette cases from Denmark. This original design is available in three sizes. For 20 cigarettes: $105, for 16: $95, and for 11: $70. Matching compact $30, and perfume flask $10. Fed. tax (20%) and shipping included. Exclusively at:

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58th St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza.*

"My beer is RHEINGOLD —the DRY beer!"
says PAT BURRAGE, MISS RHEINGOLD 1950

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION
MEMBER

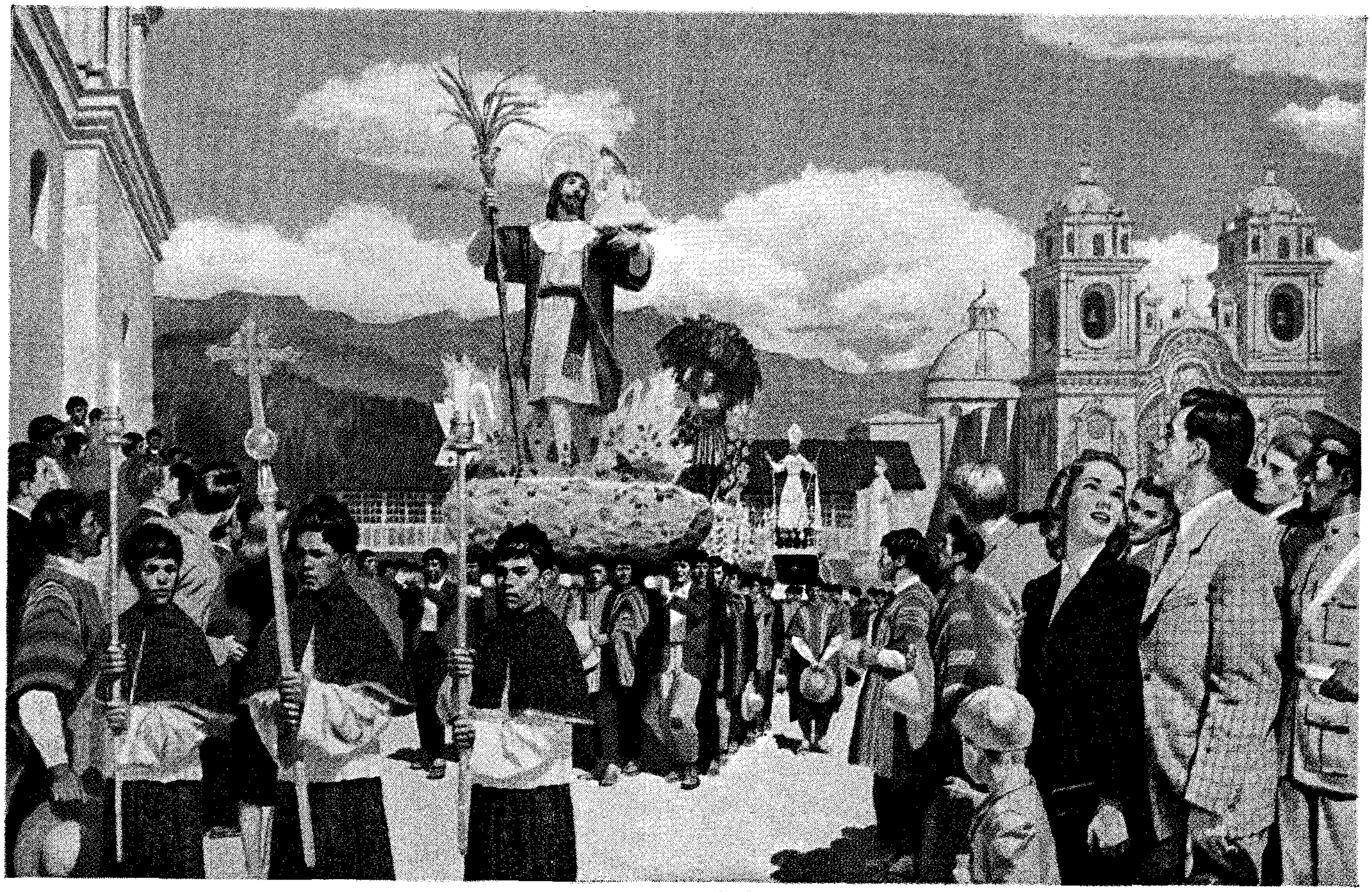
It's beer as beer should taste—the one and only **EXTRA DRY!**

THE BEER that more New Yorkers buy is the *one and only* Extra Dry — Rheingold! For Rheingold's distinctive *extra dryness* lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through. *It's always beer as beer should taste!*

All over town, more than 25,000 friendly Rheingold dealers are ready to serve you.

Copr. 1950, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

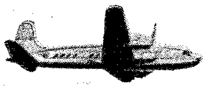
BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 113 YEARS. EST. 1837—IN NEW YORK 1854.



In Cuzco, Peru. Christian festivals call for processions, feasting, dancing. Be there for Christmas . . . or *any time* for memorable sights!

THERE'S A WORLD TO SEE...

Go Now!



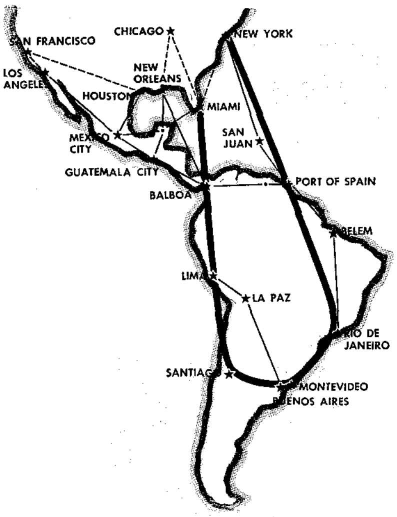
to South America

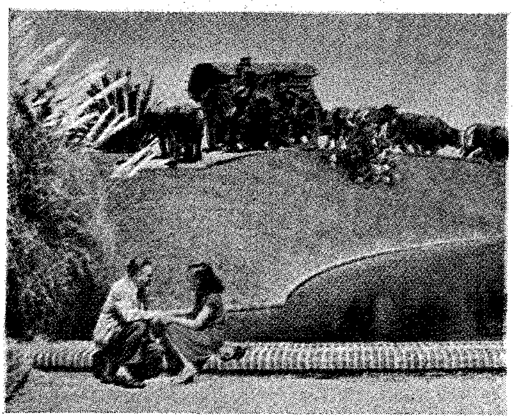
Have you ever been in a heavenly city nestled high in the majestic Andes? Have you tasted succulent Argentine beef? Have you seen a bull fight in Lima, a Carnival in Rio? Truly, you haven't seen anything 'til you've seen South America.

Go now! Fly down the West Coast on *El InterAmericano* (DC-6 Sleeper with "Fiesta Lounge"). Fly home by the East Coast on *El Presidente* (double-decked "Strato" Clipper* equipped with Sleeperette*). You can fly 13,000 unforgettable, *unduplicated* miles 'round South America for only $988.20 . . . with an airline system that has more experience—22 years—than any other airline in South America.

Call your Travel Agent or the nearest Pan American office.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
LOS ANGELES
NEW ORLEANS
HOUSTON
MIAMI
MEXICO CITY
SAN JUAN
GUATEMALA CITY
BALBOA
PORT OF SPAIN
BELEM
LIMA
LA PAZ
RIO DE JANEIRO
SANTIAGO
MONTEVIDEO
BUENOS AIRES



Uruguay had its covered wagon, too! In the friendly "City of Roses"—Montevideo—you can see José Belloni's fine statue in honor of Uruguay's pioneers (above). Excellent beaches. Good hotels.

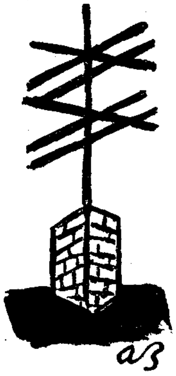
Fly **PANAGRA** and **PAN AMERICAN**

PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

TELEVISION

Funny and Sad



ONE of the bright and engaging people on television these nights is a round-faced, owlish gentleman named Sam Levenson, who was until recently a public-school teacher in Brooklyn and is now a fullfledged comedian. I suspect that Mr. Levenson was a comedian back in the old Brooklyn classroom days, and that the sound of shrill juvenile laughter echoing through whatever hall of learning he graced is what gave him the impetus to lay aside his academic robes and devote himself to the general public. His decision was fraught with hazards, since, with the possible exception of judicial humorists, I know of no group less prepared to make the average adult laugh than funny teachers. As I recall, most of the comedians I encountered on the blackboard circuit indulged in highly special jokes, and the laughter they aroused sprang largely from the unexpected revelation that the jokesters were human. "Mr. Batlin, your air of abstraction is distressing; after all, you are *not* Napoleon at St. Helena," or, "From your ruddy complexion, Mr. Bowen, one would deduce that you are an expert on apple pie, but the π we are dealing with here . . ." All this is by way of saying that Mr. Levenson has left every trace of the classroom behind and that his humor strikes me as being warm, intelligent, and penetrating.

For a good many months now, I have been watching Mr. Levenson performing guest stints on various programs, and one recent Saturday night he came along with his own fifteen-minute program, over C.B.S. His format, as they call it, is delightfully simple. He is a monologist, and nothing more, and the topics he chooses to discourse upon are homely ones, such as children, family life, and summer camps. His monologues are delivered briskly and without affectation. If he has any affectation, it is a curiously naïve expression on his well-scrubbed face that I find entirely agreeable. The other night, Mr. Levenson discussed the problems of families with children *and* television sets, and he spoke, or seemed to speak, from heartfelt experience. His description of the huge throng of tiny ones in his neighborhood who gather each night around his set, dressed in cowboy outfits and packing guns, rocket pistols, and Lord knows what else, went fairly deep and was extremely amusing. I have a hunch that Mr. Levenson is the creator of his own material. If he is, he is a television freak, and a welcome one.

JACK BENNY turned up a week ago Saturday over C.B.S., and it was plain from the moment he made his first casual, well-here-I-am appearance that he was not going to be frightened by anything as ridiculous as a television camera. Mysteriously, a great many of the old-time comedians, with years of accumulated experience in burlesque, vaudeville, motion pictures, and legitimate theatres, crumble when it comes to television. But not Mr. Benny. Over the years in radio, as is well known, Mr. Benny has cut out quite a role for himself as one of the more parsimonious characters in American life, and for him it has been a winning formula. He evidently does not intend to abandon the formula, and, to judge by his success at his début, there is little reason for him to do so. He rather resourcefully, I thought, translated his stinginess into photographic terms: When he wanted to make a phone call from his home, he pulled back a floral arrangement on the wall, revealing a coin telephone; when somebody in the cast asked him for a cigarette, he led the man to a cigarette-vending machine in one corner of the room; a penny-pinching parrot in a cage kept shouting to Mr. Benny, "Count the fruit! Count the fruit!" Mr. Benny concluded his performance by walking onstage with his celebrated violin and playing a few earsplitting notes. The camera shifted to the studio audience, which, to a man, was beating a retreat toward the exits. These pieces of business may sound elementary. Whatever they are, Mr. Benny, assisted by Rochester and Dinah Shore, carried them off with such high spirits that the total effect was diverting.

SOONER or later, I suppose, *everybody* will appear on television, but for the moment let us discuss Somerset Maugham. Mr. Maugham, for some reason known only to himself, and perhaps to his agent, is on hand Wednesday evenings from nine to nine-thirty, on C.B.S., to officiate at the dramatizations of his short stories. As Mr. Maugham had written, at last count,

Best's Exclusive

GABARDINE
SUCCESS SUIT

Our highly praised year
'round soft classic — superbly
tailored from fine worsted
gabardine in the clean,
easy lines that smart
women everywhere
demand for endless wear.
Hip-pocket jacket with
bound buttonholes,
slender skirt.
Sizes 10 to 20 and 40.
89.95

Charcoal gray, grape, green,
black, navy, wine or
sugar brown.
Also in gray worsted flannel.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., New York 22, N. Y.
AND 15 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

ANOTHER MOVADO ACHIEVEMENT

Self-winding
'221'
MOVADO

Stainless steel, water resistant or 14K gold filled . . .
71^{50} Fed. Tax Incl.
14K gold— from $100.
In steel, with calendar feature $110.
Fed. Tax Incl.

tempomatic . . . 17 jewels

Greater self-winding efficiency in the new Movado Tempomatic "221." The propulsion unit, made of a new alloy nearly as heavy as Uranium, rocks into action with more power . . . winds on the slightest impulse.

MOVADO

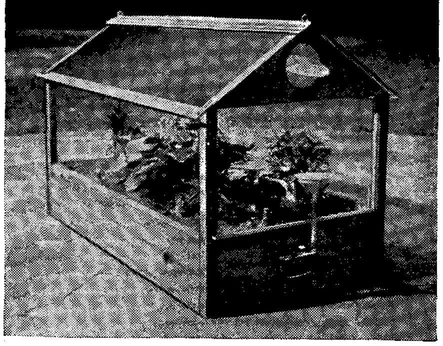
WINNERS OF 168 OBSERVATORY AWARDS

SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1950 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

IMAGINE! . . . A REAL GREENHOUSE FOR ONLY $25

The new TERRACE GREENHOUSE



plus $2 Exp. charges $4 west of Mississippi
All the features of a full size greenhouse including:
Thermostatic heating control
Automatic Ventilation
Underground irrigation
Electric illumination
Size: 32 in. long, 16 in. wide, 21 in. high

Now you can have a genuine Terrace Greenhouse for your very own . . . and grow your favorite flowers all winter . . . sprout seedlings . . . or cut garden fresh herbs whenever you please. The Terrace Greenhouse comes practically assembled . . . just plug in any convenient electric outlet. Ideal for terraces or sun rooms. Fully guaranteed. Natural cedar. A wonderful gift for the executive "who has everything." *A most unusual Christmas gift . . . send us your list today.*

Phone: Plainfield, N. J. 5-2528

OLD COPPER MINE FARMS, INC. WARRENVILLE, N. J. Dept. NY-1

Heartiness you can really taste
UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
Old Overholt
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
1810
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corp. New York, N.Y.

a hundred and five short stories, there is a better than even chance that his program, "The Somerset Maugham Theatre," will keep him busy for a good many Wednesday evenings. The night I watched it, the story being dramatized was "Mackintosh," but neither Mr. Maugham nor "Mackintosh" made an appearance for quite a few minutes after the program began. A stony-faced young woman named Maggi McNellis opened the proceedings by commenting elaborately upon a hair dye that is notable, I gathered, in that it contains a vegetable catalyst and can turn your sister into an albino within fifteen minutes of its application. "It is the most remarkable discovery since lipstick!" cried Miss McNellis. "And now I know that all of you will want to meet the world-famous author Somerset Maugham." The camera was turned a few feet to the left, and there was Somerset Maugham, sitting in a chair. He had, I assume, been there all the time. He looked bewildered and he had very little to say. "Good evening, ladies and genmum," he said. "This is not to be a cheerful story." He mumbled one or two other things, and was faded out. The drama got under way. It was one of those Samoan Island affairs, dealing with a sloppy and fat white governor who appears to loathe the natives but way down deep regards them as his children. The more cruelty he exercises, the more loving-kindness he is attempting to express. The natives, unaware of the complexities of the gubernatorial mind, misinterpret his philanthropies and fatally plug him. An intense and serious colleague of the governor (Mackintosh), overwhelmed by it all, fatally plugs himself. End of "Mackintosh," return to Miss McNellis. By this time, she was beside herself over the attractions of the hair tint, and showed us what I took to be a movie of Miss June Havoc, who had apparently just used some of the tint and had been rapidly transformed from a blonde into a brunette. Miss McNellis offered to let us have another glimpse of Mr. Maugham, and once again we caught sight of him, still on his chair. He apologized for the grim aspects of the drama and promised to present a more cheerful tale sometime in the future. All hands then went off the air.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*Sheilah Graham in the Mirror*]

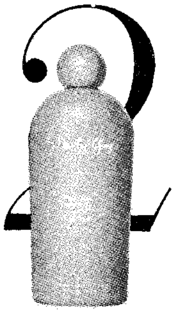
Bette Davis's new mate, Gary Merrill, expects his marriage to last five years.

Small wonder more women use Dorothy Gray creams than any other salon creams in America! For at Dorothy Gray, not the whim of a single cosmetician, but the combined know-how of many beauty scientists creates cosmetics you can trust.

For skin as lovely as yours can be... follow this famous

Cleanse.

Dry skin? For you, wonderfully effective *Dry-Skin Cleanser*. For normal skin there's luxurious *Salon Cold Cream*. If your skin is oily, it needs the beauty-cleansing ritual of *Cleansing Cream* (Liquefying). Priced from $1 to $4.



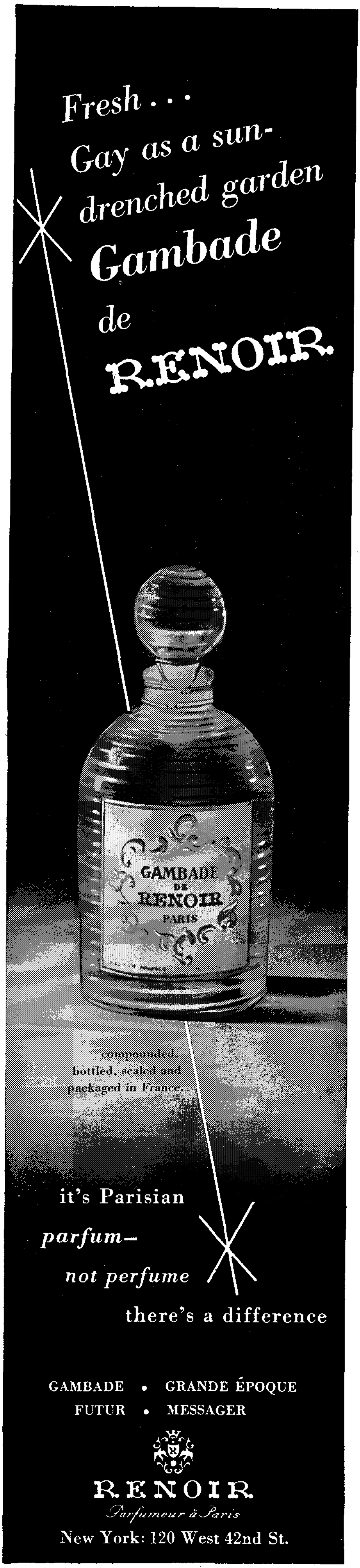
Stimulate.

Both dry and normal skins take on a glowing, younger appearance from patting with *Orange Flower Skin Lotion*. Oily skin gets the same stimulating "lift" from *Texture Lotion*. Priced from $1 to $3.75.

Lubricate.

If skin is either dry or normal, coax it to a more perfect softness and smoothness with *Special Dry-Skin Mixture*. $2.25 to $8. If oily—yes, oily skins do need lubrication—smooth in that *very* special *Suppling Cream*, $1 to $2.75.

All prices plus tax


Fresh . . .
Gay as a sun-drenched garden
Gambade
de
RENOIR

compounded, bottled, sealed and packaged in France.

it's Parisian
parfum—
not perfume
there's a difference

GAMBADE • GRANDE ÉPOQUE
FUTUR • MESSAGER

RENOIR
Parfumeur à Paris
New York: 120 West 42nd St.

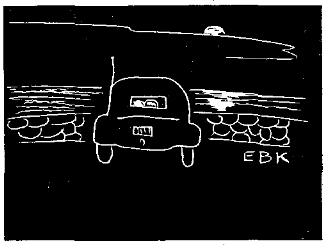
MEMORY COURSE

MY memory has been a source of annoyance and embarrassment to me as far back as I can remember, which, in this rare instance, is a long time. For reasons that I will not pay a psychiatrist twenty-five dollars an hour to uncover, I can name the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Coolidge (I had to learn the list when I was in the eighth grade), and since my second year in high school I have been able to recite the first ten lines of "The Canterbury Tales," but four times out of five when I look up a telephone number, I can't hold on to it long enough to dial it. The name of a man I met casually in an Army training camp can be recalled without difficulty, but when I start to introduce people I've known for years, my mind is likely to be as blank as the average adult's is on a radio quiz show.

To compensate for this deficiency, I have frequently resorted to elaborate word or idea associations, ones that my wife, among others, finds somewhat unnerving. For example, I sat down in the living room at home the other evening to type a letter to a long-time business associate and after tapping out "Dear" realized that his name had disappeared into my mental limbo. Fortunately, I was prepared for this emergency. "What was the name of that Irish play about the priest and the girl who had visions?" I asked my wife.

She looked up warily from the paper she had been reading. "Play?" she said.

"You know what I mean," I said impatiently. "The one where the girl's his housekeeper and she sees visions of Saint Brigid and gets hit in the head with a brick in the last act. We saw it sometime in the thirties."



"I probably should apologize to Paul Vincent Carroll for even admitting your description suggests his play," she said, "but are you referring to 'Shadow and Substance'?"

"That's it," I said eagerly. "And the lead was played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. The name I was looking for is Hardwick Moseley." My wife got up and left the room.

I am not unaware of the overcomplexity of such a mnemonic, but it happens to be the only one I have that will work in this case. Sometimes, however, I can evolve an association device that to me is a model of simplicity. I use one, of which I am especially proud, to make certain that a guest at a party at our home receives the same glass after a refilling. I had to devise some aid because I am unable to keep track of the varicolored "sweaters" that supposedly should make identification easy.

The system requires, first, that I arbitrarily catalogue the various attitudes, from most radical to most conservative, expressed in conversation by our guests. Say the discussion is about education. I listen carefully. Then, when I gather the glasses on a tray, I arrange them in a straight line, pour in the liquor, make the necessary additions of ice and water or soda (I have no trouble keeping the different combinations straight), and return the glasses with confidence, knowing that the one on the far right belongs to the man who advocates frequently applied corporal punishment, that the leftmost one belongs to the woman who approves all progressive-school experiments, and that the ones in between stand in an order that reflects their users' relative proximity to these extremes of viewpoint.

THIS system, I have found, can be used with impunity only as long as it is not explained to the guests. Recently we had a group of seven at our house, all of whom had been earnestly discussing painting as I started to gather the glasses for a fresh round. I first picked up Rita O'Casey's, because hers was the one I felt deserved the far-left position on the tray. Then I put Pat Furber's at the far right. "Hey, what are you doing?" Pat asked, and everyone looked at me. As I set the other glasses on the tray, I innocently explained my system. For a moment after I'd finished there was gentle laughter. Then Furber, a tall, thick man with a powerful voice, suddenly frowned. "I don't think you were listening to a word I said," he declared with some irritation. "I wind up way to hell down at the right end of the line simply because I don't throw my arms around every two-bit hack who does abstractions only because he can't paint well enough to do anything else."

"If anything," Ruth Furber said, "Bob should be further right than

Frank Schoonmaker's

WINE PAGE

Items of Interest for the Delectation, Instruction and Divertissement of Bibbers, Sutlers, Oenophilists, Wine Tasters, Poetasters, Gastronomes, Epicures, *Feinschmecker, Fines Gueules* and *Catadores de Vino*.

fabres

WINE AWARDS SHOWERED ON ALMADEN-MADRONE

Schoonmaker Selections Gather a Thumping Total of 58 Prizes at California Fairs

Once a year, just about vintage time, you're almost certain to find every vintner in California deep in his cellar, poring over his wine bottles. Into the small hours he once more sips, compares and frets over the year's finest vintages; and finally, crossing his fingers, ships his wines and his hopes off to the Fair. To two Fairs, to be exact.

One is the State Fair at Sacramento, which held its first International Wine contest this year. The other is the gargantuan Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona, advertised, with admirable understatement, as "the Biggest County Fair in the World."

North Coast Counties Victorious

This Fall as nearly everyone expected, the superior table wines, red and white, from California's many fine North Coast county wineries, walked away with top honors in their class. And after the huzzahs had died down, Frank Schoonmaker Selections found themselves with 58 awards and honorable mentions—far more than any other single exhibitor received and almost as many as any two others put together. 23 of these were highest awards.

Of course we are delighted; but we feel these awards point up something we've been saying right along: if you want the best in any American wine, in any type or price class, ask for *A Frank Schoonmaker Selection.*

Almaden Wins Hatful

Getting down to particulars, the FSS wines of Almaden Vineyards claimed top prizes in one Fair or the other to a really gratifying extent. Among the five Almaden Gold Medal winners were our aristocratic Pinot Blanc, and delicate Dry Semillon. Almaden's Brut Champagne (which we feel would delight even the fussiest *Champenois)* won a Silver Medal, as did their Cabernet, Johannisberg Riesling and the brisk and charming Traminer.

Chalk Up 24 for Madrone

Gratifying, too, were the high honors given to the Madrone Wines selected by Frank Schoonmaker . . . especially the Gold Medal for Madrone Champagne. Numerous comparisons have convinced us that here is a wine to be proud of; far and away the best yet made in America by the French Charmat method. The number of other awards is pleasantly bewildering, but we should mention Madrone Ruby Port and the two Vermouths, Sweet and Dry, which the judges honored and which we recommend to you with enthusiasm.

Most Prize Winners Readily Available

Chances are, your favorite store has these prize-winning wines. If not, just write us and we'll do our best to set matters straight. Remember: ask for *A Frank Schoonmaker Selection.*

Solera:

Secret of Fine Sherry

There is only one way in which fine Sherry should or ever will be made. And that, to the eternal frustration of partisans of clank, bustle and efficiency, is in exactly the slow, fussy way Fino and Amontillado Sherries have been made in Spain since time out of mind. Solera Cellars, a small North Coast winery, was among the first in California to adopt the Spanish method, using fine Palomino grapes, imported *flor* yeast, and a true *solera*—not large tanks or vats, but a series of superimposed 132-gallon Sherry butts.

The result: extraordinary! For here are California Sherries unlike any you've ever sniffed or sipped before—Sherries to be compared only to their high-born Spanish cousins. Their names: the award winning Solera Cocktail Sherry, Solera Golden Sherry, and Solera Cream Sherry . . . these last two Gold Medal winners at the Los Angeles Fair.

FREE *"News from the Wine Country"*

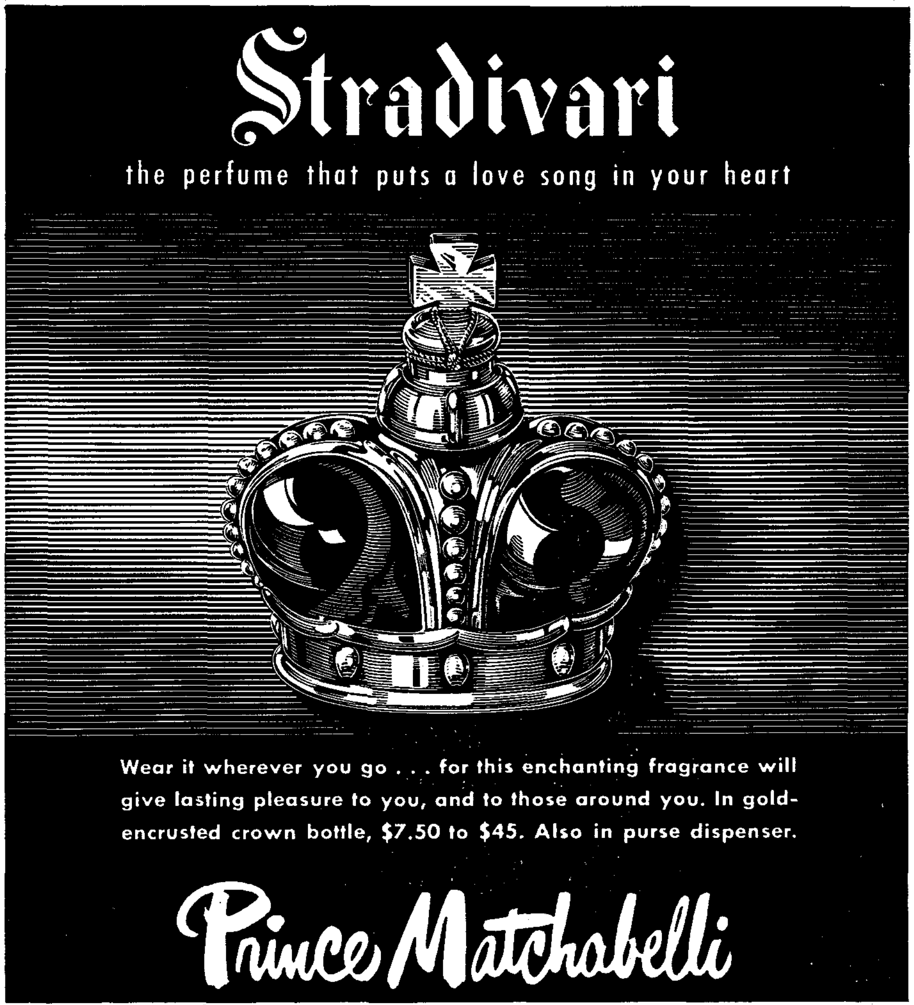
Write us if you would like to receive Frank Schoonmaker's "News from the Wine Country" . . . an informal quarterly newspaper full of gossip about WINE and FOOD, vintage charts, the ins-and-outs of dining at home and abroad.

Frank Schoonmaker's NEWS FROM THE WINE COUNTRY. Just mail this coupon to Almaden - Madrone Vineyards, P.O. Box 38B, Madrone, Santa Clara County, Calif.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City and State____________________



Stradivari

the perfume that puts a love song in your heart

Wear it wherever you go . . . for this enchanting fragrance will give lasting pleasure to you, and to those around you. In gold-encrusted crown bottle, $7.50 to $45. Also in purse dispenser.

Prince Matchabelli

PICK PIPER FOR PLEASURE!

Perfection in Champagne since 1785

BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1943
CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
REIMS

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. • NEW YORK

Pat. Anybody who likes Dali admires the most reactionary art there is."

"Now, wait a minute," Bob Cannon said heatedly. "I'm too far right on the tray as it is. Just because I said Dali's a damned good draftsman doesn't make me a Norman Rockwell fan. I certainly should be closer to the left than Kate."

"Look," I said, "this doesn't mean . . ." No one was paying any attention.

"Stick *me* down at the right end of the line," Bill Horgan said to me sarcastically. "I'm close enough, anyway. It's an artist's job to convey *something* to the viewer. If that strikes you as reactionary—well, that's just your opinion."

"I should really have two glasses," Kate Degler said, "so I could be on both ends of the tray. There is only good art and bad art. Technique is unimportant. I like both Rembrandt and Picasso."

"Oh, nonsense, Kate," Ruth Furber said. "If Jim, here, knew anything about painting, he'd have put you about one away from the right end. You make a great to-do about liking the moderns but I notice the most revolutionary thing in your own home is a van Gogh print."

Marion Ludwig ground out her cigarette with more energy than seemed necessary. "At least, you people are credited with opinions," she said in an oil-and-vinegar voice. "Jim seems to think that just because I'm not dogmatic, I don't have any standards. Look at my glass, exactly in the center."

"This is just a device—" I began.

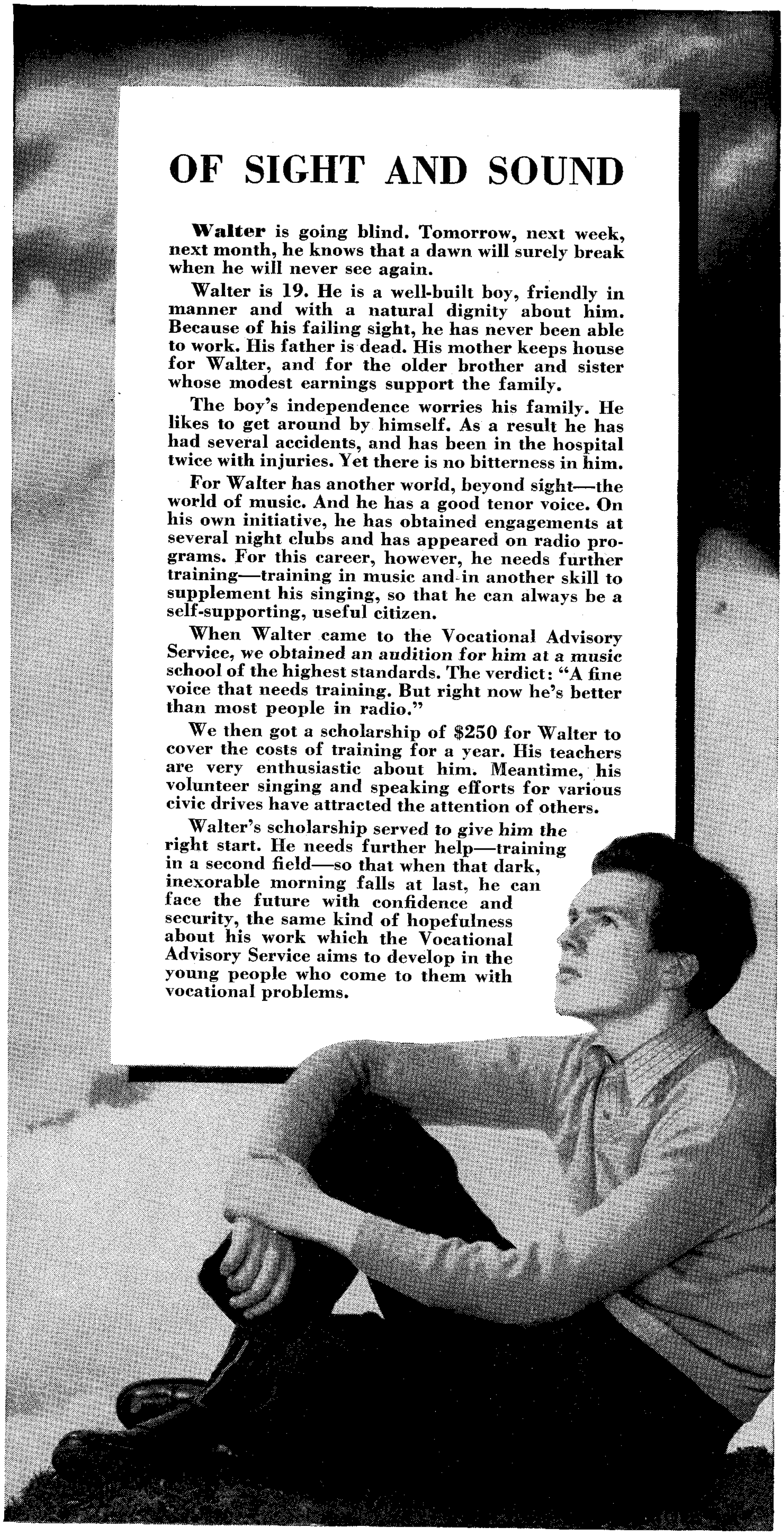
"You're cataloguing, that's what you're doing," Pat Furber said. "That's what everybody does these days as a substitute for thinking. Everyone must have a small, neat tag on him, like a rosebush in a nursery, and he's supposed to produce the intellectual blossom assigned to him."

"Oh, for God's sake," I said.

"Does anyone want a drink?" my wife asked in a flat, clear voice.

For the next hour or so, I was careful to refill no more than a couple of glasses at a time. (When I did pick up two, apparently no one noticed which tumbler I carried in my left hand.) Conversation gradually became less acid in tone, and several people even began addressing me in a friendly manner. Lulled into thinking my guests had again accepted me, I forgot my previous experience, and sometime after midnight started once more to round up all the glasses on a tray.

Almost immediately, I was aware of



OF SIGHT AND SOUND

Walter is going blind. Tomorrow, next week, next month, he knows that a dawn will surely break when he will never see again.

Walter is 19. He is a well-built boy, friendly in manner and with a natural dignity about him. Because of his failing sight, he has never been able to work. His father is dead. His mother keeps house for Walter, and for the older brother and sister whose modest earnings support the family.

The boy's independence worries his family. He likes to get around by himself. As a result he has had several accidents, and has been in the hospital twice with injuries. Yet there is no bitterness in him.

For Walter has another world, beyond sight—the world of music. And he has a good tenor voice. On his own initiative, he has obtained engagements at several night clubs and has appeared on radio programs. For this career, however, he needs further training—training in music and in another skill to supplement his singing, so that he can always be a self-supporting, useful citizen.

When Walter came to the Vocational Advisory Service, we obtained an audition for him at a music school of the highest standards. The verdict: "A fine voice that needs training. But right now he's better than most people in radio."

We then got a scholarship of $250 for Walter to cover the costs of training for a year. His teachers are very enthusiastic about him. Meantime, his volunteer singing and speaking efforts for various civic drives have attracted the attention of others.

Walter's scholarship served to give him the right start. He needs further help—training in a second field—so that when that dark, inexorable morning falls at last, he can face the future with confidence and security, the same kind of hopefulness about his work which the Vocational Advisory Service aims to develop in the young people who come to them with vocational problems.

THE RIGHT START

- The story of Walter is typical of the work of the Vocational Advisory Service. In its 30-year history, the Service has provided vocational guidance for more than 80,000 boys and girls of New York City.
- The able-bodied, the handicapped, the normal and the maladjusted alike are assisted in making that vital first step toward their life work. What more practical way could we find to help our young people than to give them the right start? And what could we do that would more directly influence the future strength and stability of the community?
- The Vocational Advisory Service is a demonstration center. The methods and procedures of its trained counselors are studied and adapted by cities and towns in various parts of the country. For this nationwide problem must be solved community by community. The leadership of the Vocational Advisory Service must therefore not be allowed to falter.
- But its waiting lists are growing. And the costs of administration and service have increased. I recommend to your attention the work of the Vocational Advisory Service as the soundest investment you can make in young people—our one best hope for the world of tomorrow.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

If you want to help, send a check to VOCATIONAL ADVISORY SERVICE

95 Madison Avenue, New York City

Mrs. Beardsley Ruml, *President* Leonard D. Adkins, *Treasurer* Helen R. Smith, *Director*

1920—THIRTY YEARS OF SERVICE TO NEW YORK'S YOUNG PEOPLE—1950

A&F

Viyella
. . . for him!

Sportsmen discovered Viyella shirts many years ago. Comfort is woven into the good-looking fabric of Australian lamb's-wool (for warmth) and long staple Egyptian cotton (for long wear, non-shrinking and other washable qualities).

We have supplied Viyella shirts since their beginnings. Right now "the greatest sporting goods store in the world" has a larger, more varied stock than any other store anywhere. Write for sample swatches.

Send for our Fall Clothing and Equipment Booklet

Solid Colors. Tan, maroon, silvery gray, bottle green, navy, maize or white. $10.50

Checks. (Gun Club, Glen and Shepherd.) Tan, blue, gray, green or brown . $14.50

Tartans. Royal Stewart, Campbell Dress, Crawford or MacBeth $14.50
Give second choice when ordering

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NO. WABASH

my mistake. The conversation, which was then about the State Department, came to a dead stop, and everyone stared at me as I separated Ruth Furber's and Kate Degler's glasses and placed Bill Horgan's between them. Unfortunately, there seemed to be no way of gracefully abandoning my system after I'd gone that far, so amid heavy silence I continued to line the glasses up on the tray.

As soon as the last one was in place, Bob Cannon gave a humorless laugh. "A witch-hunter, by God!" he said in the triumphant tone of a man who has caught a petty thief with one hand in the stamp box. "I knew damned well I was down in your book as a Red the minute I took a crack at McCarthy."

"Don't be absurd," I said. "It's a purely relative matter and—"

"Talk about guilt by association," Pat Furber cut in. "I agree with Cannon on one single point, that we need some kind of a check on those loyalty probes, and I wind up with him way to hell down at the *Daily Worker* end of the tray."

"*I* didn't put your glass there," Cannon said sharply. "If our host knew anything about political gradations, you'd be right of center."

"Now, please, wait a minute," I begged.

"I notice that my admission that I voted for Dewey in 1948 puts me at the extreme right," Ruth Furber remarked icily. "The fact that I have consistently supported T.V.A., Social Security, F.E.P.C., and federal aid to public schools does nothing to mitigate my *reactionary* standing."

"This is only based on tonight's conversation," I explained desperately.

"It must give you a wonderful godlike feeling to grade us like eggs," Ruth Furber said. "What are your standards for deciding who is a radical and who isn't? How do you know whether a given political position is left or right?"

"I know my system's arbitrary," I said, "but if it serves my purpose, what difference does it make?"

"I think your judgment is good as far as I, personally, am concerned," Rita O'Casey said in a warm, soft voice. "My glass is right in the middle, where I can adopt or reject ideas from either the conservatives or the progressives on a purely pragmatic basis."

"Thank you," I said gratefully.

"It's especially pleasing to me because of the idiotic position you had me in last

Some like 'em short
Some like 'em tall
Coates Plymouth Gin
is best in 'em all.

IMPORTED
DISTILLED
COATES & CO
PLYMOUTH GIN
DRY
GIN

the Gin that made the Gibson Cocktail famous

COATES
PLYMOUTH GIN
89 PROOF

DISTILLED IN ENGLAND FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
Sole U. S. Agents
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

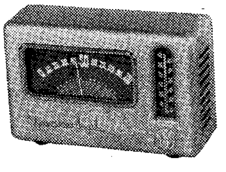
Too Good for Women?
PECAN POKES
(Trade Mark)

$2.25 a box
postpaid

Present day folkways in Cuba have it that a certain food is so good it's reserved *for men only*—the women are not allowed to eat it! Well, this candy is just that good, and we sell to *both* sexes! We take the largest, choicest pecans and toast them to a crisp, caramelized flavor. Careful small-quantity cooking is the secret of the *different* taste. Air-tight sack which keeps the candy fresh is perfect refrigerator bag, and box will hold handkerchiefs or hosiery. Fine for birthday, thank you, or Christmas gifts. Money back if you're not pleased. *A full pound, 150 pieces,* an *unusual* value at *$2.25 postpaid.*

JANET FORISTER
Dept. 16-C, Bloomington, Ill.
Send .... boxes, Pecan Pokes @ $2.25 a box.
Add 15c for Holiday wrapping, if desired.
Clip this.

A DISTINGUISHED GIFT

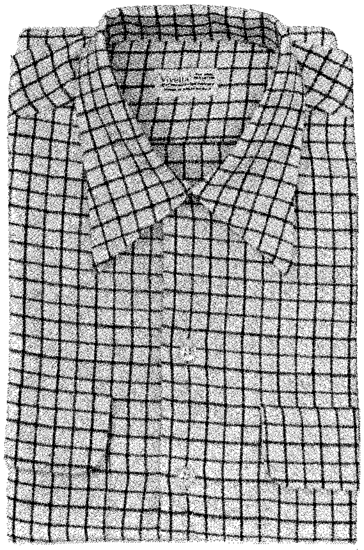


BENDIX-FRIEZ
Hygrodial

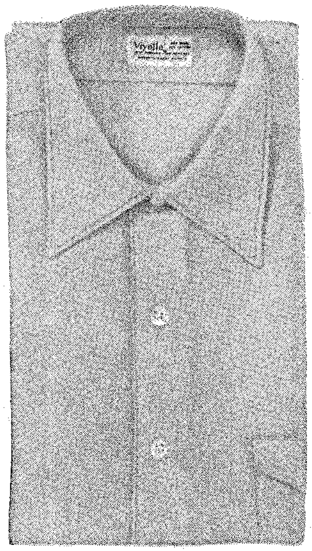
Precision Humidity and Temperature Indicator. Hair-operated and calibrated to professional standards of accuracy by the maker of the world's finest weather instruments. Handsome, modern case—4" high, 5½" wide, 1⅝" deep—desk or wall mounting. A genuine precision indicator for only.......... $18

Order direct from
FRIEZ INSTRUMENT DIVISION of
Dept. N 2
Towson 4, Maryland
Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

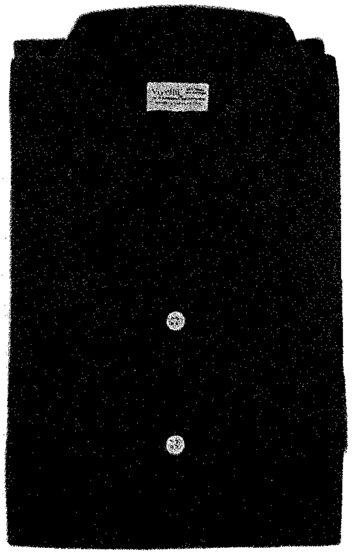
For Christmas - a Viyella shirt, from $10.50



1. Viyella is imported from England, where it has been spun by generations of craftsmen.

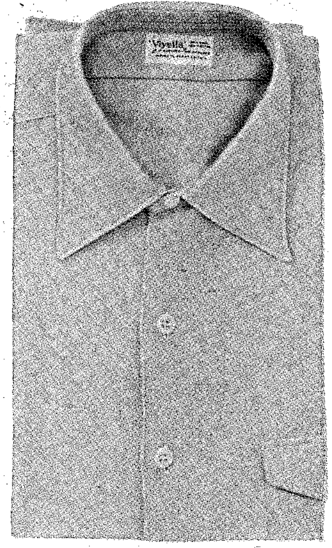


2. Viyella is woven from a mixture-yarn of Australian lamb's wool and Egyptian cotton.

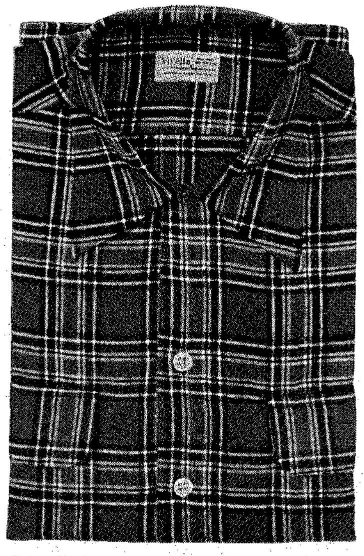


3. If you treat Viyella with affection, it will wear for years. It is completely washable.

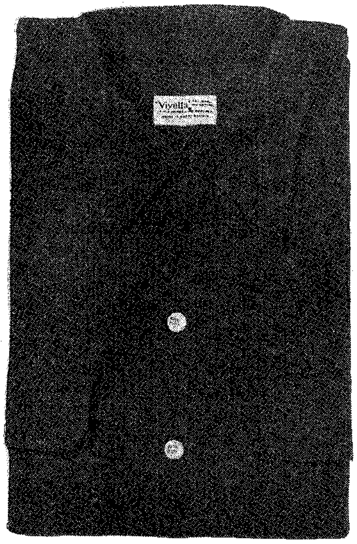
4. One of our customers has had his Viyella shirt washed or cleaned sixty times.



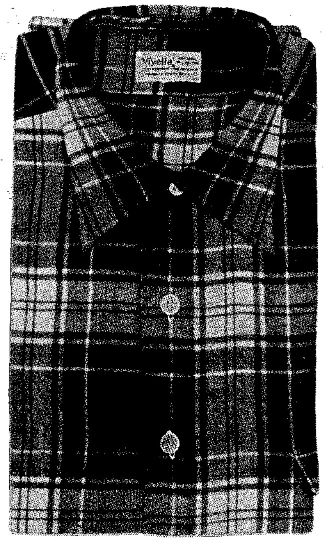
5. Another is still wearing a Viyella shirt which his father bought fifty years ago.



6. Viyella has the bloom of an English peach. It is unbelievably soft, warm and light.



7. A Viyella shirt is just right for hunting, golf, skiing—or peaceful times at home.



8. This is the Viyella shirt which was such a sensational success last winter. Guess why?

A limited supply of Viyella shirts is now available again at better stores everywhere. From $10.50 in plain colors, from $14.50 in woven designs, and $8.95 for boys. You can also buy Viyella pyjamas, socks, robes (for men and women), and Viyella by the yard. For the name of your nearest retailer, write William Hollins & Co., Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

Viyella®

BEYOND QUESTION, *The Finest*...COGNAC BY RÉMY MARTIN

Sipped with delight by seven generations

This Cognac Grande Champagne has been served at the Royal Banquet offered to their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elisabeth at the Chateau de Versailles on July 21st, 1938. It is the finest Cognac procurable.

RÉMY MARTIN *Louis XIII* COGNAC

Cognac
E. Rémy Martin Cognac
FINE CHAMPAGNE V.S.E.P. E. REMY MARTIN & Co
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
4/5 Quart
80 Proof
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
E. Rémy Martin & C°
COGNAC
Established in 1724
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY E. REMY MARTIN & C° COGNAC-FRANCE
IMPORTED BY RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. NEWARK, N.J.
DISTRIBUTED BY RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. NEW YORK, N.Y.
REMY MARTIN
Blue Chips by Renfield

80 PROOF, RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

time," she continued. "But then no one has ever accused you of being able to distinguish between a Titian and a candy-box cover."

"Does anyone mind if I switch to straight bourbon?" my wife said brightly.

CONVERSATION didn't precisely flow from then on. Every time someone made a forthright statement, he or she would glance at me and then hastily add a qualifying remark or two. "Effective law enforcement against gambling is obviously an impossibility," Pat Furber said at one point. "On the other hand, a state-operated crap game is just as obviously not the answer." He smirked at me. "What do you make of that?" he asked.

"The liquor and ice are on the bar," I said with dignity. "Make your own damned drink."

After the guests had left—the parting was definitely on the cool side—my wife and I sat in the living room, which was clouded with bluish smoke, and stared at the ringed coffee tables, overflowing ashtrays, empty glasses, and plates holding remnants of sandwiches.

My wife looked at me and then finished her drink. "Failure touches all men," she said gently as she put her glass on a stand next to her chair.

"There's nothing wrong with the system," I said defiantly. "Telling them about it was the mistake."

"Couldn't you arrange glasses in the order in which people are sitting?"

"Your friends are nervous and neurotic," I said. "They move around too much."

"Fix me one more before we go to bed," she said. I picked up my glass and she handed me hers. "Why don't you assume everyone is orally healthy?" she asked as I walked to the bar. "*Pretend* you know who had which glass when you hand them back."

"You're a moral and hygienic nihilist," I said as I placed her tumbler to the left of mine on the bar.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL

•

SEAL ROCK

Robed in the raw wind,
Stained by the sea spray,
Salt upon her tangled locks,
Weeds around her knees,
Stands the old rock,
Wearing the waves away,
Waiting the tide's ease.

—MARGARET COBB

more than a sale . . . at this price it's a **steal**

2 bags for the price of 1

and we have only 250 sets!

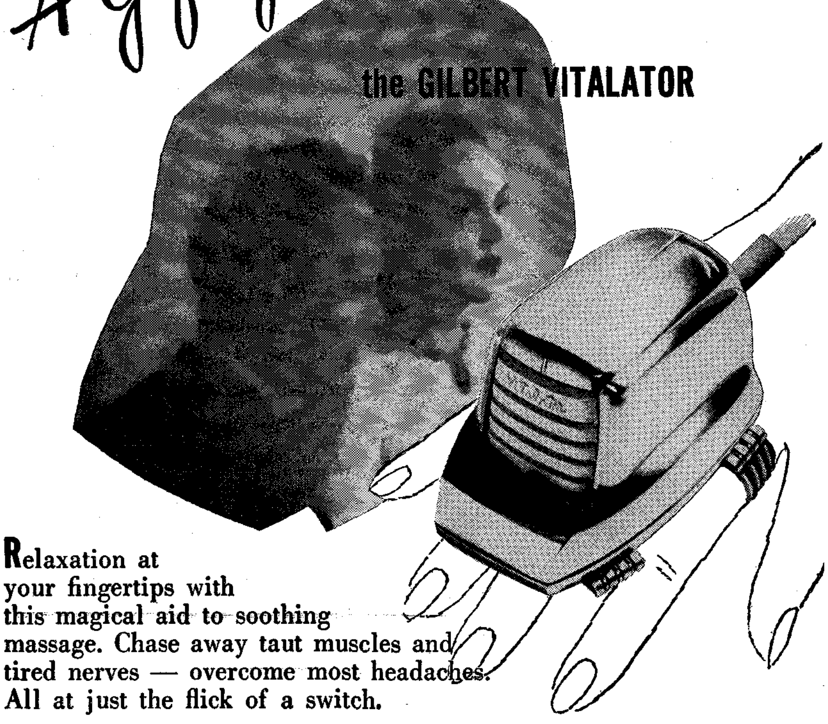
genuine russet pigskin **3 suiter**
and matching **companion bag**

for both tax included **$66** save $42.60

pigskin 3 suiter . . . bought separately $66
matching companion bag . . . bought separately $42.60
Mail orders filled. (add 85c to cover postage for both bags). Initialing free.

Crouch & Fitzgerald
fine luggage since 1839
400 MADISON AVE., COR. 48TH ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Telephone: PLaza 5-5888

A gift you will share



Relaxation at your fingertips with this magical aid to soothing massage. Chase away taut muscles and tired nerves — overcome most headaches. All at just the flick of a switch.

At drug, department and appliance stores, in two models. $13.95 and $14.50

the A. C. GILBERT CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

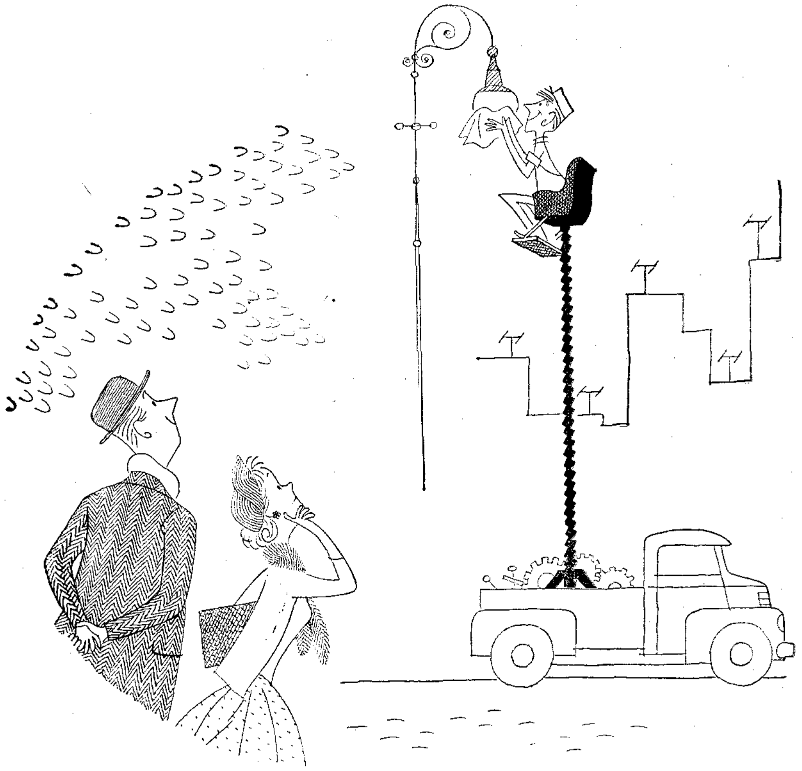
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PURSUIT OF THE WILD PIGEON

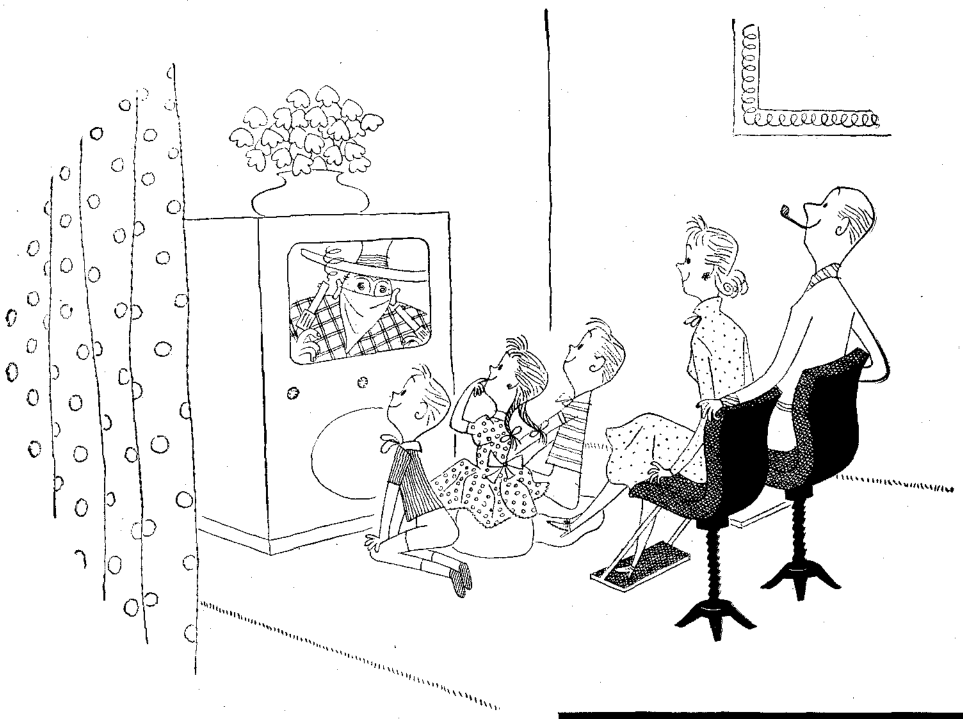
Basques in the Pyrenees have been catching birds in nets, like schools of fish, since before the invention of gunpowder, and neither the civilizing influence of high explosives nor the disposition of modern states to draw frontiers across established hunting grounds has altered in any important particular their unique pursuit of the wild pigeon. The *chasse à la palombe*, as it is called in French, is a vigorous sport, a clan custom, and an intricate game of skill, in keeping with the Basque talent for the robustious, the traditional, and the difficult. The hunting grounds, called *palombières*, in most instances traverse the border between France and Spain, enabling both sportsmen and spectators to figuratively thumb their noses at the occupying authorities—for the Basques, three of whose seven provinces lie in France and four in Spain, do indeed consider themselves an occupied people. Those in Spain have for many years nurtured an autonomy movement while stubbornly and inconsistently loving their land as a part of Spain. The attitude of those in France was expressed to me by the Basque mayor of Ciboure, the town in which I live, after he had done me a favor over the protest of his French superior in the prefecture. "During the war," said M. Poulou, "we helped those Frenchmen out, but now they're not going to tell me what I can't do." This attitude is assisted by a disparity of language. The Basques, who came from God knows where and are kin to no other people in Europe, have a tongue that is kin to no other in the world, although some words *sound* like Japanese. It is so complicated that it must be learned in early childhood, and it varies so from valley to valley that Basques sometimes can't understand each other. But its difficulties have never deterred the Basques from going right ahead and speaking their mind whenever they wanted to. The Basques do pretty much everything else they please, too. They like to sing rousing songs, dance the fandango, play pelota, and get drunk on Saturday night. Basque families are small, even though the people are Catholic, and as lusty as any on earth, but, prolific or not, the Basques have infiltrated a great part of the earth. The name of Irigoyen is a respected one in Argentina, and there are Echegarays in China. Last year, in the Spanish Basque province of Guipúzcoa, I met an American citizen, Ben Elizagoyen, who had herded sheep for forty-three years near Fresno, California; he spoke as little English as I speak Basque. This is not true of the father-in-law of my friend Mayor Poulou, a naturalized American who is a commander in the United States Navy.

"Demand a test by lie detector. I happen to know they haven't got one."

When Franco overran the Spanish Basque provinces during the Civil War, the Basque mayors of the French frontier towns gave out working permits by the thousands to their refugee countrymen, many of whom are still living in France and most of whom are homesick. It was in the company of one of these refugees that I spent a fine October day at Echalar, the largest of eight *palombières* in the western Pyrenees where the migratory wood pigeon is captured. My guide was a priest called Don Bernardo, who lives in the French-Basque town of Sare. Sare is in the foothills of the Pyrenees, eight miles inland from the Atlantic-coast resort of St. Jean-de-Luz, and, like almost every other inhabited place in the region, is described in the tourist guidebooks as "picturesque." The tolerance of its population is extensive enough to take in both the adjective and the tourists, but not enough to embrace the arbitrary laws of a government in distant Paris; Sare is noted chiefly for smuggling. It has a population of a few more than three hundred, of which most of the males, in their black best suits and flattened black berets, were standing in the small square outside the town church when, summoned by a softly ringing bell, I drove up at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning to keep my appointment with Don Bernardo. The appointment had been arranged by a mutual friend, a Spaniard, who had told me nothing about the person I was to meet except that he was Spanish. In a minute or two, Don Bernardo came out, a jovial, bouncing, dark-haired man of fifty-eight (as he admitted later), with a strong-nosed, strong-chinned face like those that are carved on the wooden plates sold as souvenirs of the Basque country. He carried a beret in his hand and was wearing a G.I. shirt beneath his black cassock, which he kicked up as he strode, not quite in annoyance but as if to assert a determined, but long since unconscious, domination of so feminine a garment. As he got into the car, he asked me if

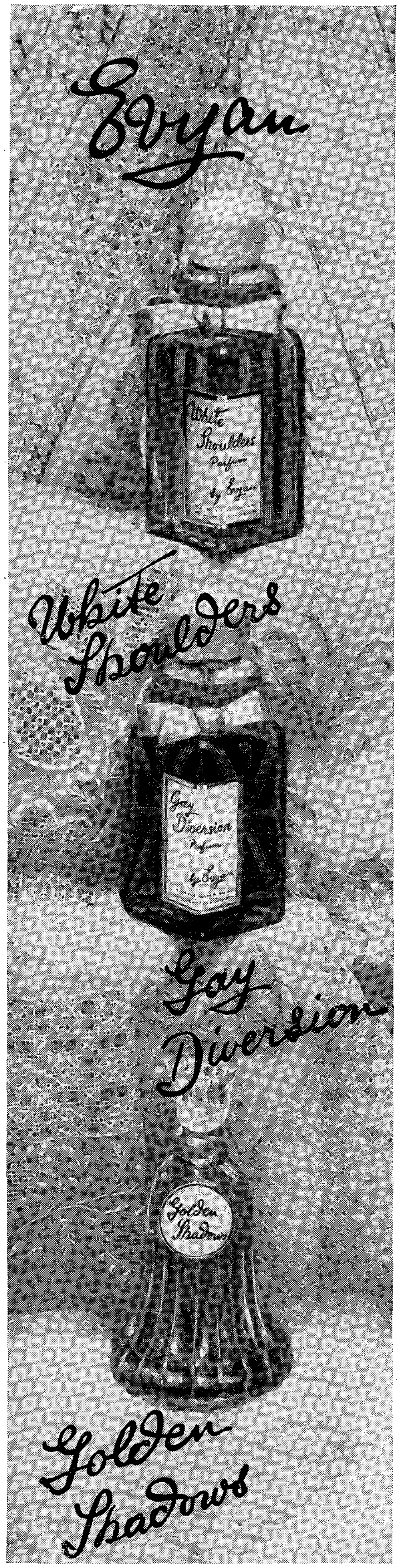


Some people can't think of anything but home!



. . . and it's easy to single out 2,800,000 of them! They're the ardent, cover-to-cover readers of American Home. Not a single "how to do it" idea escapes them. Every fruitful, exciting "what to do it with" suggestion wins their attention. They're avid to act—and they find their inspiration both in the ads and in the features. That's why if you sell a home product—a food or furnishing, drug, building material or kitchen appliance—you can't match American Home for *results!*

The AMERICAN HOME Magazine



The most precious of all perfumes "White Shoulders" "Gay Diversion" and "Golden Shadows" - and an exquisite American Lace Handkerchief of the early 18th Century from the Lace Collection (16th to 19th Century) owned by Evyan

I would stop at the house where he lodged while he had a bite of breakfast, explaining, in heavily accented French, that he had been up since before three o'clock, when he had held a Mass for the hunters. "After that, I had to say Mass for the smugglers," he added. "They begin coming in as the hunters go out. The frontier here is like a thumb poking into Spain, so practically everybody is either a smuggler or a customs officer. In some families, the father is a *douanier* and the sons are *contrebandiers;* in some it's the other way around. Stop here." Even as the brakes were taking hold, he was getting out of the car.

A pretty, gray-haired woman who had been standing in the doorway of a house by the road stepped aside to let Don Bernardo pass, giving him the indulgent smile usually reserved for a well-loved but mischievous son. She came over to the car and introduced herself as Mme. Jeanne Dutournier, whose own son is mayor of Sare. "You'll have a good time with Don Bernardo," she assured me. "He loves the chase. He loves everything. He plays a marvellous game of pelota—at his age! You should see him on the *fronton* with his skirts tucked up. And you should hear him sing. Naturally, as a Spaniard, he can't have a parish, but he helps all the curés with special Masses. He knows everybody in the provinces on this side of the border"—Mme. Dutournier hesitated for the briefest moment—"and on the other side, too, no doubt, where he is not allowed to go. He came here to spend a week in 1936 and has lived in my house ever since."

Don Bernardo reappeared, stuffing bread into his mouth, and bounded into the car. Mme. Dutournier waved goodbye. " 'Sare' is the Basque word for 'net,' " said Don Bernardo as he directed me out of the town. "There is a small *palombière* near here, but we can see better at Echalar. In an average season, Sare will take three or four thousand birds; Echalar will take from thirteen to fifteen thousand. It is higher there, the valley is deeper, and the nets are in a narrow pass on the frontier. In fact, the nets are in Spain, and the *palombière* is jointly operated by people from Echalar, which is Spanish, and by people from Sare. During the war, this sort of coöperation was useful in other ways. Some of your escaped fliers found our good smugglers helpful; one of them sent me this shirt afterward. The Germans never interfered with the hunting, except to take some of the birds." He paused, and the pause served to emphasize the pronoun when he said, "You will have lunch in Spain."

"With you?"

"If possible."

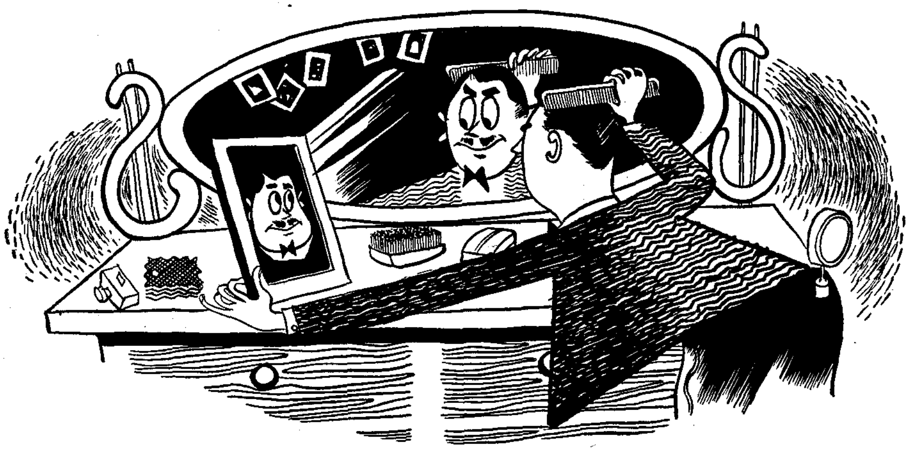
We approached the French customhouse (the actual border was still some miles off), and a guard walked out into the road to wave me down. Don Bernardo stood up in the open car as though he were a general, but in a priestly uniform whipped by the wind, and the guard turned his back. I drove on, upgrade, toward the mountains. The road was narrow but smooth; the only other vehicles on it were wagons piled with fern for cattle bedding. The sides of the mountains were brown where the fern had been cut away, and the heavy oaks beside the road had begun to turn. The sun was as hot as a summer sun, the air as clear as on the crispest winter day. The road began to twist up a mountainside, and a valley began to take shape below on the left. We passed a cabin, and Don Bernardo yelled, "*Oye, Ernesto!*" A curve in the road muffled the answer. "Gypsy smuggler," Don Bernardo remarked. "He was probably out working all night."

I asked what contraband was smuggled, and whether there was much profit in it. "Anything that's scarce in either country," Don Bernardo said. "Streptomycin into France, saccharin into Spain. A little Spanish absinthe, and Spanish cloth, which is cheap. A man was caught with a race horse once, but usually the smugglers aren't caught. If the *douanier* is forced to pay attention to his job—by an officer sent from Paris, say—he fires into the air, and the smuggler drops his contraband and walks away. The horse could not be dropped, unfortunately. There is not much profit in smuggling. But there is not much profit in bird-hunting, either."

THE climb grew steeper, and Don Bernardo said, "We are coming to a place where you can see the terrain." Then he gave me a brief lecture on the habits of the wood pigeon, or ringdove, known to ornithology as *Columba palumbus*, to the French as *la palombe*, and to the Basques as *uxua paloma*, or, more often, simply *la paloma*, which is the Spanish name. The birds nest in northern Europe and fly south in the fall to warmer feeding grounds, in southern Spain and North Africa. They come at the same time every year; the season opens on September 27th and closes in the middle of November. They fly fairly low, following the deep valleys that serrate the northern slopes of the Pyrenees

(*Advertisement*)

THE COPY CAT
Or, Whom Do You Imitate



Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was a young man named Willis Threep—a graduate of a rather exclusive college.

Willis subscribed to no "isms." He had no feeling that the world or the Government owed him a living. But being young and exuberant, and having the good old American yen for the finer things of life (such as fish-tail Cadillac convertibles), Willis was averse to starting at the bottom of the ladder. He felt it would be nice to start at least on the second rung.

So Willis put his college-trained brain into high gear and sent it careening along paths of career exploration, and came up with exactly nothing. And then, out of the blue, he was struck by an IDEA!

"Successful men always look successful," thought Willis. "Therefore, a man who looks successful must be a success. *Imitation* will be my passport to prosperity!"

It was pure luck which caused Willis to pick Jefferson Frammis as his model. Frammis was a 3rd Asst. V.P. in a growing business. To put it concisely, he was a coming young man in a going concern. And he looked it.

Shortly, so did Willis Threep. He grew a mustache. He combed his hair like Frammis, he patronized the Frammis tailor. He ate his lunch at the table next to Frammis. Finally, he even began to walk and talk like Frammis.

But his prospects refused to show any improvement.

One day, Willis and Frammis met, face to face, at a cocktail party. They chatted idly. Then Frammis said, "There's something about you I like, Threep." It was a natural reaction, since talking to Willis was similar to addressing a reflection of himself in a mirror. "I need an assistant, and if you'd be interested . . ."

In something less than a quarter of a second, Willis gave his considered answer. "Yes!"

As Assistant to the 3rd Asst. V.P. of the Viscid Corporation, Willis Threep was happy . . . for a while. But one day, his progress fell far behind his ambitions. Frammis was advanced to 2nd Asst. V.P., but Willis maintained the status quo. Another man took over the spot Frammis had vacated.

Willis was miffed. "My imitating must be slipping," he mused. And forthwith he redoubled his imitating efforts until he looked more like Frammis than Frammis. Secretaries woke up in the middle of the night, shrieking, "Frammis! Threep! Thrammis! Freep! Freemis! Thrapp!"

But still Willis made no progress.

Frammis, on the other hand, grew more popular all the time. And finally it penetrated Willis's skull, Frammis knew the answers. When a knotty problem arose at a management meeting, Frammis was always first with a sensible suggestion.

So one fine day Willis put the bite on Frammis. "Jeff," he said, "how come you know just what to say at management meetings? Tell me true, now, aren't they just lucky guesses?"

Frammis was horror-struck. "Guesses!" he gargled. "I should say not! They're *facts*. Incontrovertible facts, in fact."

"But," asked Willis, at a loss, "where do you discover them? How do you assemble them?"

Frammis smiled a benevolent smile. "I don't assemble facts," he said. "I leave that job to the finest researchers in the country. They do it *for* me—every day."

"Wh-wh-why that must cost you a fortune!"

"Not exactly," Frammis said, "more in the neighborhood of 7¢ a day!"

"Impossible!" barked Willis. "Where could you get such talent for only 7¢ a day?"

Frammis let his voice drop to a reverent murmur. "In the pages of The Wall Street Journal," he breathed.

"The Wall Street Journal!" exclaimed Willis. "Why that's a financial sheet. A millionaires' special. Why it . . ."

"THREEP!" Frammis's voice cracked out like a rifle shot. "The Wall Street Journal is not, but definitely not, a financial sheet. It does list Stock Exchange quotations, but that is merely *one* of its services to business men. You can find out more about what's going on in the business world from one issue of The Wall Street Journal than from any ten other publications you can name. And I mean reports on business trends, price trends, taxes, Government policies, legislation, consumer buying, new methods of manufacturing and selling . . . *everything!* It's a daily business guide for every citizen who earns a living. For the man who wants to get ahead The Wall Street Journal is indispensable. Get it? Get it! And you're a made man!"

Strangely enough — no truer words were ever spoken. Willis did get it, and shortly thereafter:

Willis Threep was Asst. Veep.

It would be footless to claim the rocketlike rise of our hero was due solely to The Wall Street Journal. But it does point a moral to our story. Imitation is fine—if you imitate the *better* habits of your model. Habits, if we may make a suggestion, such as subscribing to The Wall Street Journal. Whether you're on the way up—or already have arrived —The Wall Street Journal is bound to help you improve your position.

The Journal costs $20 a year, but you can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for $6—77 issues (in U. S. and Possessions, and Canada). Just send us your name and address and a check for $6. Or tell us to bill you. Write to Dept. Y, The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

Publishers, DOW JONES & COMPANY, Inc.

MARK CROSS

Fifth Avenue at 55th N.Y. 22

Newest portable clothes-closet!

ZIPPER AUTOBAG

men's 6-suiter **13.95***

12-dress size: **17.95***

Packing can't be simpler, quicker than this! Just move your clothes right in from your closet, hangers and all! Zip open the bottom, you've a pocket for shoes. Hangs in your car from its own special hook. Folds, snaps, to half-size for easier carrying. Comfortably large leather loop handle; hooks for the closet, too. In exclusive Mark Cross Plaid Canvas: Beatrice Dress and Black Stuart.

Mail Orders Filled • Postage Prepaid

Send for the Mark Cross Christmas Catalog

*add 20% excise tax

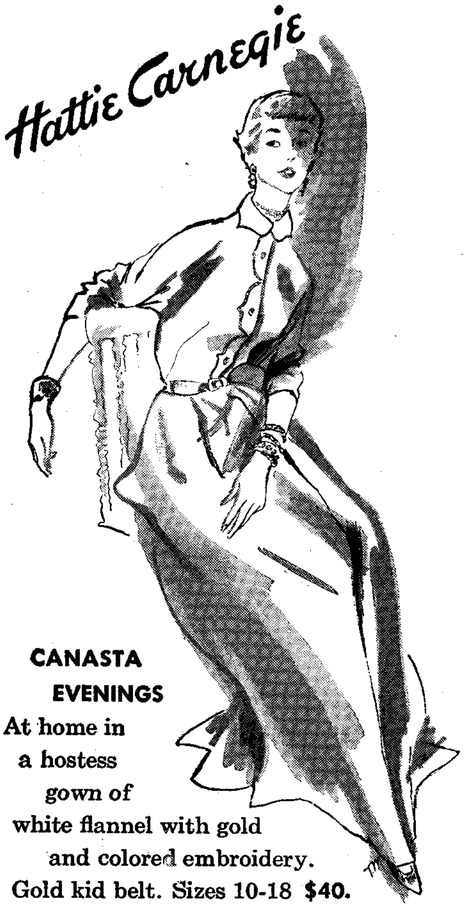
and rising abruptly at the headwalls to get through the passes. It is at this point that they can be netted. On the southern side of the range, the inclines are gentler and the valleys are broader, and when the birds return in the spring, they fly too high to be netted. "Now I will show you something of the valley," said Don Bernardo, "and you can begin to see how it is done."

At a place where the road doubled back on itself, he told me to stop the car. He jumped out and with his long, pelota player's stride made for the edge of the valley. From here we could see almost the whole valley, from a height of about a thousand feet. It was like an immense, narrowing trough, wide and shallow to the north, the direction we had come from, and appearing to close in a lopsided "V" a couple of miles south of where we stood. "The valley bends slightly to the east before it reaches the pass," Don Bernardo said. "Across the saddle of the pass, out of sight from here, is a row of trees, and the nets are in those trees. You won't see the first stage of the chase, but you will hear it, if your ears are good. On each side of the valley is a line of lookouts, posted in the tops of trees. When one of them spies a flight of pigeons, he signals to others up ahead, and they all wave large white cloths. This frightens the birds and brings them into close formation behind their leader. Seeing something wrong on both sides, the leader, naturally, keeps straight ahead, into the valley, where we want him to go. Have you heard the *mélopée*?"

I had heard it, uttered by shepherds. In the Basque country, it is neither a cry nor quite a chant but a rhythmic, modulating note, an eerie sound that carries many miles in the mountains. Don Bernardo told me the lookouts use it as a signal to warn one another of an approaching flight. We both listened for a moment but could hear nothing, and it was then that I became fully aware of the silence, sweet and clear, like an unheard melody, that lay over the mountains and the valley. As we walked back to the car, the stillness caught up our footfalls instantly, creating the illusion that no sound had been made.

A quarter of a mile farther on and three hundred feet higher, the road ended at a wire stretched between two poles. A small mongrel dog, its leash looped around the wire, ran back and forth across the road, yelping unpleasantly. Beyond, in Spain, the outline of what had been a gravel road was visible beneath encroaching grass; beyond that, the austere, slate-gray Spanish moun-

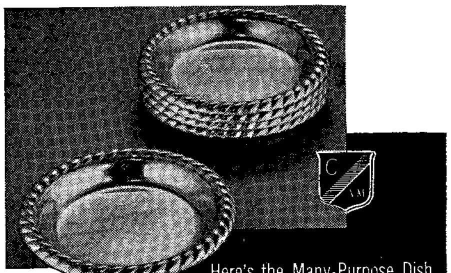
Hattie Carnegie



CANASTA EVENINGS

At home in a hostess gown of white flannel with gold and colored embroidery. Gold kid belt. Sizes 10-18 $40.

42 East 49th Street



Here's the Many-Purpose Dish from the new CarOtti-ware gift series. 6-inch diameter, $3.50 each, $12.95 the set of four. At Franklin Simon, New York; Findlay Galleries, Chicago and many another fine store.

CAROTTI

10 East 40th Street
New York 16, N.Y.

Gifts for the whole family—*Lone Bachelors, too!* suggested by

VERMONT HAND INDUSTRIES, INC.

HAND HAMMERED BUTTONS of pewter or silver, round or octagonal 1⅛″ dia. Pewter .35 ea. Silver .50 ea., minimum order 6, tax included, postpaid.

ROCKING PONY of Natural wood for creepers and toddlers. $5.00 shipping charges collect.

Please send payment in full with order.

With your order inquire about our other items.

BOX 180-B **NORWICH, VERMONT**

IN THE HEART OF THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER

HÔTEL LAFITTE

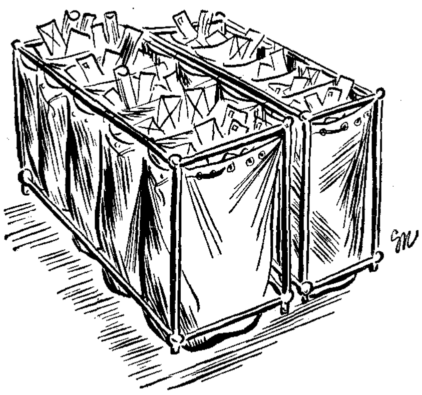
REFERENCES: ALL LEADING NEW ORLEANS HOTELS

1003 RUE BOURBON

FRENCH CUISINE **NEW ORLEANS**

tains. A number of cars were parked on the French side of the closed border, indicating that a good many people were somewhere around. Through the open window of a shack near the wire, marked "*Aduana*," a Spanish soldier thrust his face. It was a perfectly pocked face, the spots placed as regularly as the polka dots on a tie. He withdrew it, and I slipped my car between two others at the side of the road. Don Bernardo was instantly out of the car and hurrying along a path that led off to the left, just inside the border, at right angles to the road we had come on. I trotted after his twinkling heels, which kept the hem of his cassock in a turmoil. The road had taken us away from the valley's edge; this path, climbing steeply and closely paralleling the line of the border, was taking us back to it. Several hundred yards from the customs shack, we gained the crest of the ridge; Don Bernardo halted and stepped off the path to his right. With an inseparable mixture of the priest and the boy in his face, he said, "Now I am in Spain." Something made me glance overhead, and I saw in the sky an appropriate miracle: Directly above, it was a deep-blue, cloudless mountain sky; to the north, it gradually grew paler, becoming the lighter-blue, high-domed French sky and fading into a haze on the horizon, where Sare tried to hide and was betrayed by its square-steepled church; on the Spanish side, it deepened in color and seemed to reach down to enclose all the distant peaks and ridges, around whose sharpened silhouettes the sun cast a purplish halo. Don Bernardo's voice was hoarsened by nostalgia. "Yes," he agreed to the words I had not spoken, "that is the Spanish sky."

It was here that the valley started its slight bend to the east, like a dogleg on a golf course; we were on the longer side. A southbound bird might be expected to cross this ridge if it was flying high, or, if it was flying low, to turn with the valley and seek egress through the



"You've never tasted Lobster Bisque like this!"

"AU GOURMET"
LOBSTER BISQUE

"Au Gourmet" offers you that *true* Lobster flavor . . . a flavor so delicate and delicious you'll agree this outstanding bisque is in a class by itself.

Try "Au Gourmet" once. You'll never be content with ordinary bisque again. For a taste thrill you won't forget, say "Au Gourmet" today!

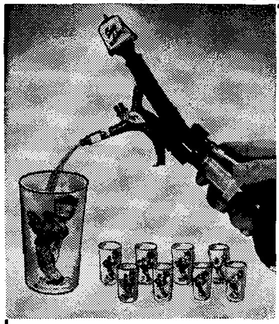
Try these Other Outstanding Soups by "Au Gourmet"

- Au Gourmet Lentil Soup
- Au Gourmet Cream of Mushroom Soup

Au Gourmet
For those who know the best!

The famous "Au Gourmet" line of delicacies from all over the world includes Fancy Fruits, Soups, Seafoods, Sauces, Cocktail Specialties—featured at the finest stores. Write for name of store nearest you.

Distributed by: **R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC.**
265 10th Ave., New York 1, N.Y.



THE "TIPSY" TWOSOME
Drink Pourer and Highball Glasses

A hilarious combination! "Tipsy" the animated drink pourer fits any bottle . . . pours your drink from his own little bottle, while his street lamp lights up bright red and flashes the words "Say When"! Frosted 10 oz. highball glasses complete the effect—each sports a dapper inebriate leaning against a street lamp, happily draining a bottle. There's room for you to pencil in your guest's name and drink on each glass . . . pencil marks can be easily erased. A perfect party suggestion!

Tipsy—$3.95 postpaid, complete with battery and bulb. Highball Glasses—$2.95 for set of 8 postpaid. Complete 9-Piece Set—$6.75 postpaid.

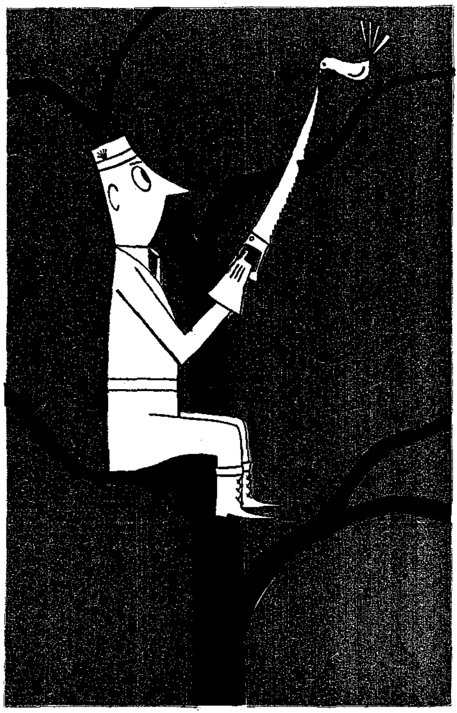
No C.O.D.'s. Write for free catalog.

When in New York visit our complete bar gadget department.

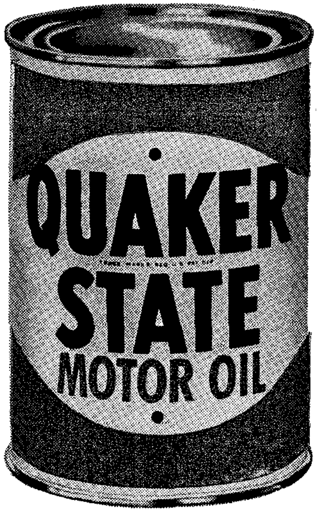
Crystalier Co. N-120
485 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

POPULAR PIANO
TAKE a lesson TODAY
PLAY a song TONIGHT
NO PREVIOUS TRAINING NECESSARY
Short INTERESTING Course for Adult Beginners
DAILY 1-8 P.M. • SATURDAY BY APP'T.
BERNARD SPENCER, M.A.
STEINWAY HALL, 113 W. 57th St. CO 5-1418

Convenient for theatregoers —
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialites:
Soupe à l'oignon
Escargots Bourguignonne
Guinea Hen Continental
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744



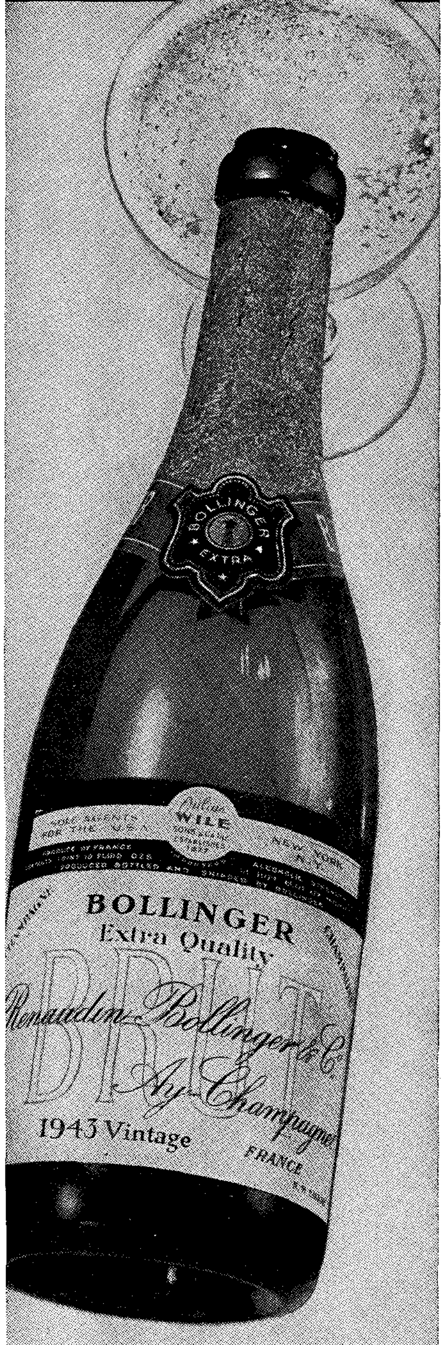
PRUNE DOWN YOUR COST PER MILE WITH



THE long-lasting lubricating qualities of winter-tailored Quaker State Cold Test Motor Oil will definitely help cut down your cost per mile. It assures easy starting and perfect lubrication. Made from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil and refined with exacting skill and equipment, it is the finest motor oil, we believe, produced anywhere in the world.

40¢ per U. S. Quart, including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

BOLLINGER
The Aristocrat of
FRENCH CHAMPAGNE



Those who know fine French champagne know Bollinger. Whether it is a vintage Bollinger of 1937 or 1943, or non-vintage, every drop is Bollinger's renowned Extra Quality BRUT . . . recognized by the most discriminating people as the finest champagne that can be produced.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.
New York, New York

IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

crescent-shaped dip that I could now see in the headwall of the valley, a mile farther on. Don Bernardo confirmed this conjecture. "Once the birds are in the valley, they have to be brought low and turned toward the nets," he said. "There are four stations for beaters on this side of the valley and two on the other. Each of the six has a name. The first one, just below us here, is called *Larrekua*, which means 'surrounded by thickets.' Now let's go down there and see what happens, and I'll explain it all to you."

We turned sharply to the left off the path and followed a smaller path down to a niche dug out of the hillside. From the niche, a narrow plank, about fifteen feet long, ran out to what looked like a wooden pulpit, perched on slender poles driven into the steep hillside. In this box, about four feet square and three feet deep and padded with fern, a beater lounged with his back to the valley, smoking a hand-rolled cigarette. He was a blond young man with a broad face below his beret, and he was wearing espadrilles, a fisherman's wide blue trousers, and a sleeveless red sweater. Leaning against the left-hand side of his pulpit was a broom handle to which was fastened a six-foot strip of white cloth, knotted three times. On a shelf at the right was stacked a pile of wooden objects that resembled ping-pong paddles cut in the outline of the ace of spades. "Another means of frightening the birds," said Don Bernardo. "When the paddles are thrown, they drive the birds down to the floor of the valley, and so keep them in." He held a short conversation with the beater, in Basque, then said to me, "Not many birds today." We sat down on a sort of settee hollowed out of the earth behind the pulpit and covered with dry fern, like the inside of the lookout. It was as soft as down.

The silence was all around this place, too. The valley here, at our level, was perhaps half a mile wide, and it narrowed abruptly toward the pass, which now showed as a bright-green clearing in front of and just below a line of seven trees—oaks and beeches—regularly spaced. Just before the trees were two stone towers, one on each side of the valley—obviously the last two beater stations. Between the station where we were and the towers, Don Bernardo pointed out two intermediate stations, one a fern-covered lean-to, the other looking like a small wooden water tank. The sixth, across the valley, was not visible. To the north, I could see where the valley opened on the hazy plain, but nothing moved there, or made any sound.

When the call came, it did not so much break the silence as punctuate it. It was the *mélopée*, a long-drawn "Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo," rising and falling, and sounding to me, no doubt by a trick of the mind, strangely like the cry of a dove. It was followed by the quiet of an echoing place after the echo has gone; then this gave way to the little noises of many movements. Northward in the valley, a white cloth flashed in the sun. The beater in the pulpit laid his cigarette carefully on the shelf and extended his left hand toward the broomstick. From the pass, a hunting horn sounded a long single note. Don Bernardo stood up, and, following his movement and his gaze, I searched the sky for birds. A nearer call rang across the valley—"*Paaa-lo-o-o-o!*"—and after it came a string of harsh Basque words, apparently giving directions. Our beater reached for a paddle; Don Bernardo touched my arm; I saw the birds. They were flying toward us up the middle of the valley, at a height that seemed only slightly above the level of our eyes, and I guessed that there were about twenty of them. "Thirty-seven," Don Bernardo announced promptly. Looking two places at once, I saw the quick, powerful lunge of the beater's arm and body as he threw his paddle far out into the valley, below and ahead of the flight of pigeons. It made a *suh-wish, suh-wish*, like the sound of a bird on the wing, and, as it turned in the sun, momentarily resembled a bird. Two more paddles were in the air before the first had vanished, but already the pigeons had plunged. Near the earth, they appeared to hesitate, to argue, their wings now black, now white. For an instant, they turned toward us; the beater seized his stick and cracked the cloth like a rifle shot, yelling, "*Hoo-la-ooo-ah-ooo-ah-eee! Pa-lo, pa-lo, pa-lo, pa-lo!*" From all along both mountainsides came the same noises, and, meeting, crossing, echoing, they pushed the birds ahead. The pigeons were past us and rising almost vertically now, or so it seemed from where I stood. Beyond the two stone towers, I saw the flash of more thrown paddles, and the birds plunged again; then they were out of sight among the tall trees, only to reappear, a smaller group, in the sky above the pass. The horn sounded a double note. Half a dozen guns went off as the flight disappeared to the south.

"Most of them got away," Don Ber-

Wonderful way to feel!

You certainly can be on top of the world!

Why not? Your car is paid for and your house is halfway there. You're making pretty good money . . . the kids are healthy and happy . . . and your wife just bought a new outfit—shoes to chapeau!

You don't owe anybody a red cent. Not only that—you've got a little money salted away for the kids' education and your own retirement.

Wonderful way to feel, isn't it?

If this description doesn't fit you—*make it!* You can. Here's how:

Start saving right now! Just as much as you possibly can—*and regularly.*

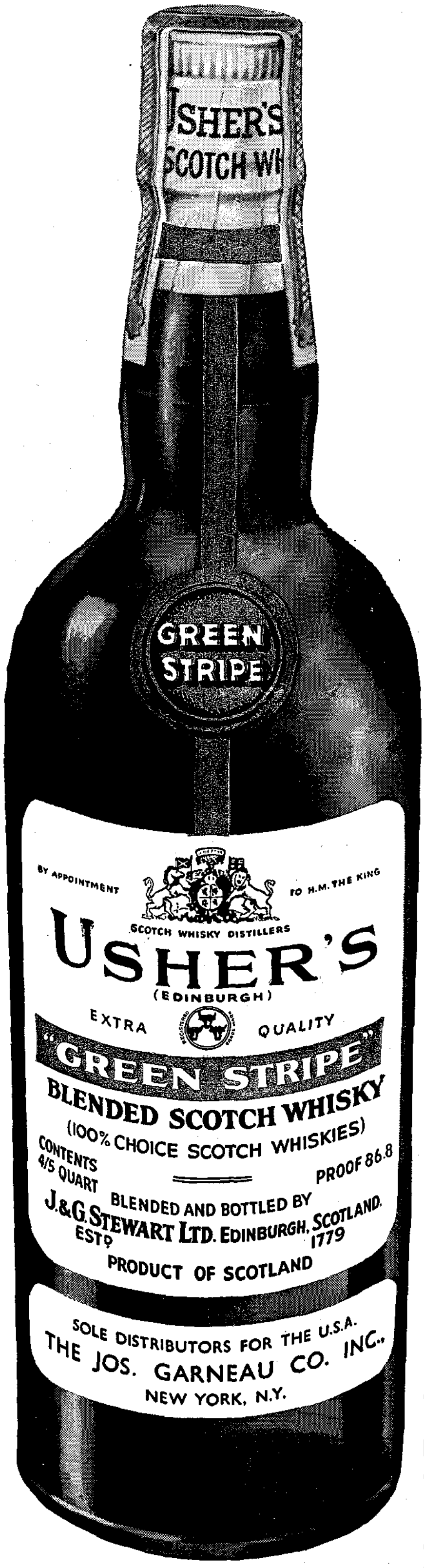
One of the best ways . . . one of the safest, surest ways . . . is to buy U. S. Savings Bonds through the Automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Or, arrange to purchase Bonds regularly at your post office or bank.

U. S. Savings Bonds will bring you, in ten years, $4 for every $3. And you can count on that!

Start your plan today. It's the very wisest way to save!

Automatic Saving is Sure Saving— U.S. Savings Bonds

Insist on
USHER'S
WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1779



PIONEER IN THE ART OF
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY

nardo complained. "In a headwind, they gain altitude too quickly. On a good day, and in the early morning," he continued, plainly stimulated to exaggeration by what we had seen, "they will come through here by the thousands—yes, millions—*zhoo-eee! zhoo-eee!*—and the nets will catch forty, fifty *dozen* at a time. There's a south wind now, but it may change in the afternoon. The north wind drives them into the nets—sometimes so hard that the strands break. Would you like to look at those paddles?"

The beater yielded us his pulpit, and after admiring Don Bernardo in it for a few seconds, I mastered my vertigo and walked the plank. Here, with no firm ground beneath me, I felt as if I were suspended in the basket of a balloon—but with no balloon overhead—above the highest place on earth, in air that seemed too pure for human beings, in the domain of the bird. Don Bernardo handed me one of the paddles. It was roughly carved, and was about an inch thick at the center, tapering to a sharp edge. It had been given a thin and uneven coat of white paint, so that its color varied from gray to white as I moved it in the sunlight. "To throw this accurately and far enough," Don Bernardo said, "a man must have the strength and skill of a pelota player. Its proper name is *zinbel*, but generally it is called a *pala*, which is the name given to the bat used in one kind of pelota. Literally, '*pala*' means 'shovel.' The pigeons think it is a hawk. The hawks of this region swoop and then attack upward, like the chandelle maneuver in air fighting, to reach the breast of their prey. To protect themselves, the pigeons must dive so low that the hawk cannot get under them. The nets trap them as they rise. The legend around here is that early in the Middle Ages the monks at Roncevaux tried to capture the pigeons flying south through the passes in the fall. They hunted them with falcon hawks, and caught a few that way. Then, one day, they saw a shepherd amusing himself by throwing flat white stones at the birds. For some reason the shepherd didn't understand, the pigeons would come down, apparently following the stones. The monks applied their knowledge of falconry to this phenomenon and figured out the real reason. There is said to be a boundary treaty, which I have not seen, proving that a *palombière* was in operation at Les Aldudes, in the next valley, before October 12, 1400." (Later, Dr. Michel Leremboure, of Sare, a student of the chase, told me of

couldn't be more fun
Friendly Way Cruises

9 DAYS • NASSAU & HAITI $171 UP
12 DAYS • JAMAICA, HAITI, NASSAU $228 UP
SS EUROPA
Come on aboard the big SS Europa for sun and fun and food unsurpassed. Name bands with Broadway entertainers ... outdoor swimming pool ... Lido deck ... inexpensive shore excursions in the mysterious, romantic West Indies.
Write for beautiful 16-page color booklet NY.
See your travel agent or
ARNOLD BERNSTEIN SHIPPING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York, (General Passenger Agents)
INCRES COMPANIA DE NAVEGACION S. A. PANAMA

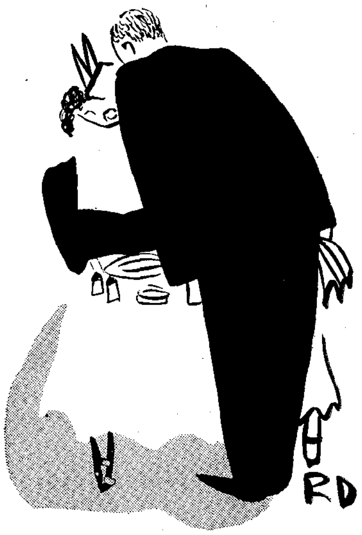
Lum Fong
New York's Favorite Chinese Restaurant
150 West 52 St.
220 Canal St.
authentic Chinese Food and Delicacies

Crillon
RESTAURANT
Finest Continental Cuisine at popular prices
closed Sun. & holidays
277 Park Ave. • PL 5-3727 • 116 E. 48 St.

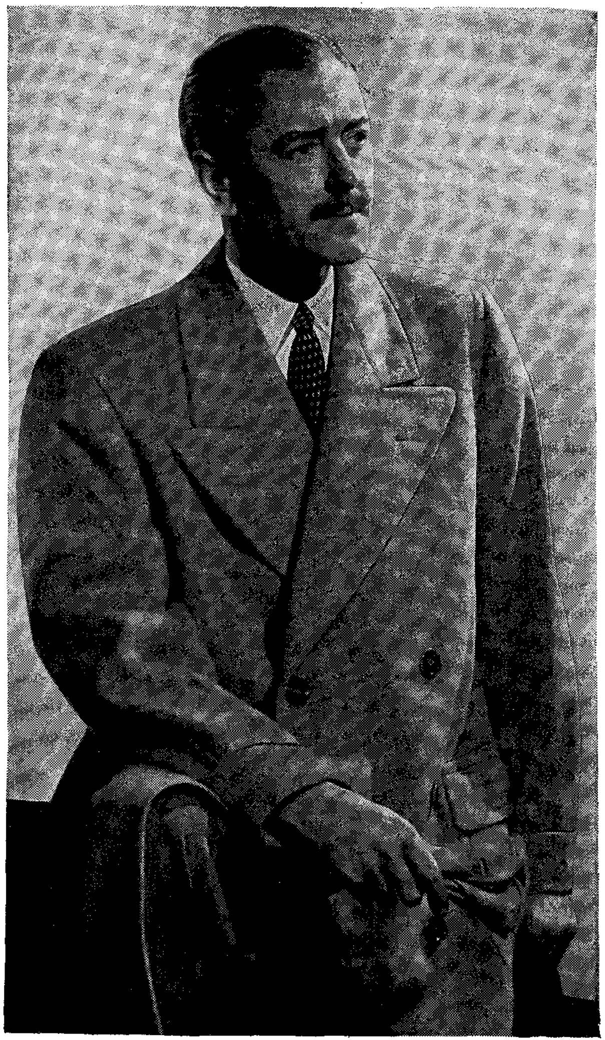
CAFE TOKAY
HUNGARIAN CUISINE
COCKTAILS • DINNERS • ENTERTAINMENT
ROMANTIC GYPSY MUSIC
1591 SECOND AVE. (BET. 82ND & 83RD)
For Reservations Call: REgent 4-9441

a document dated a hundred years earlier than that, in the archives of Pamplona, mentioning the existence of a *palombière*.) "Except that shooting is now allowed on the *far* side of the net," Don Bernardo said, "there has been no change in the method of hunting since the sport began." He picked up the knotted white cloth. "The noise made by this *txatar* is like a shot, of course, but a bird will shy away at any sharp report, such as a thunderclap or a splitting timber. '*Txatar*,' by the way, is the Basque word for 'diaper.' "

WE watched two more flights come in. One flew so high that the paddles could not divert it, and the noise of the broomstick cloths made the birds scatter nervously as they drove over the pass. The other got the south wind under it and cleared the nets intact. Don Bernardo suggested that we move on. While we had been talking, I had noticed later arrivals, in pairs or groups, going along the path above us from the road to the nets. Now and then the quiet between flights had been broken by a burst of song, including "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," which for some reason is popular in France. Don Bernardo remarked that this was a feast day—"*La Fiesta de la Paloma*," he said, slipping into Spanish—and a good day to be here, if I didn't mind a crowd. We scrambled back to the main path, Don Bernardo hauling up his cassock and slinging it over one arm, and walked in the direction of the nets. We overtook a mother carrying a heavy canvas bag of lunch and scolding her lagging daughter: "When I was your age, there was no automobile to bring me here and I had to ride a burro. We started from Sare at six o'clock and we were lucky to get here by noon. There were two baskets roped to the burro's back; I rode in



New concept of luxury!



PHOTOGRAPH BY FABIAN BACHRACH

OUTERCOATS OF IMPORTED

RAJURA CASHMERE

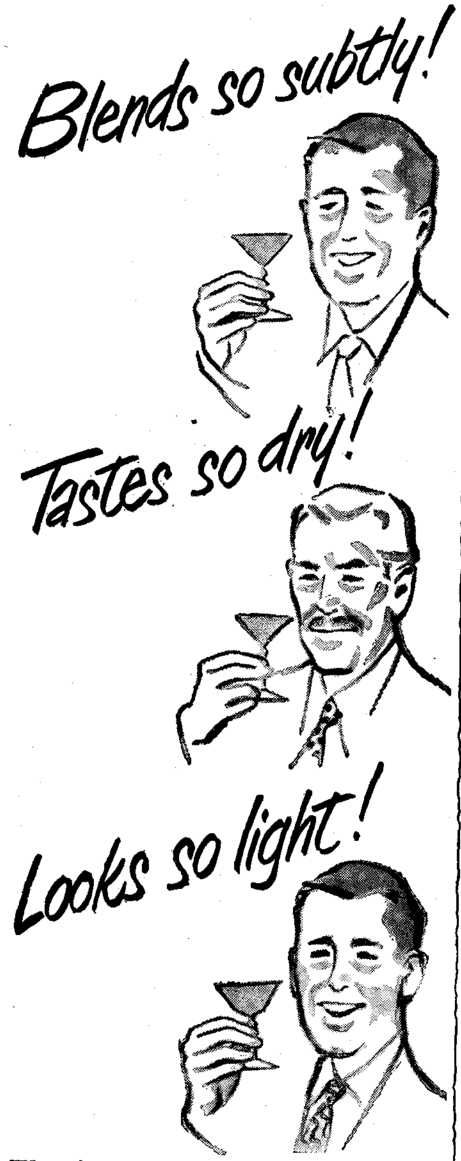
Prize possession for the man who appreciates the finer things of life, these distinguished outercoats are entirely hand-stitched in our own workrooms of a soft, deep Imported Cashmere, with a small percentage of pure Merino Lamb's Wool added for strength. In Natural, Luggage, Silver Grey, Brown, Navy Blue.

Lightweight $150
Winterweight $165

WITTY BROTHERS

Makers of Fine Clothes Since 1888

550 FIFTH AVENUE, bet. 45th and 46th Sts., New York
Other stores in New York and Brooklyn

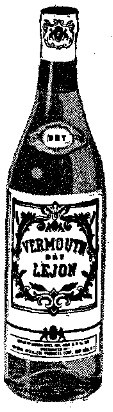

Blends so subtly!
Tastes so dry!
Looks so light!

That's why you'll call
LEJON THE
PERFECT
VERMOUTH

Compare the color and taste of Lejon with any other vermouth. You'll see it's lightest of all. That's why Lejon gives you the driest, smoothest cocktail you've ever tasted. Sip and see!

LEJON
Vermouth

DRY OR SWEET • A PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
National Distillers Products Corporation
New York, N. Y.



one and the lunch rode in the other. *Dépêche-toi!*"

This reminded me that the mountain air had made me hungry, and I looked at my watch and saw that it was already past noon. Another reminder was a big iron pot of steaming soup being raised by rope and pulley to the beaters at the top of the nearer stone tower as we approached it. The tower was solid, about forty feet high, slightly tapered, and surmounted by a railed metal platform. Its name, Don Bernardo told me, was *Aritzekua*, meaning "among the oak trees." It was not more than a hundred yards from the nearest of the big trees the nets were fastened to. Across the narrowing valley, at approximately the same distance from the nets, was the other stone tower. We were coming to the end of the valley; between the towers, the ground made only a gentle dip. As we started across this space, after looking to make sure no birds were coming, I had a final view of the valley opening out to the north, and I saw how sudden and steep was the rise to the pass where we now were. We cut a bit to the right, toward Spain, and before I knew it the land had levelled off and we were looking through the nets into another valley. Even at this distance, perhaps twenty-five yards, I could not distinguish the nets, but through the spaces between the tree trunks, the pink-and-white Spanish village of Echalar, not much more than a mile away, had the softened quality of a stage set behind theatrical gauze. Continuing across the clearing to the far side of the *palombière*, we found ourselves on a narrow dirt road among groups of picnickers, nearly all in their Sunday best. Don Bernardo had something to say to every group. One he would greet with a "*Bon jour*," another with a "*Buenos días*," and a third with the Basque salutation "*Agur*." But no matter what language they preferred to speak, most of the people were Basques, as could be told from the set of the men's berets. (Like the language, the beret must be mastered in early youth if it is ever to be worn the way a Basque wears it.) We paused often, for Don Bernardo to accept a swig of wine from a goatskin or to join a group tossing a ball. He left me at the edge of the clearing and went off toward the nets—and Spain—to make a closer reconnaissance, a stiffening of his wide shoulders suggesting an ever so slight diminution of his ease. I followed a way, and then sat down on the ground near two French border guards who were

Bisquit
COGNAC
★★★
Good all ways
Bisquit Dubouché
COGNAC
★★★
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
84 PROOF

Sole U. S. Agents
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

modern
study lamp

Beautifully designed lamp for desk or table. Flexible 18" arm of polished chrome, with metal shade and weighted base in chip-proof crinkle-lacquer finish. Choice of white, green, yellow, bright red, grey or black.

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER $8.50 ppd.
LAMPLAND INC. 579 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

JUMBO PRUNES
Special Introductory Offer

Send me two $1 bills (or check or money order for the same amount) and I will send you my 2¼ pound box of JUMBO PRUNES, including a generous sample of my Ranch-made Sweets, giant California Apricots, fresh Dates, and honey-sweet white Figs. These prunes are huge and so soft you'll eat 'em like candy. To new customers only I offer this regular $3.00 box for $2.00 and I prepay delivery. I guarantee complete satisfaction or your money back. Send today and I'll ship at once direct from my ranch. Only 1 to a customer.

ROBT. B. HAWKINS, Box N-25
Vaca Valley Orchards Vacaville, Calif.

leaning against a granite frontier post. They paid no attention to the people wandering back and forth between France and Spain, and I gathered that only a Spanish Republican of some consequence would find trouble on the other side. While I was sitting there, the horn gave warning of an approaching flight of birds, but something happened back in the valley and none came through to the nets. The singing of the picnickers had died out with the note of the horn; at the releasing blast, all the noises recommenced, but louder, as if breaths had been held too long. Don Bernardo came back and, smiling, asked me whether I was ready for lunch. I was.

We walked to the nets and, after slipping through a narrow opening beside one of them, stopped at a leaf-thatched shelter behind a pair of beeches, where Don Bernardo questioned two hunters. "It hasn't been a good day so far," he reported to me. "Less than a hundred birds, and most of those in the early morning. Three hundred a day is a good average, but on a cool day like this they should take five hundred. The wind has changed, though; in fact, there's no wind at all. *Now* if only a flight would come!" I said I would be glad to wait until after lunch to see the nets in action, but he insisted on showing me right then how they worked. There were six of them, each forty to fifty feet square, and they all but filled the spaces between the trees. They appeared to have the strength and consistency of a fine shad net, but they were more closely woven. Each was pegged to the ground and rose at an angle of about sixty degrees, inclined in the direction from which the birds came. The tops were attached to cables strung from tree to tree, and I saw that the lower branches had been carefully trimmed and bent to conceal the blocks and hooks of the tripping device that dropped the nets and trapped the birds. Above the nets, the foliage was so dense that a low-flying bird, seeing open sky between the tree trunks, would reduce altitude even further to duck under. Lavender-gray feathers were scattered over the path and bushes, and were thick beneath the nets. Don Bernardo pointed out a rope stretching from the top of the nearest net to a wooden pedal at the entrance of the shelter; a burly, grizzled hunter in a leather apron with big pockets in it stood nearby. "The net must be tripped the instant the last bird has reached it, but not a fraction of an instant sooner," Don Bernardo said. "It takes years of watching how older men do it to

Caveat Maritus*

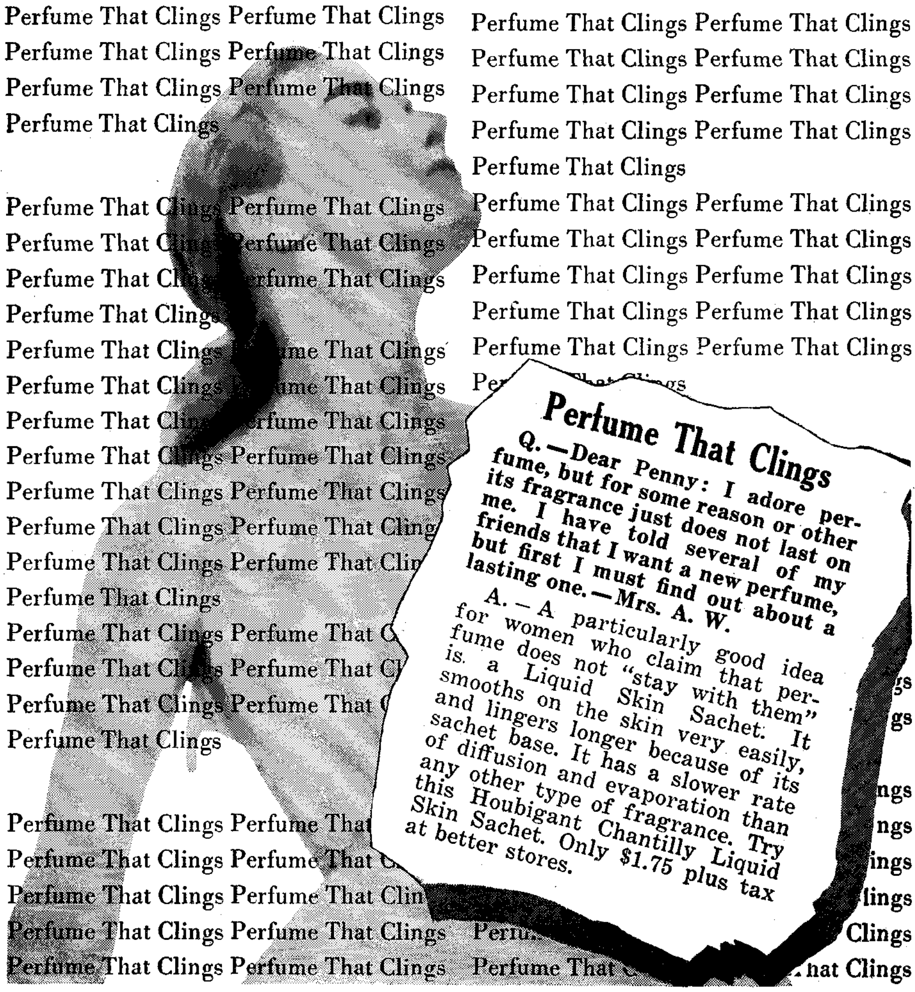
The fact that a man finds a box of candy at home that he didn't buy himself, is not especially significant. But if it's a pink and yellow box, that's different. That indicates that there has been someone around who knows about Huyler's CONVERSATION PIECES. And if there are gaps among the fifty-seven temptations, obviously someone has yielded. It might be one and the same person. It might not. In either case, **let the husband beware.* He has been neglecting his duty.

One dollar seventy-five

Huyler's Chocolate
Conversation Pieces
Favorite Pieces of Famous People

THE FAVORITE PIECES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

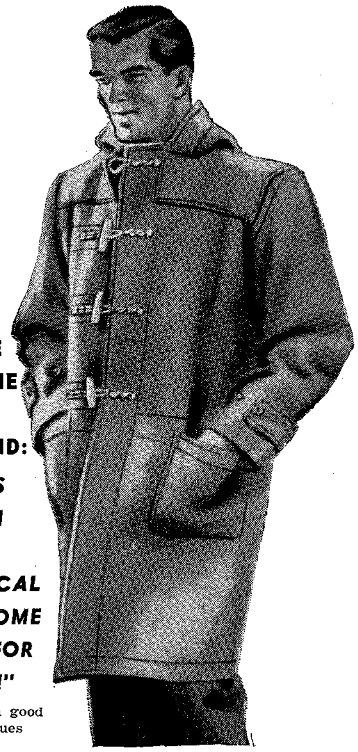
CREATED BY Huyler's OF NEW YORK



Perfume That Clings

Q.—Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.

A.—A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only $1.75 plus tax at better stores.



WHEN *NELLIE SAW THE DUFFER SHE SAID: "THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PRACTICAL HANDSOME COAT FOR A MAN!"

*who has a good sense of values

Yes, and Nellie echoed the thought of many, many young men and women who have bought this unusual new coat since it was first introduced in this country a few weeks ago. All over England and Europe, wherever smart people gather, The Duffer is seen. Its good price is another reason why the Duffer is spreading in this country from campus to campus, from coast to coast.

NOW HERE'S WHAT THE DUFFER IS:

The Duffer is the precise (not approximate) American copy of the coat worn in England and all over the Continent by the smartest dressed young men and women. It isn't an overcoat, or a topcoat, or a raincoat; but when the weather is really rough, the Duffer takes the place of any one of them. Wear it in city, in country, at football games, driving a car. Famous Baxter Mills in New Hampshire especially loomed the weather-sealed 100% virgin wool cloth. The peg-buttons are whittled mahogany; the loops are Dutch fishing hemp. The seams are piped; stress points are bar-tacked. A generous hood protects you against wind or wet; jumbo pockets hold smokes, keys, books.

Note: The gals are going wild over the forest green. Order small or extra small. ←

This trademark on the label guarantees it's the ORIGINAL Duffer.

$25 *Good Stores Everywhere*

or, if you prefer, send check to
F. A. MacCluer, Inc., 9 E. 38 St., N. Y.
Sole U. S. Selling Agents
who will have store nearest you deliver Duffer in size and color you specify.

F. A. MacCLUER, Inc., 9 E. 38th St., N.Y.C.
Please send me a Duffer Coat. I enclose $25
(........money order ....check).
Size: extra-small ( ) small ( ) medium ( ) large ( ) extra large ( )
Colors: blue ( ) forest green ( ) grey ( ) hunting red ( ) camel ( )
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....STATE..........
11-11

train the eye and the foot. The birds come very fast—unbelievably fast. You'll see."

A path led us downhill from the shelter. We passed two wicker hampers, from which came plaintive twitterings. With a last hopeful glance behind, Don Bernardo submitted himself to the ordeal of lunching and hurried down the path toward a white house on the Spanish mountainside—an inn, he informed me. On the way, we encountered two members of the *Guardia Civil*, who saluted politely in reply to Don Bernardo's "*Buenos días.*" At the door of the inn, he held a consultation with the proprietor, who went inside to look over the patrons for any official, spy, or other nosy person who might cause a refugee trouble. I occupied myself with staring through an open window at a chef shaking two large, shallow casseroles of *paella valenciana*. The heady smell of rice, chicken, shellfish, pimientos, and saffron was painfully inviting. The innkeeper came to the door and beckoned. Just then we heard the horn.

I felt Don Bernardo's touch on my arm and saw the skirts of his cassock flying. I took a final, sustaining whiff of the *paella* and followed him. We raced up the path, almost bowling over a youth with a shotgun who was taking cover behind a stump. Don Bernardo guided me to a place on the hillside behind one of the nets. I inadvertently kicked a pebble into the quiet that had descended on the five or six nearby spectators and on the men standing still beside the trip ropes; then a call from the valley and a nearer indrawn breath warned me that the birds were coming. They came rising out of the valley as from the earth, their wings fighting the air for altitude. They came, as Don Bernardo had said, unbelievably fast—too fast for my senses to isolate the fragment of time between the moment of their appearance, a moment filled with a beating of wings and a mass cooing sound, and that other moment when they were upon us and seemed, for a millionth of a second, to hang before my eyes without motion, as if captured by the fastest camera's lens—each bird distinct, its wings arrested, its throat stilled, its immobility conveying its awareness, rather than its observation, of a trap no effort could avoid. Neither could my eye detect the moment when the first bird hit the net. In one instant they were all in the air (fourteen birds, I learned later), at various heights and at various distances from the net. In the next, marked by the singing of wires, the net had fallen. A single bird fluttered above it. The horn's double note, queerly muffled, as from a distance, put a period to the drop of the net; a shotgun went off behind the stump, and the lone pigeon came down slowly, in instantaneous, civilized, and somehow ignominious death. The birds on the grass beneath the mesh were making only a token struggle and hardly any noise, and in the hush before the men ran out to gather them up, a woman's voice said softly, "*Gaixuak!*" ("Poor little things!")

WE lunched on *paella* and, of course, *paloma*, and we drank two bottles of the strong, bright Navarrese wine called *clarete*. The pigeons were rich, and had been cooked until they were tender. The small dining room was crowded, mostly with men, sitting ten to a table. At our table were a party of shotgun hunters from Sare (one of whom called as we entered, "Don Bernardo, give me absolution for missing Mass this morning") and two city-dressed Spaniards, who soon left. By the time we came to coffee and brandy, two hours after we had sat down, people were talking from table to table and a smuggler friend of Don Bernardo's was passing a bottle of cognac around the room. The next table started singing. Ours joined in, and presently Don Bernardo's authoritative baritone was leading the Basque "Song of the Bulls":

"Tira! Tira! Zezen aek dira!
Bel-beltzak dira,
Bel-beltzak dira.
Arrapatzen ba-zaitu,
Arrapatzen ba-zaitu,
Bertan, bertan, ilko zaitu!"

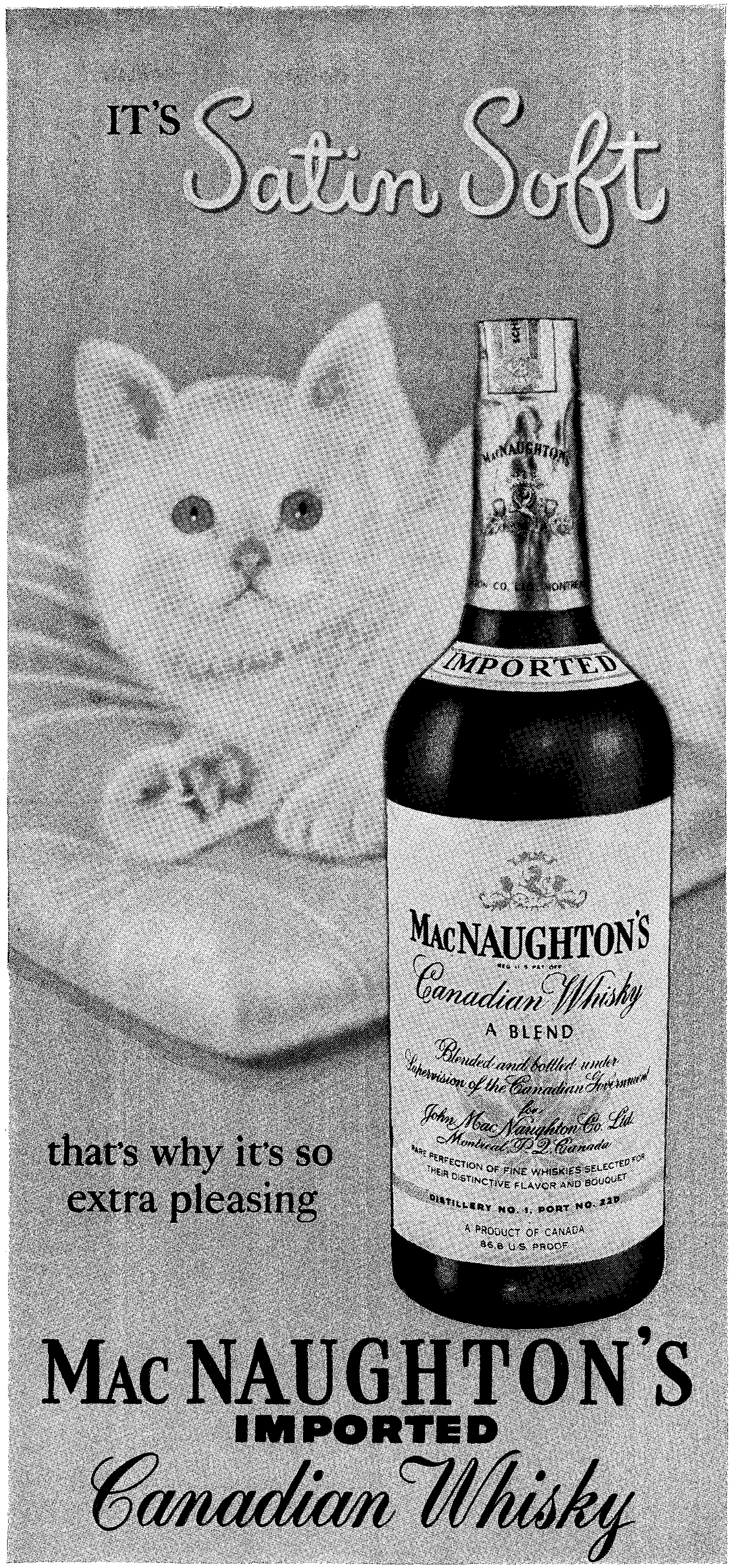
("Pull! Pull! These are the bulls!
All black they are,
All black they are.
If he catches you,
If he catches you,
Here, right here, he'll kill you!")

When at last we walked out into the chilly air, the sun was close to the southwestern mountains. In a small white house halfway back to the nets, which I had been too hungry or hurried to notice before, the birds were being counted for division between the French and Spanish operators of the *palombière*. Although several flights had come in during the three hours we had spent at the inn, the day's take would not be much more than two hundred birds. Some of them had been killed, by a knife thrust or by being bitten in the throat, and lay in rows on a counter, still pretty in death, the dark gray of their backs shading almost to black at the tips of their tail feathers, their breasts a lighter gray with a luminous lavender cast. Others were still in wicker hampers. Don Bernardo arranged for me to buy a brace for three hundred and twenty francs—less than a dollar—and was presented with two for himself, which he later turned over to me to deliver to the friend who had sent me to him. As we moved away, he remarked, "I never touch money. I give my services wherever they are useful. People give me clothing, shelter, and food."

The pigeons grew surprisingly heavy on the long walk back to the car, but I knew they would dress down to about a pound and three-quarters apiece. Don Bernardo said the wholesale price was about a third of what I had paid, and from this I calculated that the operation at Echalar would take in a couple of thousand dollars a season. "There isn't much profit," he said. "But many people enjoy themselves."

Between the high mountains, twilight was beginning to fall. Most of the picnickers had already left, but several groups were straggling along the path, some still singing. One party of four kept stopping to dance the fandango to the music of a mouth organ. A moment before we reached the pulpit where we had stood in the morning, a halloo floated up the valley and was answered by a long blast on the horn. The beater leaped out of his box, dropping a full fifteen feet to the steep mountainside, and went bounding down it like an antelope. His red sweater disappeared in the shrubbery, appeared again, and was gone. "He will run four or five kilometres to his village to play pelota for an hour before dark," said Don Bernardo. "He has been up since three or four o'clock this morning, but on a day like this he doesn't get enough exercise. You must come another day, when the north wind is blowing."

Don Bernardo turned away from me, crossed the path, and stood for all of two minutes on Spanish soil, gazing at the noble Spanish mountains and the fiery Spanish sky. In those minutes, his rugged profile, all Basque, took on the


IT'S Satin Soft
that's why it's so extra pleasing
IMPORTED
MacNAUGHTON'S
Canadian Whisky
A BLEND
Blended and bottled under Supervision of the Canadian Government
for John MacNaughton Co. Ltd. Montreal, P.Q. Canada
RARE PERFECTION OF FINE WHISKIES SELECTED FOR THEIR DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR AND BOUQUET
DISTILLERY NO. 1, PORT NO. 22D
A PRODUCT OF CANADA
86.8 U.S. PROOF
MAC NAUGHTON'S
IMPORTED
Canadian Whisky

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

melancholy cast that is peculiar to Spaniards, especially those in exile. I had learned a good deal about Don Bernardo in a day; from his conversation at lunch I had found him to be a widely cultivated man, but I had no idea who he was, or what he had done that Franco should have driven him from his country. I guessed that he was a person of some importance—through family or previous office—to have refused, or been refused, amnesty from a professedly Catholic government, to be still in danger of arrest. And I wanted to know the history of this Basque who was yet a Spaniard, who lived in a French village of smugglers and customs men, spurning money as evil, and who so loved the other side of a mountain because it was in Spain.

I never found out any of it. When I asked his friends, including our mutual friend, they either simply disregarded the question or said they didn't know. That afternoon, before I learned that it was discourteous, I tried to lead Don Bernardo into telling me about himself. Driving down into the valley, where nighttime was coming fast, I discovered that he would speak only of the present. As I let him out at Mme. Dutournier's house, I thanked him for the day he had given me and said that I hoped to write about it and him; would he mind? Not at all, he said. I asked if he felt inclined to tell me his full name. He looked me straight in the eye, rebuking my inquisitiveness. "My name is Don Bernardo," he answered, "of Sare." —CHARLES WERTENBAKER

•

Just before the ceremony begins, John O'Prey, the "little Irish Caruso," will sing "O Promise Me." Immediately after the ceremony, he will singe "Because."
—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

You mean Hot-Lips O'Prey?

•

Once every year, by law and by choice, a huge majority of the U. S. public packs all its children from 5 to 17 off to some sort of a public school.—*Life.*

That's so they can learn English and grow up to work for some sort of a publication.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

HOPE SAINT-SURE'S
EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE SERVICE
112 WEST NINTH ST., LOS ANGELES 15,
CALIFORNIA

Hello there, gentlemen!
Gosh, give me a minute to fix my hair...

proudly we present
ATKINSONS
ROYAL BRIAR LOTION

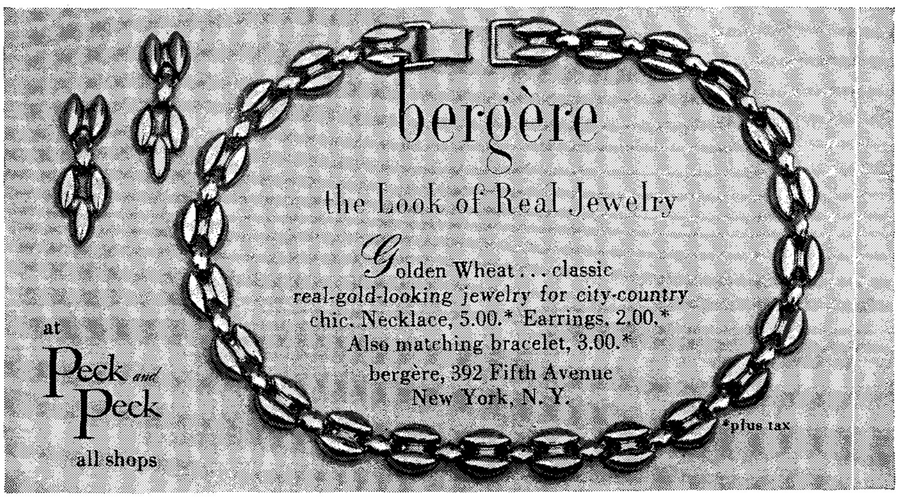
BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO H.M. THE KING
J. & E. ATKINSON LIMITED

Direct from England
...a clean, crisp
scent that suggests
the outdoors,
tweeds and leathers.
A long-lasting fragrance
that is ideal for after the bath or shaving.
4 oz....$3.00 9 oz....$6.00 18 oz....$10.50 plus tax

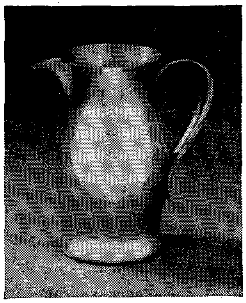
For the man who prefers a simpler fragrance, we suggest:
LOTION EAU DE COLOGNE: A dry, subtle scent
that gives a buoyant lift to a busy day.
4 oz....$3.00 9 oz....$6.00 18 oz....$10.50

Lewis & Thos. Saltz
1409 G Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

ATKINSONS
ROYAL
BRIAR


bergère
the Look of Real Jewelry
Golden Wheat... classic
real-gold-looking jewelry for city-country
chic. Necklace, 5.00.* Earrings, 2.00.*
Also matching bracelet, 3.00.*
bergère, 392 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.
*plus tax
at
Peck and Peck
all shops

So You Can Convince Yourself
ARTHUR BAUER NOW OFFERS
A SPECIAL TRIAL BOX OF HIS
Plantation Preserves & Relishes
3 FULL
PINT JARS
POSTPAID
ONLY
$2.95
ARTICHOKE RELISH—ORANGE MARMALADE
SPICED WATERMELON RIND
REMEMBER—SATISFACTION IS
GUARANTEED. ORDER TODAY
ARTHUR BAUER'S
PLANTATION
WALTERBORO 4, SOUTH CAROLINA
Write for our new Illustrated Folder



PAUL no doubt
intended it for
milk or water
but it's ideal
for
a well chilled
MARTINI
$15.00
delivered
Cap. Approx. 1 qt.
A reproduction in fine lustrous pewter of an original by
REVERE
WOODBURY PEWTERERS
Woodbury Connecticut

THE RACE TRACK

Long-Shot Visitor

IT may be difficult to get satisfactory races with unsatisfactory horses, but it's not impossible. For my money, give me the Empire City Handicap at Jamaica last weekend, in which All at Once, a 25–1 chance, beat Royal Castle, Oil Capitol, and six other three-year-olds. The excitement continued for a considerable time after the numbers went up, because Atkinson, who rode Royal Castle, complained that Wall, on All at Once, had carried him wide, and the stewards had to look at slow-motion movies of the race before they were satisfied that no foul had been committed. It really isn't surprising that All at Once paid a $53.60 mutuel. Horseplayers prefer to bet on animals they have seen, and he had done all his racing in the hinterland. Besides, in his very first appearance at Jamaica, early in the week, he had reared at the start and unseated his jockey. His stable entertained no great expectations. In fact, on Thursday morning his trainer wanted to enter him in one of the minor races on Friday, but somebody in the racing secretary's office pointed out that the colt was in Saturday's Empire City Handicap at a pretty light weight, and why not run for $30,000 rather than $3,500? So All at Once did, and led all the way. Royal Castle, who was the paddock tip, went well, too, which is more than I can say for Oil Capitol and Lights Up. The track was sloppy, and maybe they didn't like it.

IT grows increasingly clear that Uncle Miltie is one of our better two-year-olds. I daresay I underestimated him at first because I didn't think much of his name. I still don't, for that matter. And if you care, I am told that his owner isn't crazy about it, either. Nothing can be done about it, though. According to the Rules of Racing, after a horse has won his first race, his name cannot be changed. Uncle Miltie's eighth victory, in the Wakefield Handicap at Jamaica the other afternoon, was something extra, for he gave from eight to twenty pounds to his opposition, never was extended beyond a gallop, and won by lengths in first-rate time. It was his last start this season. Presently he'll go to Florida, where he'll be pointed for the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah. Of course, Battlefield is sure to be the top weight in Jamaica's Experimental Free Handicap, the weights for which are posted in January and constitute the official *rating of the two-year-olds*, but, not to mince words about it, I think Uncle Miltie is a better prospect for next season. He has size, substance, good conformation, smooth action, and a stride that is tremendous. If he were to win the Belmont Stakes, the Kentucky Derby, and whatnot, how red the faces of the wiseacres on horse genetics would be! They insist that to win the classic races, a horse has to have a fashionable pedigree (his sire must be a famous racer, and his dam a stakes-winning mare), and perhaps they're right. Well, Uncle Miltie's papa was an animal named Heather Broom, whose most notable achievement was finishing third to Johnstown and Challedon in the 1939 Kentucky Derby. Heather Broom, who was owned by Jock Whitney, ran in borrowed racing colors that afternoon, because of a mix-up; it was one of the few times such a thing ever happened to a Whitney horse. Heather Broom didn't remain long at Greentree Stud. In 1945, he was sent to the Lexington fall sales, where he was bought for $6,500 by Joseph Colando, a New Jersey businessman. Twink-Mo, Uncle Miltie's mama, whom Mr. Colando acquired about five years ago, had an even less distinguished career; she ran in half a dozen races and never was in the money. Last year, Mr. Colando sold her for $200. The handling of Uncle Miltie is a family affair. Andrew Colando, who trains the colt, is a son of the owner. Another son, Stephen, manages his father's Point-A-View Farm, where Uncle Miltie was foaled. Andrew, by the way, is a practicing vet, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania veterinary college. He also used to train and drive trotters; obviously, he's better than a green hand with a horse.

FOR THE RECORD: One Hitter, who hadn't been in the money since he beat Noor in September, won the Pimlico Special at Baltimore.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

ELECTRON ASKED
BY BEN-GURION
HE'S UNABLE TO FORM
NEW ISRAEL CABINET
—*Headlines in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Well, no need to become a flibbertigibbet.

In the know—

On the go—

Sketched at the Yale Bowl
New Haven, Conn.

he's wearing the Duffer—new wool storm coat with a water-repellent finish. Camel, grey, green, blue, red. 25.00 in the Man's Shop, Lord & Taylor

PURE SILK FOULARD

BEAUTIFUL POLKA DOT, SPITALFIELD AND OTHER HANDSOME DESIGNS EXCEPTIONAL VALUE. EARLY GIFT SELECTION RECOMMENDED.

$22.50

Mail and Telephone Orders—LU 2-3230

Finchley

New York, Fifth Ave. at 46th (19)

bra Relief

Praxiteles' Aphrodite

For you, Berlé creates a DELINEATOR exactly fitted to your individual contours. You'll hardly know you're wearing it. Your figure-personality will be lovely! For 27 years, the DELINEATOR has remained a unique principle in comfort and beauty. From $16.50 in the finest materials. One-year guarantee. —Berlé Salon, 26 West 58th St., New York 19. Call Mlle. Audrey for appointment: PLaza 5-6250. Write for booklet N.

On the Coast—
I. MAGNIN, Dallas—
NEIMAN-MARCUS
Chicago—28 SHOP,
MARSHALL FIELD.

Berlé
Paris-New York

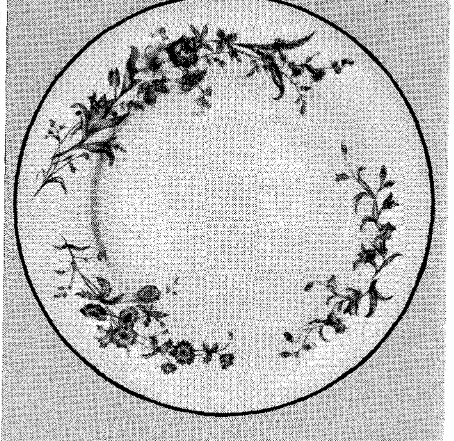
POSTMASTER, FOURTH CLASS

THE richest person in the small northern Louisiana town where I spent my boyhood was Albert A. Mixon, a lean, gray-complexioned, ageless man. He owned the largest general store, where he gave credit to dozens of cotton sharecroppers on the extensive farmlands he owned, and he bought and sold cotton grown by others. Each fall, the vacant lot next to his store was piled high with bales of cotton, all of which he personally stencilled in tar with the label "A. A. Mixon, Grayson, La." It was widely believed that he was a Republican, and if that was so, he was the only real live Republican I ever knew until I was eighteen. I suppose he must have been one, because he had been postmaster of Grayson since 1897, when the Republicans regained power with McKinley. The post office, which, along with a storeroom, occupied the rear of his store, consisted of a panel of rented lockboxes and a general-delivery window, with office space behind.

Mr. Mixon had one store clerk, a short, stocky Dutchman named Seiler. Mr. Seiler had no official connection with the post office, but part of his job was to operate it, and he was the only one familiar with the full details. Mr. Mixon concerned himself only with signing the routine reports, which Mr. Seiler prepared.

The postal duties were not onerous. Four mail-and-passenger trains stopped each day in Grayson, one each way about an hour apart in the morning, and one each way two hours apart in the "evening," which in Grayson meant afternoon. After each train arrival, a boy who did odd jobs for Mr. Mixon carted the mailbags to the store. Mr. Seiler opened them, sorted the letters and packages, called "All up!" from behind the partition, and stood by for a time at the general-delivery window. During the middle of the day, there would be only an occasional request for stamps or a money order to interrupt Mr. Seiler's major occupation of measuring cloth, weighing lard, selling notions, and bringing out sacks of meal and flour from the storeroom adjoining the post office. In busy periods, Mr. Mixon also waited on trade, but he was kept occupied for the most part in his office, going over his accounts and dealing with his land tenants, other cotton growers, and travelling salesmen, called drummers. Mr. Seiler loved the interludes behind the post-office partition; he

WEDGWOOD
A LIVING TRADITION



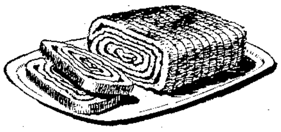
Good old friends are hard to come by. Make Wedgwood bone china your lifelong companion.

Devon Sprays on bone china
5 piece place setting $12.25

Send 10¢ for folder W showing additional patterns.

24 EAST 54th ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
MADE IN BARLASTON, ENGLAND

A Treat from Old Vienna!



BAKER BOY
CONFECTION ROLL

The most delicious coffee cake you ever ate!

A secret (honestly!) years-old recipe from Vienna has been brought to America to make this delightful old-fashioned butter nut loaf. It's rich with pure creamery butter, fresh eggs, lots of toasted walnuts and tasty Saigon cinnamon. Delicious for breakfast, tea, desserts. Packed in beautiful gift box—it's a wonderful gift! Stays fresh for weeks. Send $2.00 for extra large cake, postage paid. Baker Boy Bakeries, 1234 S. Lorena, Los Angeles 23.

Nick and Arnold
present
EDITH PIAF
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Versailles
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

disliked his other duties but performed them with stolid proficiency.

Albert A. Mixon, postmaster, had been a fixture in our town for so long that it was almost inconceivable that anyone else would, or could, aspire to the office. Then came the Presidential election of 1912. Perhaps I should explain at this point that Mr. and Mrs. Seiler had a son and a daughter about my age, Reginald, eleven, and Elsie, nine, and it was from them that I learned the inside details of what happened after Woodrow Wilson was elected on the Democratic ticket.

IN due time, following the President's inauguration, Mr. Seiler received, and posted on the bulletin board near the lockbox panel, as required by federal law, a notice of a competitive examination to be held for the postmastership of Grayson, La., fourth class. Although requirements for postal-service employees had become stricter since his first appointment, by McKinley, Mr. Mixon felt that with proper coaching by Mr. Seiler he might pass the test and qualify for the job—if taking the test mattered. Being politically wise, he knew that it didn't, so he made no application and resigned himself to being replaced by Mr. Broadway, or another of the staunchly Democratic merchants in the town.

What he didn't know was that his lowly Democratic clerk coveted the position, and that Mr. Seiler, besides being the only experienced candidate in town, had over the years quietly made many friends among the local Democratic politicians by his courteous and efficient handling of the post office. Mr. Mixon did not even suspect what Mr. Seiler was up to when he asked for, and was given, a day off to go to Monroe. It was the day the examination for postmaster was to be held.

Hence, it came as a shock to Mr. Mixon when, not long afterward, Mr. Seiler silently laid before him the formal notification that he, Seiler, had been appointed postmaster. Mr. Mixon was outraged at this perfidy and fired his long-time clerk before Mr. Seiler could resign, as he had intended to do all along, although if he had wanted to and Mr. Mixon had been willing, there was no real reason why he could not have continued to do both jobs in Mixon's store, the only difference being that he would now be the official, rather than the unofficial, postmaster.

Mr. Seiler was sorry that Mr. Mixon was so upset, but he was too happy over his newly acquired independence to

SCOTCH
BLACK & WHITE
JAMES BUCHANAN
GLASGOW, SCOT
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE KING
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLACK & WHITE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

What's Cooking?

"IT MUST BE GOOD, WHITEY!"

"YES, OUR MASTER INSISTS ON THE BEST. HE ALWAYS SERVES BLACK & WHITE, BECAUSE ITS QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table

By Appointment
to H. M. THE KING

Chivers Olde English Marmalade

Imported from England

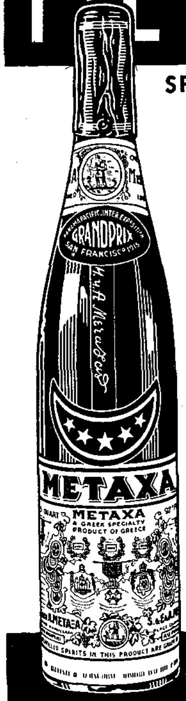
This delicious marmalade made exclusively from fresh Seville Oranges has a flavor never equalled. No wonder Chivers is the world's largest selling marmalade. Enjoy only the best.

Obtainable at Your Quality Food Store

ADOLPH GOLDMARK & SONS, CORP.
Sole Agent U. S. A., New York, N. Y.

METAXA

SPECIALTY LIQUEUR



IMPORTED FROM GREECE

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

92 PROOF

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS
Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

brood about it. He rented quarters on the same street, in a frame building between a barbershop and another general store, moved the post-office equipment there, and genially took up the duties of postmaster, a position of considerable prestige in any small town. His annual income now probably equalled, and may have exceeded, his previous salary as Mr. Mixon's clerk, and he was rid of the dreary, day-long duties of general-store clerk. He had plenty of middle-of-the-day opportunity for reading, napping, and working out chess problems. Mr. Seiler was a contented man.

Mr. Mixon was not. He could not have greatly missed what was to him the comparatively small revenue from the postmastership, but he came to realize that, aside from giving him prestige, the post office had brought a great deal of trade to his store. Now many customers who had come to Mixon's primarily for mail and money orders were shopping elsewhere, as were also those who had shopped at Mixon's because they liked Mr. Seiler. Mr. Mixon just couldn't forgive his ungrateful former employee, who not only had presumptuously succeeded him as postmaster but had used his job as Mr. Mixon's store clerk to obtain the office.

He not only did not speak to Mr. Seiler when they met on the street but he took the only retaliatory measure open to him. In those days, the income of a postmaster was determined largely by the volume of stamps cancelled at his post office. For each cancellation he received a commission. To this income, Mr. Mixon refused to contribute. First, by way of snubbing Mr. Seiler, he got one drummer after another to buy stamps for him at post offices in other towns, and then he deliberately posted his mail on the trains that stopped at Grayson.

The latter procedure entailed a great deal of physical effort and some precise timing by Mr. Mixon. Twice each morning and evening, he had to listen from the front part of his store for the warning whistle of the incoming train, which seldom was on time. Hearing the signal, he would set out, with his long-legged stride, for the depot platform, three hundred yards away. He would arrive, puffing, just in time to lay his half dozen or so letters on the floor inside the door of the railway-mail car. These letters would then carry the railway-mail cancellation rather than that of the Grayson post office. Mr. Seiler's commissions were

THE INVERTÈRE REVERSIBLE

First in this country with these wonderful coats from Britain . . . made for us by the original patentees of the combined dual-purpose reversible raincoat-overcoat. All wool on one side...Egyptian cotton gabardine on the other. A really fine all-weather coat . . . both sides water-repellent . . . perfect for traveling. **$75**

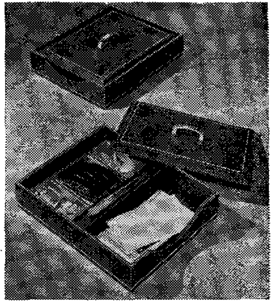
Other models from $60 to $95

U. S. mail orders prepaid
Send for our Chistmas gift catalogue

Whitehouse & Hardy
695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street)
New York, N. Y.

Newest Idea!

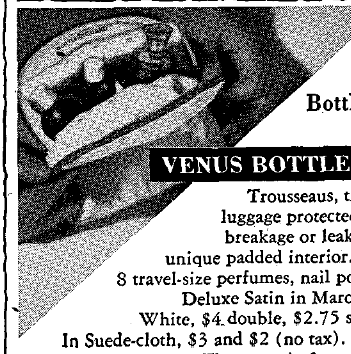
His own **"SILENT SECRETARY"**



Catch-all for top of his dresser. Eliminates search for wallet, keys, coins, lighter, etc., in that morning rush. Sturdily constructed; compartments of seasoned mahogany, brass fitted and moire lined. Fine hand tooled leather in choice of turf tan, maroon, green, or gray. 9½" x 12" x 2¾". Handsome and lasting gift. **$18.50** postpaid

No C.O.D.'s. Write for free catalogue.

Rhea McAllaster Dept. N112, 113 East 39th Street
New York 16, N. Y.



Prevent Bottle Damage with

VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Trousseaus, travel clothes, luggage protected from bottle breakage or leakage, through unique padded interior. Holds up to 8 travel-size perfumes, nail polish, lotions. Deluxe Satin in Maroon, Ice Blue, White, $4 double, $2.75 single-pocket. In Suede-cloth, $3 and $2 (no tax). Sizes also for pints, quarts, Thermos. At fine stores or write

VENUS CORP., 1170 B'way. N.Y.C., Dept. Y-11
PAT. NO. 1965227, U. S. PAT. OFF.

thus reduced by a few dollars each month.

The spectacle of Grayson's richest citizen stalking to the dèpot two to four times a day with a handful of letters was at first puzzling to his fellow-townspeople. Then, as the motive became generally known (through Reginald and Elsie), his behavior was regarded as rather ludicrous. Mr. Seiler continued to handle with scrupulous attention Mr. Mixon's incoming mail, which had no bearing upon the postmaster's income, and said nothing publicly.

Mr. Mixon must have become increasingly aware that his daily mail sorties were the subject of amused and, here and there, disdainful comment by his neighbors, but he stubbornly persisted in his retaliatory tactics throughout the first Wilson administration. It would be more dramatic if I could report here that Mr. Mixon once missed a train and an important business deal, or that Mr. Seiler saved him in some manner from such a misfortune, but nothing of the sort happened, as far as I know. The fact is simply that Mr. Mixon's unhappy status was prolonged by President Wilson's reëlection in 1916, a calamity he had not believed possible. He then decided he couldn't face another four years in an attitude that even he now recognized as being more than a little ridiculous.

He began his retreat by using envelopes with no return address and at night furtively dropping the letters into the mail slot in the front door of the post office. Mr. Seiler quickly caught on to that, since he knew from long experience all of Mr. Mixon's business connections. When Mr. Seiler quietly returned to him a letter with the notation that it had been inaccurately addressed, Mr. Mixon surrendered. Thereafter he posted his mail openly in the post office and even nodded coldly to Mr. Seiler when buying stamps.

I LEFT Grayson soon after this development, but I was reminded of the feud by the Republican triumph in the national elections of 1920. When I returned for a visit a couple of years later, the first thing I noticed as I stepped off the morning train was that the current mailboy was heading with his

after coffee . . . enjoy
Bénédictine
either of these two ways

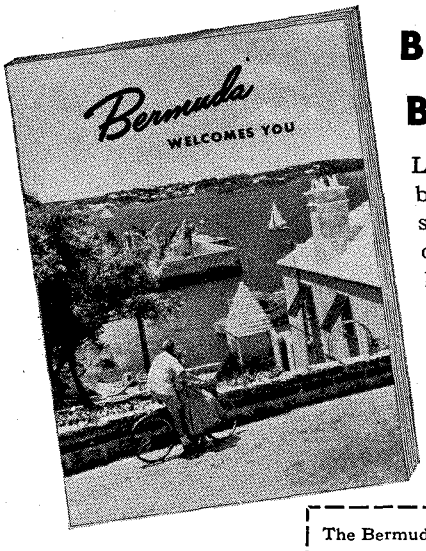
Bénédictine and Brandy
B AND B
LIQUEUR
B & B . . . Bénédictine and Brandy . . . is just as delicious, but drier than Bénédictine *straight*. Enjoy this delightful liqueur at its best—specify *Bénédictine's own bottled B & B.*

Straight
Bénédictine
La Grande Liqueur Française
The delicate aroma and exquisite taste of *straight* Bénédictine have delighted epicures for centuries. This golden elixir is still made from the original secret formula, is still the world's most superb liqueur. After coffee . . . enjoy Bénédictine!

BOTH BOTTLED IN FRANCE
86 PROOF
Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Sole U.S. Agents • Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York City

Write for your Free copy–
NEW. . . BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ABOUT BERMUDA



Look through this exciting 16-page booklet before you decide where you'll spend your vacation. Here's the story of Bermuda . . . its sights, sports, shops, living . . . pictured in superb full-coloured photographs . . . together with a handsome map of the islands. Look through this booklet, and you, too, will fall under the spell of these delightful semi-tropical islands. Write for your copy today!

IT'S FUN to fly quickly by plane . . . or to enjoy a leisurely trip by steamer. Your Travel Agent will make complete arrangements for your Bermuda vacation—at no cost to you.

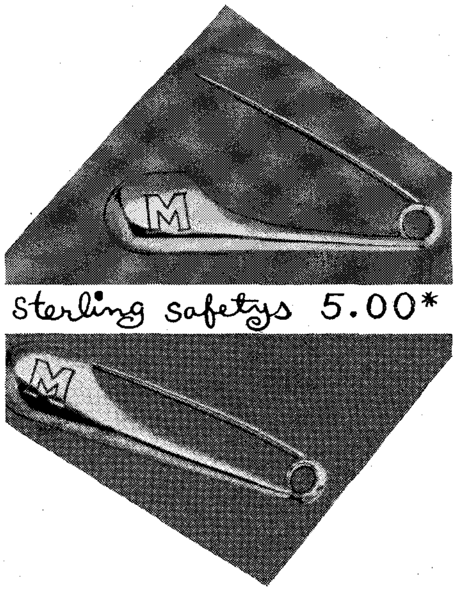
The Bermuda Trade Development Board, Dept. Y-11.
620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your new Bermuda booklet, "BERMUDA WELCOMES YOU."

Name____________________

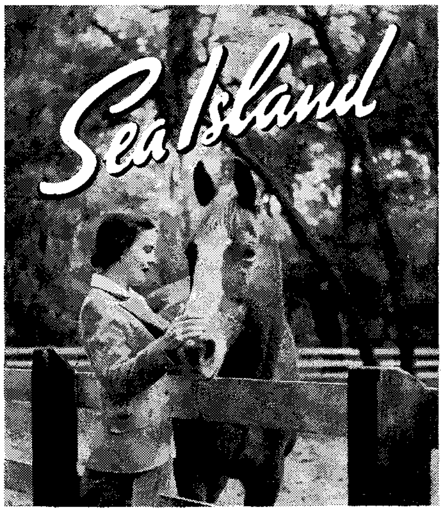
Address____________________

City______________ State__________



now the most fortunate babies are
born with silver pins in their britches!
Our own idea (we like them with
a single initial on each). Since they're destined
to be family heirlooms we
think they make very original baby Christmas
gifts. Add .35 for
each initial and .15 postage.
*the pair, tax included

Neiman-Marcus dallas, texas



Riding-Tennis-Skeet

The superb sports facilities include 6 Teniko tennis courts . . . a 2 field skeet layout . . . miles of woodland and beach bridle paths. Also year-round golf, Beach Club activities, fishing, cycling—everything for your enjoyment. Sea Island's fame is your assurance of congenial fellow guests. Reasonable American Plan rates.

Well appointed homes for rent.

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island, Georgia

Write direct for Booklet W, see travel agent or call New York Reservation Office, 630 *Fifth Ave.,* CIrcle 5-8055.

cartful of bags toward the general store of Albert A. Mixon. I dropped by in the afternoon. I guessed at once, and later confirmed my supposition, that Mr. Mixon had made a deal with his former adversary to assure that any future Democratic victories would have only a technical effect upon the postmastership of Grayson and none at all upon the location of the post office. Two new store clerks were busily occupied behind the counters, waiting on the many customers, including not only those who merely liked the convenience of shopping near the post office but also those who belonged to the now enlarged group composed of Mr. Seiler's personal friends. Such was the rush of business that Mr. Mixon had laid aside his account books and emerged from his office to assist in handling the trade.

Happily ensconced at a desk behind the lockbox partition was Mr. Seiler, no longer the official postmaster but supplied by Mr. Mixon with a salary big enough to keep him content where he was, even if he should again become the official head of the office. Mr. Seiler was concentrating on a chess problem, loftily ignoring the commercial activity in the store while he waited for the evening mail. —M. C. BLACKMAN

●

DARK RESCUE

Ask again, who is it that knocks?
Who but the poor pursued, the fox?
Who but the one the hounds chase? I
Ask you never let me die.

Lend me your shelter, let me wear
The dark protection of the lair;
Take me in hiding, lock your gate,
And see how I elude my fate.

No hunter, hard with pack and din,
Will carve his trophy from my skin,
But when the barks die down, beware
Of me, the fox, my gentle hare.

—ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

●

The bow tie is a sign that the wearer is a person who longs for the return of the days of his youth when he had few responsibilities and obligations. He cannot be entrusted with too difficult a task, for his initial interest fades quickly and gives way to an annoyance that prevents him from carrying it out effectively. He is the kind of person who always looks younger than he really is and, consequently, appeals to the mother instinct of women. —*From "Character Reading Made Easy," by Frederick Meier.*

Let's see, now, there's Harry Truman, and . . .

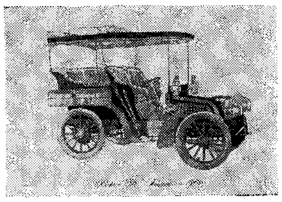
Imported from Holland!

Heineken's

PRODUCT OF MORE THAN 300 YEARS OF BREWING SKILL . . . IT'S SMOOTH AND MELLOW . . . **Heineken's** . . . THE WORLD'S FINEST LAGER

General U. S. Importers:
VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC.
N.Y. 19, N.Y.

. . . a set of 12 hand colored prints
of ANTIQUE AUTOS



The 12 pictures come in a specially designed, sturdy portfolio, 15¼ by 23½ inches, in an edition limited to 500. Portfolios priced at $100. Individual prints $10.

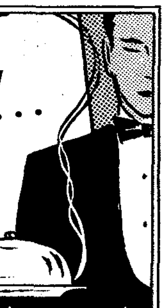
A delightful series of reproductions, authentically drawn and hand colored, of the first automobiles in America. Handsome on home or office walls.

F.A.R. Gallery
746 Madison Ave.

fine food beautifully served . . .

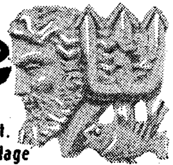
A charming rendezvous for quality food and cocktails since 1926.

LUNCHEON fr. 95c
DINNER fr. $1.40



University Restaurant
25 W. 8th St., NYC • in Greenwich Village

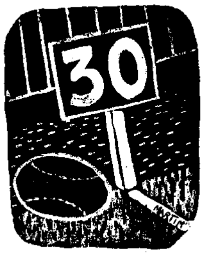
Sea-Fare
RESTAURANTS



1033 - 1st Ave. : 41 W. 8th St.
Sutton Place : Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

FOOTBALL

No Cheers



WHAT should have been one of the gala events of the season—the match between Army and Pennsylvania in Philadelphia last Saturday—was conducted for the most part in an unseemly atmosphere of glum silence. Penn, a team that year after year turns out a neat, lively, and generally successful brand of football, is Philadelphia's favorite son, and on Saturday, for the first time this fall, Penn was having a bad time in its own back yard. Army, which year after year produces a rugged and cold-bloodedly efficient brand of football, usually feels out the opposition during the first quarter of a game, sending forth reconnaissance squads to test the enemy strength at various points along the line and then drawing a set of conclusions from the reports turned in by the sergeants in charge. It was reasonable to expect that Army, coming up against the strongest Eastern team it has met this season, would proceed as was customary until it had the information it needed. Instead, quickly intercepting two passes thrown by Bagnell, Penn's renowned back (up to Saturday, not a single Bagnell pass had fallen into unfriendly hands this year), Army indicated that there was to be no preliminary fooling around. Also in the first quarter, Army picked up Penn's first fumble of the afternoon, and had a touchdown six plays later. After that, even though Army was leading by no more than 7–6 at the end of the first half, it was apparent that this was to be just one more of the apparently interminable series of Army Days.

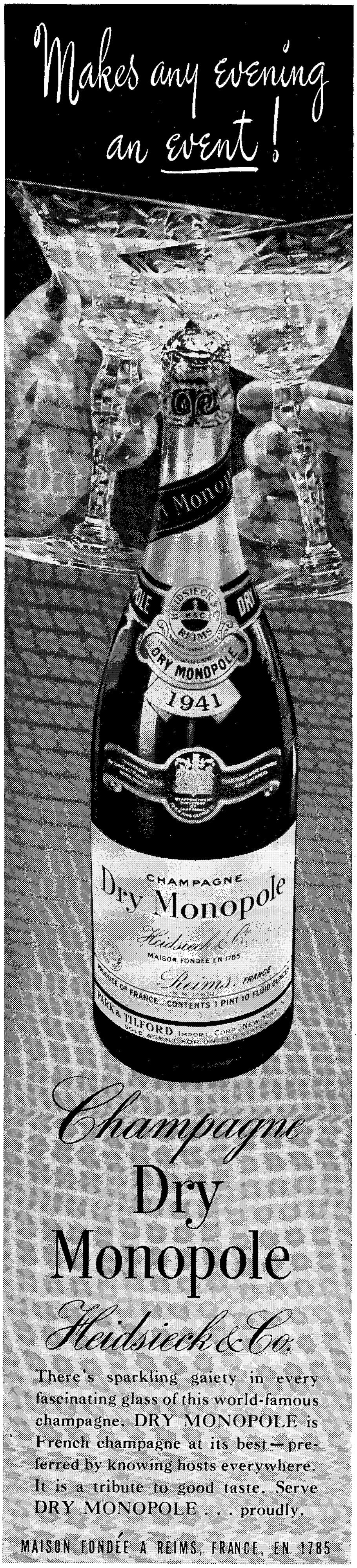
Army, winning by a score of 28–13, has rarely looked better. Except for its fondness for fumbling, Army was faultless. Rarely did a Penn back find a hole in the Army line, and when one did, he never got past the Army backfield. And Penn's pass receivers were blotted out the instant they caught the ball, or else they never got the ball at all. It is not easy, these days, to follow the play of a team on defense and keep an eye on the ball, too. I can only say, therefore, that Army's Herb Johnson, who on defense plays what in baseball would be left field, is either psychic or a genius, or possibly both. He seemed to be in the middle of every other Penn play, lending a distinctly unhelping hand to the enemy cause.

Army, of course, should be good. Because of the entrance requirements at West Point, an institution that, after all, has as its primary function the bolstering of this republic's armed forces, the men who play football for it are a sturdy lot, and in age they probably average a year or so more than the men on the Eastern college teams they play. Some of them, in fact, have played varsity football before they become freshmen all over again at West Point. Pollard, one of the best of the new crop of ballcarriers, was a star player when he was in civilian college.

It was hard not to feel sorry for Penn. The line gave ground unwillingly, and the backs, constantly harried by Army's vigorous tackling, unveiled a set of clever plays that had clearly been saved for a major opponent, only to see most of them spoiled by Army's alertness. By adding a little better kicking and subtracting two especially inconvenient fumbles, Penn would have been a lot closer to Army. As it was, Penn made the most of its two best opportunities, both of them Army fumbles, by rapidly turning them into touchdowns.

NOTHING else went as expected on Saturday. Columbia, which once a season comes up with a delightful surprise for its following, chose its game with Cornell as this year's surprise. There was much more reason for fumbling at Baker Field, where this match was played in an enveloping acre of mud, than there was in the Army-Penn game, which was played on a dry field. The Baker Field fumbles, like the Philadelphia ones, had a lot to do with the score. Cornell's last one gave Columbia, a remarkably good mudder, the chance to tie the score in the fourth quarter, 19–19, and then kick the point that beat Cornell, 20–19. Cornell, I am informed by a competent analyst, looked as though it were still bewildered by the severe trauma it suffered the week before in its game with Princeton, and Columbia's running attack was much better than it had been against Army and Penn.

Yale astonished me, and presumably many others, by losing to Dartmouth, 7–0. It had seemed likely that Yale, with Tisdale throwing passes for the team after an absence of three games, would be able to handle Dartmouth without much trouble, but he couldn't complete a single one of his throws. Dartmouth completed just one of the


Makes any evening an event!
1941
CHAMPAGNE
Dry Monopole
Heidsieck & Co.
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1785
Reims, FRANCE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE - CONTENTS 1 PINT 10 FLUID OZ.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK SOLE AGENT FOR UNITED STATES
Champagne
Dry
Monopole
Heidsieck & Co.

There's sparkling gaiety in every fascinating glass of this world-famous champagne. DRY MONOPOLE is French champagne at its best—preferred by knowing hosts everywhere. It is a tribute to good taste. Serve DRY MONOPOLE . . . proudly.

MAISON FONDÉE A REIMS, FRANCE, EN 1785

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK

Hold that Line

Who has a better right to shout such advice to the team than our lady in Lastex? For the yarn she symbolizes has been "holding that line" for almost twenty years—for millions! Especially in corsets that not only hold but do such amazing things for a lady's lines. And in swimsuits not only for women, but for just as line-conscious men and children.

Lastex
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

...the miracle yarn that makes things fit

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York

four passes it tried. This is obviously a record, surprising enough in college football and incredible to anyone who follows the avowealy professional games on Sundays up at Yankee Stadium, where the *panem-et-circenses* customers, all of them basketball buffs at heart, demand more ball-tossing. Navy made a nice try out in Cleveland before giving in to Notre Dame's larger supply of players and going down to a far from disgraceful defeat, 19–10. This department, which has its collection of favorite underdogs, wonders what would have happened if a pass by Zastrow, Navy's best thrower, had not slid off the fingers of Bakke, Navy's captain, down toward the Notre Dame goal early in the second half, when Navy was leading. Bakke, a fine big rangy end, has mostly been a non-playing captain this season. If, on the play under discussion, he had been able to make the catch, the resulting Navy touchdown might have given the team the extra burst of energy it needed to carry its lead through to the end of the game. Colgate, reported to be at the peak of its form, was expected to give Princeton a fairly stiff argument, especially since Princeton was reported to be in a mood to take it easy for a week after its notable performance against Cornell. Princeton was in the mood, all right. Kazmaier and several other first citizens were withdrawn from action early in the proceedings, and the underlings were left to their own devices, which, as the score—Princeton 45, Colgate 7—would indicate, were more than adequate. Colgate's solitary touchdown came late in the afternoon, right after a long pass—Princeton's one weakness. The Princeton team, reputedly three-deep in scholars from the Ancient Oriental Literature Department, would undoubtedly be happy to trade a couple of language experts for Army's Herb Johnson. With him alongside Davison and Pivirotto in the defensive lineup, Princeton might not be scored upon again before 1952. —J. W. L.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

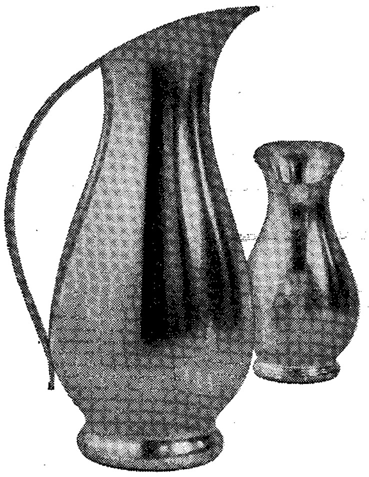
(CHIP OFF THE OLD SKULL AND CROSSBONES DIVISION)

[*From "The History of Piracy," by Philip Gosse*]

It is as rare for genius to repeat itself in pirate families as in those devoted to the more sedentary arts. —*Page 16.*

The most celebrated of all the pirates who ever infested the China Sea was Koxinga, the second of a long dynasty—it is curious to remark how a talent for piracy, like a talent for the stage, seems to be transmissible from generation to generation. —*Page 269.*

graceful pewter
pitchers



Imported from Holland, these beautifully shaped pitchers add a decorative note to sideboard or table...and they never tarnish! In four sizes: 6", $5.95; 8", $9.80; 10", $12.65; 12", $16.40. Mail orders invited.

FINNISH ART SHOP
41 East 50 Street, New York 22

CHARTREUSE
LIQUEUR FABRIQUÉE A LA Gde CHARTREUSE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE

try
the one
and
only
Chartreuse
the queen
of liqueurs

Yellow Chartreuse, 86 Proof
Green Chartreuse, 110 Proof

Schieffelin & Co., New York • Importers since 1794

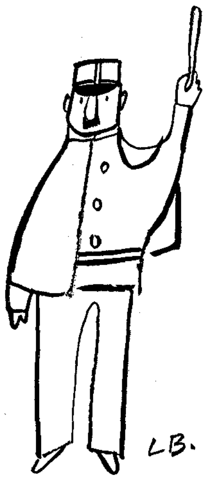
Vi
THE MAGNIFICENT NEW
Virgin isle
HOTEL
ON ST. THOMAS VIRGIN ISLANDS

LEO J. RIORDAN General Manager

For information and reservations
CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE TO
NEW YORK OFFICE
730 FIFTH AVE. • N. Y. 19, N. Y. • PLaza 7-5253

LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 2

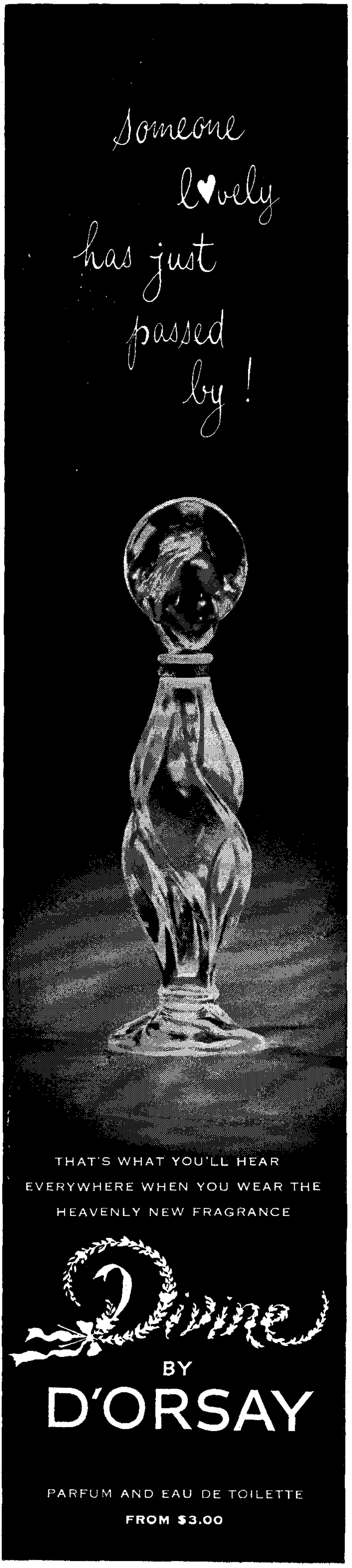


THE first hoarfrost has finally blackened the flowers in the Tuileries Gardens, where a palette of extended French autumn was lying undisturbed. Weather prophets have warned that the Seine will likely freeze over before the year is out. The winter of 1950 has come in cold but peaceful—in Europe, at least—after a summer of sultry fears of another world war. The harvests have been good in the French countryside. With a feeling of relief, Paris has started its winter routine. The weekly ballet nights at the Opéra have begun again, and the Colonne, Lamoureux, Pasdeloup, and Conservatoire Orchestras have tuned up for their weekly musical rivalry. The Comédie-Française, apparently with one eye on the thermometer, is opening its season with a new production of "Le Conte d'Hiver"—Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale." This is definitely a revival. It was first played here, in French, in 1631. The reconvened Parliament, occasionally the most interesting public spectacle in town, has just held its first all-day-and-all-night sessions, one of them signally historic and all of them marked by that violent disparity of views and casual absenteeism of members that seem normal to democratic chambers everywhere today. Frequently, there were more visitors in the not too commodious galleries than there were deputies on their benches, though a government of France was turning her history topsy-turvy by voting that Germany should be rearmed.

Until the concrete, complicated rearmament scheme known as the Pleven Plan was adopted by Parliament, idealists here had hazily hoped that a federated Western Europe, that elusive twentieth-century goal, would somehow or other be founded on peace, balloting brotherhood, and fine phrases. The new French plan offers a United Western Europe founded on Ruhr coal and steel (the Schuman Plan), plus a Western European army of nationals who, in accordance with a new ideal, would fight with instead of against one another. In one respect, René Pleven's plan rises magnificently above the memory of the old melees. His is the second French project for Germany in modern history—the first was the Schuman Plan—in which the French motivation has not been "*La Revanche*," a patriotic slogan that was most popular after 1870, when French revenge seemed a pleasant possibility, and that has behind it a deeper French feeling that goes back to Waterloo, for which Blücher is still remembered and hated here, though Wellington has been practically pardoned and forgotten.

Obviously, many citizens, recalling what Hitler's labor battalions, theoretically trained with shovels, were able to do to them in 1940, are confounded in 1950 by the idea of France's handing any German even a popgun, in whatever federated wrappings. Also, the special Gallic satisfactions in the Pleven Plan, such as its ranking of the German soldiers as helots, without patriotic perquisites or their own military leaders, were badly shaken during the Parliamentary debates by news from West Germany that, aside from Chancellor Adenauer and the rich industrialists, the Germans did not want to be armed at all, *danke sehr*. Nevertheless, to the three-quarters of the French who are not Communists and who are, generally, realists, the Pleven Plan has a strong appeal. It seems a genuinely creative and hopeful diplomatic idea for a new relationship with Germany and for a modern Western Europe. The military risk seems realistically minimized by the Pleven Plan's being built on top of the Schuman Plan for the handling of the Ruhr's coal and steel, which the French also consider a creative and hopeful idea. For, as the French bitterly realize today, what modern European wars are prepared on and fought for is industry, or dialectic ideas on how to run industry. Despite the setback the Pleven Plan received in Washington, the French feel that with these two contributions France has become once more the planning brain of Western Europe, or as much of a planning brain as she can be with England so standoffish and America so powerful.

Some peculiar things were said during the Chamber debate. Pro-American Paul Reynaud admiringly described the Pentagon as "the military Vatican of the United States." Communist Deputy Billoux bellowed that the very notion of a United Europe was "an invention of Hitler." Pierre Cot, a *Progressiste*, or outrider for the Communist Party, who usually winds up in the mental suburbs


Someone lovely has just passed by!

THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL HEAR EVERYWHERE WHEN YOU WEAR THE HEAVENLY NEW FRAGRANCE

Divine BY D'ORSAY

PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE
FROM $3.00

PLUS FEDERAL TAX

BONWIT TELLER

MINK FOR ALL TIME...

Our own three-quarter ranch mink, with soft tuxedo collar, big turnback cuffs. Glamorous fashion, morning, noon, night... hard to duplicate at this price 2995.00 plus tax Fourth Floor

New York Chicago Boston White Plains

of Moscow, suavely complained that "the morale of our French soldiers is already weakened by the mere thought of having German soldiers at their side in a European army"—instead, apparently, of having them tearing at French throats, as usual. There was a lot of raucous laughter at the expense of the Communist deputies during the discussion of the new military-service bill, which the Communists ferociously fought as militaristic. The bill will tie French conscripts to the Army for eighteen months, instead of the present year, and instead of the two or three years of compulsory service of the Russian Army. According to the Communist deputies' explanation, Russian soldiers are happy to put in three years of military service because it is exactly like three years at college. Just a big, collectivized campus.

"La Vie Commence Demain," a notable full-length documentary film produced by and for intelligent, worried men, has just been shown here. Its technique is so interesting that it is odd nobody has used it before. The film features a young provincial (played by J. P. Aumont) headed for Paris for his first visit to its museums, palaces, and "other dead cultures." He is diverted into visiting the possessors of some of the most alive cultural minds in Paris, who give him quarter-hour lectures on their views of the world. The talks are accompanied by a marvellous collection of background shots, some from newsreels, which serve as mental lantern slides. One interview is with the philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, in his Saint-Germain-des-Prés flat, where, almost angrily, he explains his belief that each of us is the sum of the bad, as well as the little good, there is in the world today. Another interview is with the great biologist Professor Jean Rostand, whose theme is the efforts of the laboratories to improve, or at least save, the human race. The background shots for this are sensational: electric-shock treatments of lunatics, brain operations, and artificial insemination; and experiments being made with grains, flowers, and parthenogenetic organisms, etc., with close-ups of scientists scientifically doing what does not come naturally. Still another interview is with the architect Le Corbusier, on top of his new model skyscraper, in Marseille; he presents his ideas on man's right to sun and light as part of what he rents when he rents his flat. Then there are two brief meaningless interviews—one with André

Men's Argyll Hose from Scotland

One of the most welcome gifts in hose! Especially these fine quality Argylls—pure wool—full fashioned—available in either regular, or anklet length. Authentic Argyll color combinations—ground shades of blue, brown, green, and grey.

Sizes 10 to 13
Either regular, or anklet length
$4.75 a pair

Write us—we'll send you an assortment for selection

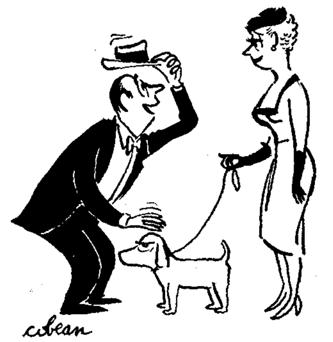
A. Sulka & Company
661 Fifth Avenue — at 52 Street — New York 22
2 South Michigan Avenue at Madison, Chicago 3

Angelo Petri
Signature
California
Golden Muscatel
Vineyard Bottling

GOLD MEDAL AWARD
INTERNATIONAL WINE SHOW
CALIFORNIA • SEPTEMBER, 1950

Angelo Petri SIGNATURE WINES

ANGELO PETRI VINEYARDS • ESCALON, CALIFORNIA

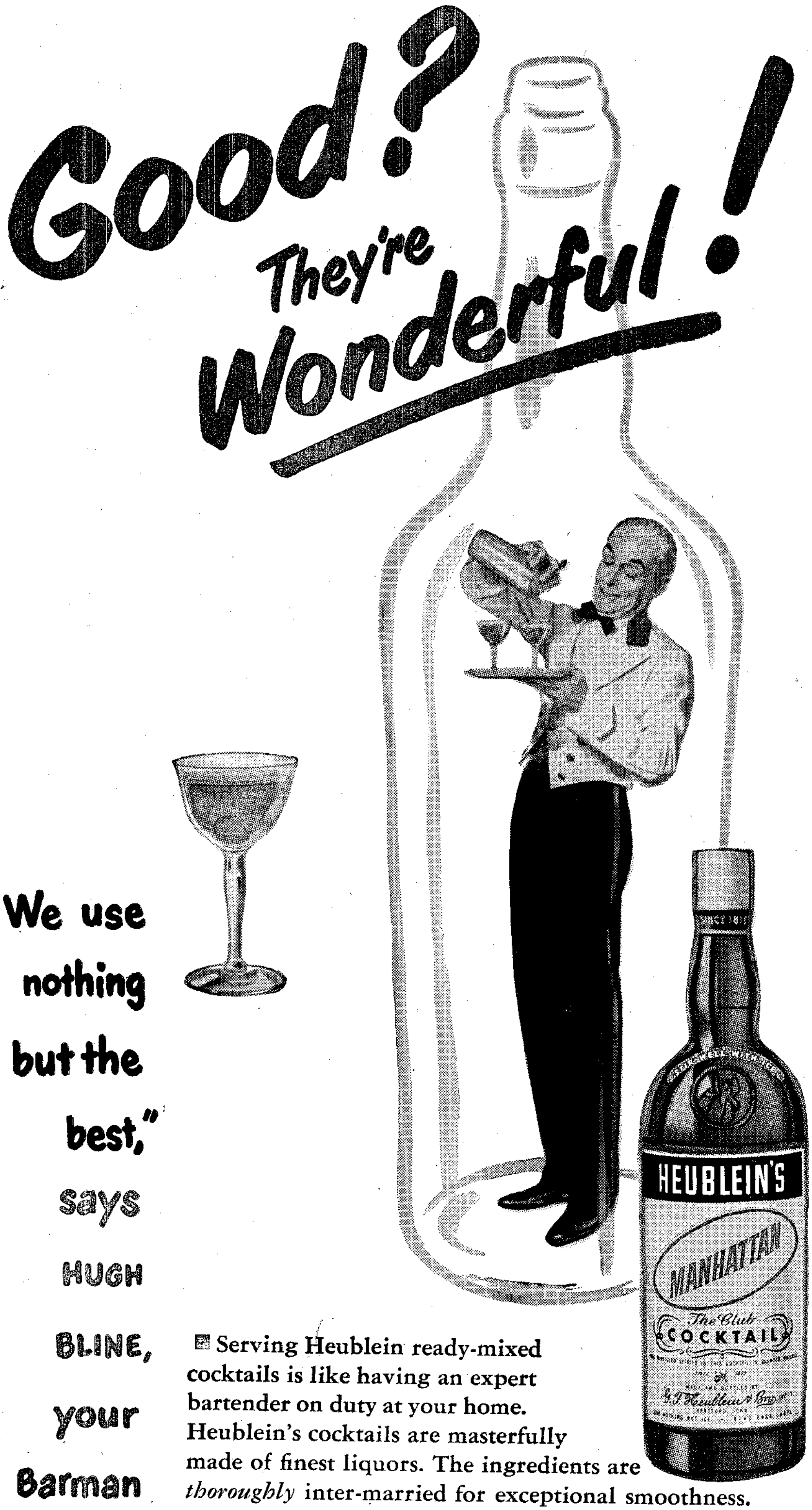


"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(Advertisement)

Gide, who cautiously chats about how he loves movies, and the other with Picasso, in a bathing suit, who even more cautiously doesn't chat at all. The final interview is with André Labarthe, who dreamed up the film. He gives his views on atomic scientists, who he believes should save us from, not lead us to, destruction. The background scenes here are some extraordinary newsreel shots of Bikini and of other modern horrors. Labarthe, once a brilliant science instructor at the Sorbonne, has gone through various contortionate political changes and now innocuously publishes *Constellation*, a prosperous French imitation of the *Reader's Digest*. Its peak achievement is sponsoring "La Vie Commence Demain."

PARIS friends of the late Gertrude Stein, including that most famous one about whom Miss Stein wrote an "autobiography" but who otherwise never wants her name mentioned, are of the opinion that the remaining unpublished Stein manuscripts in the Yale Library will soon be published, maybe by the Yale Press. Of the catalogued five hundred and seventy-one manuscripts, not many are still unpublished. One item from the 1910-12 period is "Two. Gertrude Stein and Her Brother," written just before "Tender Buttons." One example from 1940, "Mrs. Reynolds, a Novel," is in the process of being taken out of the unpublished category; it will soon be issued here in French. After "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" was published, in 1933, the American publishers, for the most part, capitulated. Even before that, one American magazine editor capitulated. Around 1916, the old *Life* had fun with parodies of Stein. To the editor, Miss Stein intelligibly wrote, "How can you make fun of me so constantly and well with parodies without being interested in an original? If you



"We use nothing but the best," says HUGH BLINE, your Barman in a Bottle!

Serving Heublein ready-mixed cocktails is like having an expert bartender on duty at your home. Heublein's cocktails are masterfully made of finest liquors. The ingredients are *thoroughly* inter-married for exceptional smoothness. To sum it up: serve Heublein's—*for better cocktails, with less work!* Eight kinds, including:

MANHATTAN, *65 proof*
EXTRA DRY MARTINI, *65 proof*
SIDE CAR, *60 proof*
DAIQUIRI, *60 proof*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

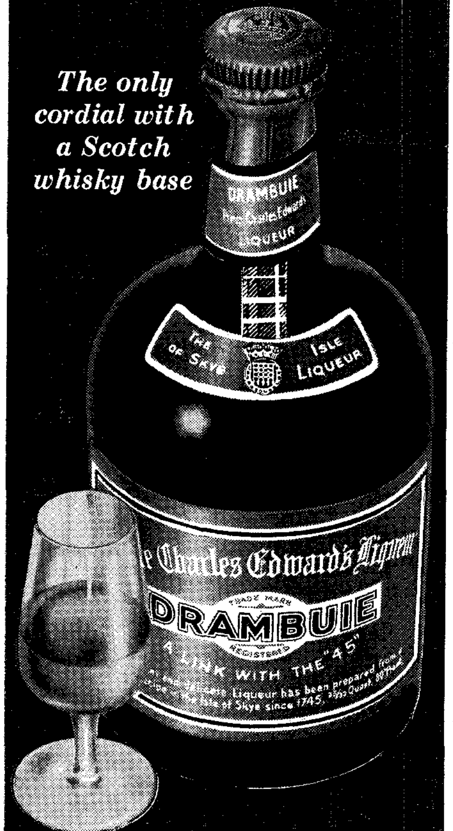
HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS ®

can print them, why can't you print it?" So the editor printed several of it.

Two 1950 foreign books that might well have failed to attract French readers are finishing the year among those most widely and seriously read. "La Vingt-cinquième Heure," by the Rumanian C. Virgil Gheorghiu, has, indeed, been widely and seriously and disturbingly read for months and has now reached a sale of a hundred and seventy-five thousand. It is presumably now becoming familiar to American readers, in its English translation, as "The Twenty-fifth Hour." The other popular foreign book here is slight but remarkable. It is the "Journal de Anne Frank." Mlle. Frank was given a diary on her thirteenth birthday, in 1942, and she made entries in it until she was fifteen. She was a precocious, talented little Frankfurt Jewess who had fled with her family to Amsterdam, where, after the anti-Semitic laws were passed, her family and another family, the van Daans, hid for two years in a warehouse by the elegant Prinsengracht Canal. The warehouse was an annex behind an office building, housing businesses in which her father had money. A clothespress that, by a secret mechanism, operated as a door into the annex allowed the entry of provisions, books, and bad news to the sequestered parents and children—about a dozen people in all—who dared move, cook, talk, or use the plumbing only at night, lest they be overheard by the office workers. In Holland, the book has had a tremendous success. She rightly aimed to be a writer when she grew up. Her acute analyses of her uncontrollable growing love for the van Daan boy, Peter (whom she frankly found stupid), and her maturing literary need for communication, for self-knowledge, and for a knowledge of nature—she saw the moon once in one year, through a shutter, with Peter at her side—are talented indeed. In 1944, the *Feldpolizei* discovered the secret clothespress door. Anne and all the other annex dwellers except her father died in Belsen. Her diary was rescued from among the debris of his business papers in the annex.

OUR war in Korea against the North Korean Communist aggressors has, it is hoped, gone into its final stage. Maybe a new, cloudland war against Chinese Communist aggressors has started along the yak routes in Tibet. The French war against Viet Minh Communist aggressors in Indo-China, first and most unpopular and most unsuccessful of the democratic wars in

After Dinner
*



a DRAM* of DRAMBUIE

The only cordial with a Scotch whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet.

* ***DRAM.** A small drink. When it's Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.*

Famous Old Gun Prints

A. LINCOLN
2
3
4
5
6

Ideal for Gun Lovers, Dens, Professional offices.

Authentic in detail, historically accurate. Here is a set of six of America's most famous side arms. Expertly crafted facsimile steel engravings in natural color, mounted on a background of old newspaper print headlining the event in which the gun was made famous. Frames of beautiful antiqued fruitwood finish. Inner molding of frame your choice Antique Green, Red or Yellow. Hooked to hang. Overall size 10¾ x 12¾.

1. The gun that killed A. Lincoln
2. Jesse James' Own
3. The Army Colt
4. Frontier Colt of Billy The Kid
5. Gamblers' Favorite "Southerner"
6. The Famous Texas Arm

Set of six $48—$8 singly
Send check or money order to

AMERICAN CLASSICS
DALLAS, TEXAS BOX 2458

From "Bonnie Dundee" Famous
KEILLER'S *Butterscotch!*

Keiller
Dundee
Butterscotch
Keiller

A confection from Scotland that fairly melts in your mouth . . . KEILLER'S BUTTERSCOTCH. Fresh from our famous kitchens in Dundee, this delicious candy comes in a gay tartan box and each piece is individually wrapped to protect its goodness. Try a box *now* . . . for that "between times" craving for something sweet to eat.

Keiller's
of Dundee

Sole U. S. Importers
James Keiller & Son
Baltimore 24, Md.

Asia, must soon be brought to an end, one way or another, according to military opinion here. It has been known that the French soldiers there have lacked weapons and matériel. Now it seems that they have lacked lots of things. The newspaper *Figaro* has begun a campaign to tell readers what their soldiers want. The paper candidly says, "Their life is without comfort; their task is becoming harder, more deadly. They want sunglasses, fountain pens, games, books, old newspapers, etc. Almost everything is needed to give the soldier at rest or the wounded some distraction." As a matter of economy, *Figaro* prints a warning against sending one item, and it will break soldiers' hearts if a copy of the paper containing it is ever read out there: "Don't send tobacco, because of the customs duties." —GENÊT

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Gloucester* (*Eng.*) *Citizen*]

A motorist passing through came to a halt as a large sow appeared through a hole in the hedge on one side of the road and ambled leisurely across to the other.

Hard on the heels of mother came piglet No. 1 and then another, and another and another. In sedate single file they formed a living barrier across the road.

By the time No. 8 was on the way across there were two cars, a motor-cyclist, and a small boy nine, ten, eleven and twelve all duly appeared and that appeared the end of it, but little thirteen suddenly shot through the hole and scampered after his disappearing brothers and sisters.

Cars and motor-cycle proceeded; fascinated small boy followed pigs.

In fact, however, he was a brother-in-law to King Robert the Bruce himself.

Through this careless act instead of being allowed to return to Tewkesbury to collect his own ransom from his retainers, as was often customary, he returned feet first, for Robert the Bruce sent back the body for burial, where he lies in the Choir of the Abbey.

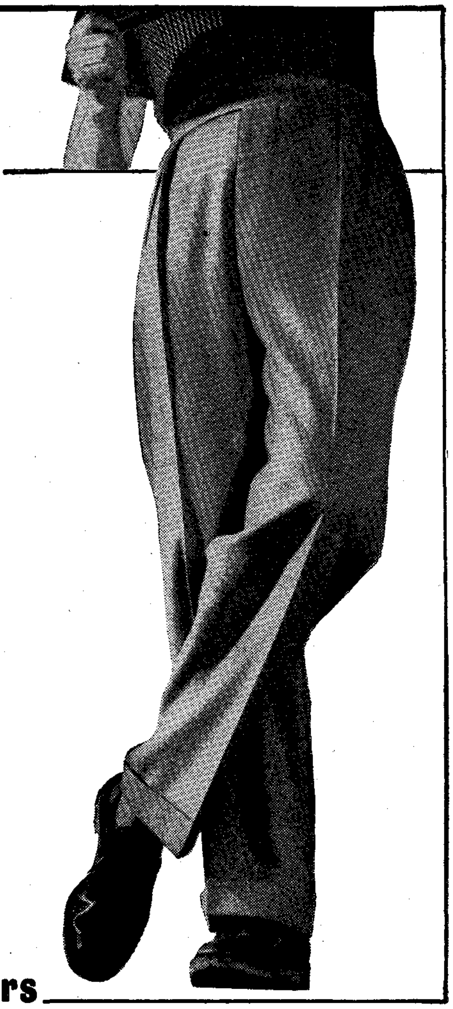
•

In the great signature book of the Pump Room one finds the names of

Clair Boothe
Alexander Wollcott
Sheila Barret
Frederic March
Lalvador Dali
Anne Neagle
Hall Wallis
Maurice Chevallier
Bonita Branville
Garson Kanis
Jehundi Menuhin
Ronald Coleman
Jessie Lasky
Wallace Berry
Allan Ladd

—*From "The Tradition of the Pump Room," a pamphlet issued by the Ambassador East Hotel, Chicago.*

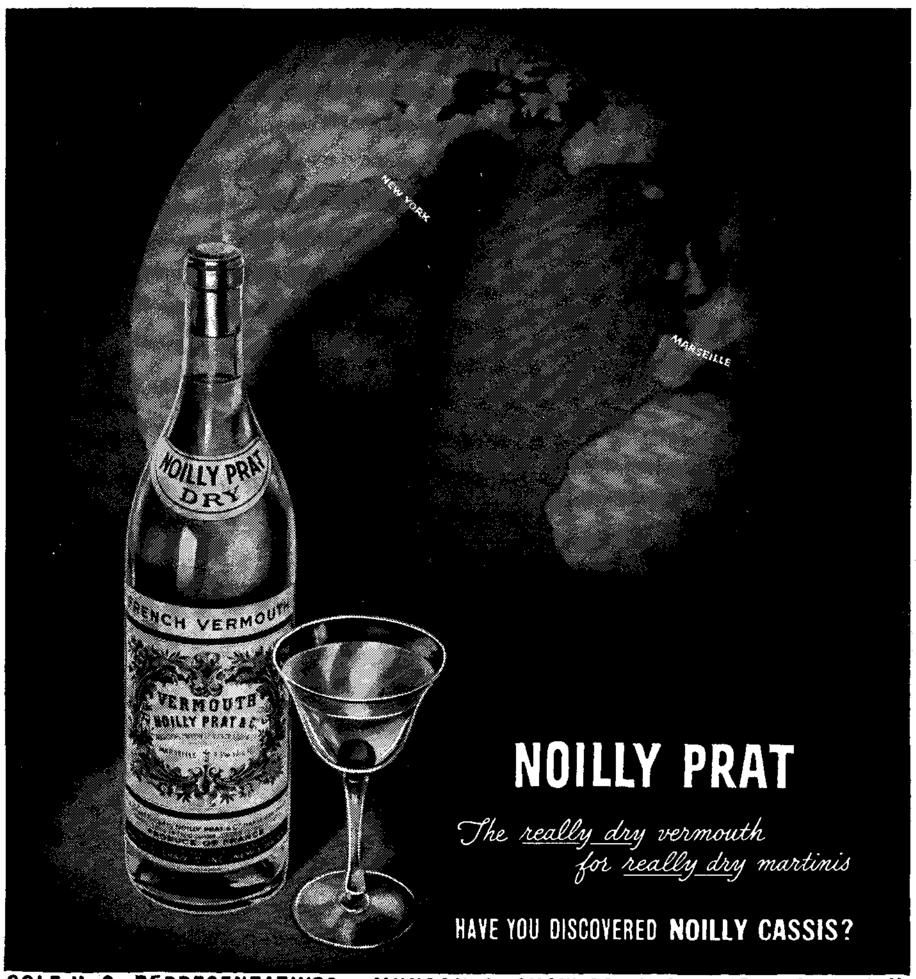
Never heard of any of them.



relax in
DAKS®

Simply no other slacks like DAKS on either side of the Atlantic. Hidden sponge rubber pads keep a polite but firm grip on your shirt for belt-less ease, effortless hang. In renowned British worsteds. From $25 to $32.50. Write for folder and dealer's name. Simpson Imports, Inc., Dept. N7, 9 E. 35 Street, New York. In Canada: Daks Canada Ltd., 1405 Peel St., Montreal.

the famous English
comfort-in-action trousers



NOILLY PRAT
The really dry vermouth for really dry martinis
HAVE YOU DISCOVERED NOILLY CASSIS?
SOLE U. S. REPRESENTATIVES • MUNSON G. SHAW CO. INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

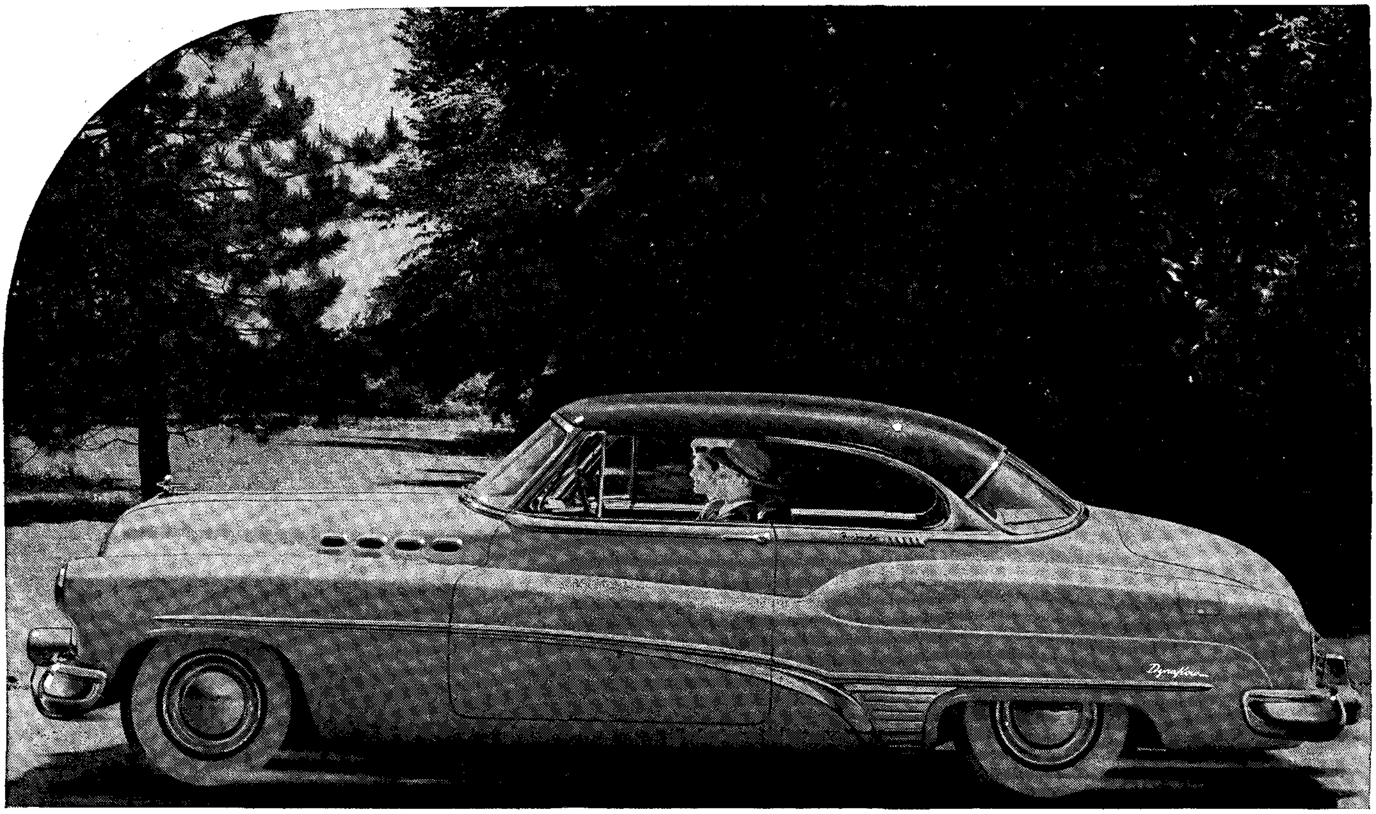
OF all the aberrations of womankind, the one that most baffles custom furriers is the fact that the average female, though she carefully considers the major investment a fur coat involves, pays so little attention to the way it looks front or back. The instant she slips into one, she wheels and studies its side profile in the mirror, to the exclusion of practically everything else. She has presumably become so accustomed to a backward flare, since furriers began draping fur like cloth, that the designers expect some mulish resistance to the new, and infinitely more becoming, way of achieving great fullness without apparent bulk. This is to cut fur coats so that they hang absolutely straight fore and aft, with fullness coming from under the arms at the sides. Gunther Jaeckel's magnificent collection of Paris models contains two full-length Dior coats that perfectly illustrate this technique. One is a pyramid coat of black broadtail, hanging so straight that it is startling to discover, when the thing is laid flat, that it is almost a full circle. An inverted V inset that starts under each arm and attains a width of nearly thirty inches at the hem is the cause, but the customer can't figure exactly how the fullness is accomplished, so nicely does this panel flow into the body of the coat. The other Dior, a mink that weighs next to nothing and can be bundled into a smallish bag (not recommended, though) is voluminous just the same. As for Maximilian, he doesn't even bother to conceal the side flare in his coat of Alaska seal. In front, it is cut straight to the hips, and then flares decidedly. Except for this one digression, the full coats in town are straight up and down, though soft and graceful when their wearers move, or else are pyramid in shape. Many short fur jackets, by the way, give the illusion, when viewed from the back, of being one enormous box pleat, because of the way the fur is worked.

The set-in sleeve of old has taken up temporary quarters at the Museum of Natural History (in the Dinosaur Hall, naturally), and the smooth shoulder (often with a dropped seam) and the raglan sleeve are now everywhere. Armholes are deep, as they should be in coats that have to go over bulky suits, and many of them start at the waistline, for all the world like kimono sleeves. Hermè does the exaggeratedly deep armhole with exceptional grace. Cuffs are likely to be huge and are designed to be turned back above the elbows once darkness falls. Collars, by contrast, are likely to be neat and moderate. (There are those who claim that women's faces get no help from the coats of today because there are no luxurious collars to snuggle into. To me, though, the new coats seem to center attention on the face and head instead of smothering them. Is that bad?) Most of the fullish coats are supposed to be wrapped over on one hip. This is easy, with a little practice. Any survivor of the fur fashions of the twenties can show dubious females how the elbow that hugs their purse next to their ribs can also hold the wrapped coat in place.

As for small furs, every woman likes a bit of warmth around her shoulders, either to supplement a suit or dress in the spring and the fall or to cover a bare décolletage on cool evenings. I must warn the public that the waist-length cape that goes into long, straight stole ends in front is no longer mentioned in polite company, because it has been worn by so many women who won't fuss about draping it interestingly. We'll be hearing shortly of a substitute for the cape stole that can be anchored so that it will look and stay right. Ermine is having a revival for that warmth-around-the-shoulders touch (at Revillon, among others), and, for the same purpose, black fox has almost completely replaced silver fox in fashionable circles.

These days, dyed furs are just as respectable as tinted hair, and it's often hard to tell whether even the most elegant furs are navy or black. Esther Dorothy, who was a pioneer with high-style colored furs, has an antic time with red or Mediterranean-blue mole. She works the skins so that the edges make horizontal scallops all around a super-greatcoat with a self belt that ties; $695, for women who'd rather have good beer than sickly-sweet champagne. She also uses clipped fox in mint green, Mediterranean blue, buff, and so on. It is lightweight and warm, it looks like deep fleece, and, surprisingly, it is very durable; $525 and up for a jacket. Alfred Rainer still clings to his beloved Brazilian river otter, which is short-haired and sleek and shiny (it sheds water, too) but very soft. He is thoroughly up-to-the-minute, using black Persian on collars and cuffs as a contrast to the lively tobacco brown of the otter, in both a perfectly fitted coat, which has an inverted pleat down the back and a Peter Pan collar, and in one of his straight box jackets, which has a high, notched shawl collar. Combinations of two furs are rife around town. Black Alaska seal is used like velvet trimming on Persian coats; broadtail is combined with ermine for evening (Rainer and Hermè), and sometimes mink trims black broadtail or Persian, 1914 style. (When velvet is used as trimming, it is likely to be covered with passementerie.) Only a really smart woman can wear one of these mink jobs without looking mournful, but Revillon's beautiful broadtail

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them



First of the Fine Cars in Value

Travel tailored to your Taste

If you've a taste for distinction with dash—not to mention an eye for the value of a dollar—this brilliant beauty is for you.

That quartet of Ventiports and rich sweep of fender chrome mark it as a ROADMASTER.

And ROADMASTER means all the joys, all the pride, all the niceties that come to mind when you say "fine car."

There's the expansive luxury of interiors dimensioned and appointed as befits those who relish gracious living.

There's a regal steadiness of ride that adds poise to your going.

But there's another side to ROADMASTER that every action-lover should know.

While it satisfies your pride and serves your comfort, it gives a mighty lift to your spirit—for the experience of commanding 152-horsepower Fireball power is something reserved for ROADMASTER owners only.

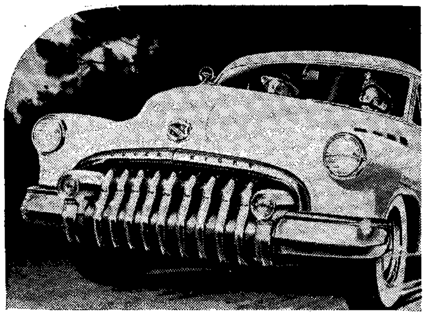
Add to this the fact that ROADMASTER alone among fine cars has Dynaflow Drive — and that, despite its interior spaciousness, it has an over-all length that tucks into normal parking spaces—and you can see why this versatile traveler leaves nothing to be desired.

Even the price adds to your satisfaction. ROADMASTER has the lowest price per pound in the fine-car field, which means that to own this car marks you as a man with the shrewdness to get full money's worth.

Your Buick dealer is a man you should see in the very near future.

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE



Buick

ROADMASTER

with Dynaflow Drive

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smoothie

The perfect, useful gift for men or women. An imported traveling iron, AC or DC, and easily switched to foreign currents by the twist of a screw. Weighs less than 2 lbs. Only 4½" long. Heats instantaneously . . . stands on end to cool. Complete with Morocco leather case . . . red, blue, tan, green or wine (give 2nd choice of color when ordering).

We personally recommend this gift.
$15.00
Add 25¢ for shipping

The Whistling Oyster
Joy Hawley · Helen Ryan
Orlando, Florida
In summer Ogunquit, Maine

At New York's Leading Auction Gallery

ANTIQUE FURNITURE
DECORATIONS • JEWELRY
FINE ART AND
LITERARY PROPERTY

Sales Weekly
SEPTEMBER TO JUNE

PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES • INC
980 MADISON AVENUE
Monthly *Bulletin* on Request
Address Department N.

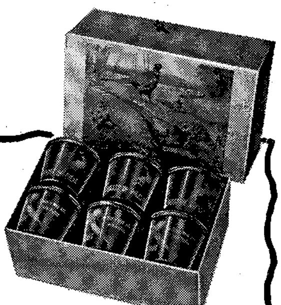
coat with raglan shoulders, deep cuffs of mink, and a band of mink down each side of the collarless closing is just waiting for women who are thinking of looking worldly.

A greatcoat of matara seal from Alaska now runs around $3,000. This fur is becoming a fashionable item, but it should be pointed out that many of the skins, which are dyed dark brown, have a reddish cast that can be more trying than an honest (and lower-priced) nutria. Maximilian's matara, though, has no reddish cast at all, being a deep, dark brown. He uses it in a greatcoat with a collar that is the current darling of the important furriers—narrow across the back and with long points in front. These points are pushed up to make loops at either side of the jaw, and are held in place by being buttoned down at their tips.

Let us now, however, conduct a more detailed examination of the custom salons of some of the major furriers, as well as a few of the best ready-to-wear items.

THE Dior jackets at Gunther Jaeckel are superlative. One, a hip-length nutria with huge cuffs, has two fins flaring out sharply to give fullness astern. A fitted coat of Persian, suit-jacket length, has slightly padded hips to make the waistline look even more indented. A Cossack tunic in mink has removable pockets, eighteen inches deep, in front of the hips. A three-quarter coat of broadtail Persian has two wide, loose panels hanging down the front, to be crossed and tossed over the shoulders with éclat. For operagoers, there is Worth's luxurious evening ermine, which looks like a longish cutaway jacket in front and has a cape back that descends to the knees. The effect is of a jacket with a separate cape, but it is all one piece. There are slashes in the cape to accommodate the arms. As for more inexpensive, ready-to-wear doodads, all hands might inspect a straight jacket, with bell sleeves and a little turnover collar, of sheared raccoon, a worthy newcomer that suggests taupe nutria; $420. And a round muff and stole shawl of sable-dyed squirrel come to $474 all told. These prices, like the ones that follow, include the federal tax.

MAXIMILIAN'S answer to the cold-shoulder problem is a cape that, instead of stole ends in front, has little round cuffs. You shove them up to your elbows, giving them a twist, so that the fur is a trifle spiralled on your arms. This is regally casual in sable,



For the Food Connoisseur

Treasure Chest of tender Breast of Pheasant—6 jars of succulent pheasant, immersed in an aspic of Sherry Wine jelly, with thinly sliced truffles	18.75
Hable Creme Chantilly Cheese, 5¼ oz. ....ea. .85; 10½ oz.........ea. $1.65 1 lb. ....ea.	2.50
French Red Bar-Le-Duc, 3¼ oz. jars, dz.	6.50
Fancy Whole Guinea Hen in Natural Broth, W/Port Wine ....can	3.75
Fancy Whole Mallard Duck in Natural Broth, and Vermouth, 3 lb. ....can	5.25
French Peas Petits Pois Rochambeau —Extra Fine—1 lb. tin ....dz.	8.40
Brilliant Colored Cocktail Onions from England, Red and Green for serving w/cocktails or decorations, 7 oz. jars ....6 for	3.95
Green Turtle Soup W/Imported Sherry Wine and Large Pieces of Turtle Meat, qt. jars ....dz.	21.00

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Free delivery within 150 miles

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57 St., New York 22, EL 5-4700
Send for our Christmas Catalog, N-3 "Gifts on Parade", & Food Folder

FOR MOTHERS-TO-BE!

Page Boy
12.95

CHINESE CHRISTMAS-COAT
with good-luck emblem

. . . symbolizing beauty, happiness, luck in the New Year. Cleverly concealing over skirts, slacks. Rayon faille in peacock blue, black braid emblem; or Chinese gold, brown emblem. Sizes 10-18. Style 639t.

ORDER BY MAIL TODAY, 12.95

free • send for maternity catalog Y2

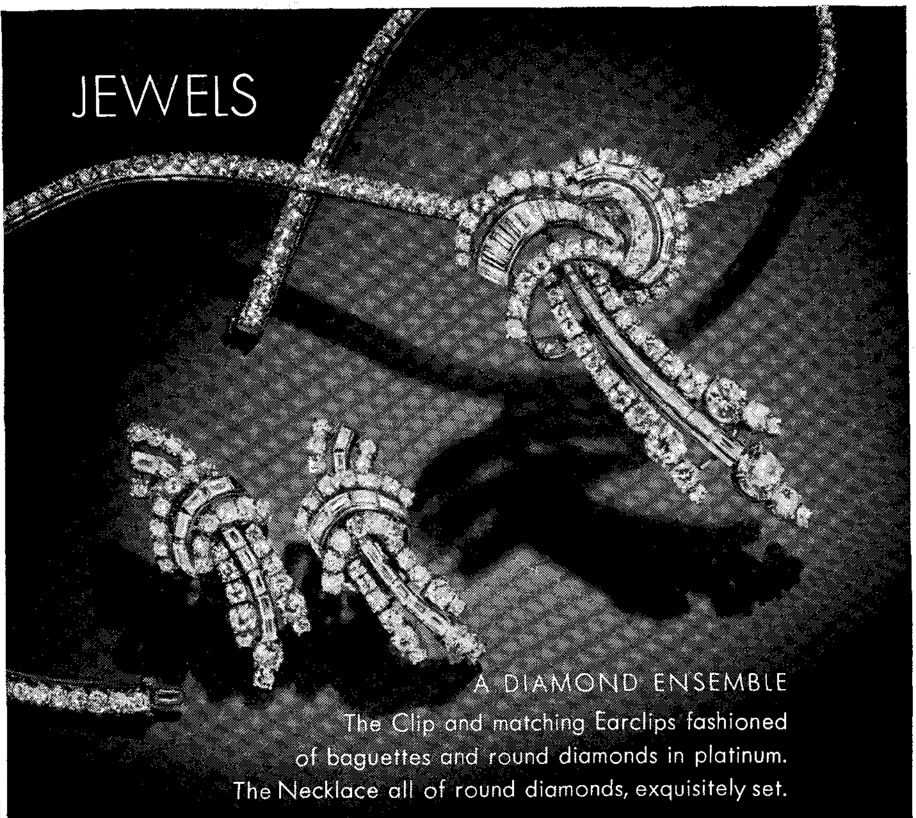
PAGE BOY Y2 • 2033 Cedar Springs • Dallas

NATIONAL ACADEMY
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
Write, call or phone for prospectus
3 East 89th St. ENright 9-4880

and almost as persuasive in mink or baum marten. A fur sports coat of a beige Canadian river otter with a becoming pink cast is Maximilian's contribution to the new vogue for furs tailored like wool topcoats. The stuff resembles a deep fleece and has a vicuña feel. It's cut polo-coat fashion, with mannish revers, gauntlet cuffs flaring upward, and big patch pockets. Fine for popping on and off trains, planes, and ships. For those in whom lurks a bit of Paulette Goddard, there's a coat-dress of black broadtail whose skins are worked diagonally across the back. The buttoned basque top is sleek as far as the hips, where gathered fullness sets in at the side front. The band neck is slashed to make Vs. Altogether, a work of art. For high style at fairly moderate expense, there are long, skinny, ready-to-wear stoles of black Kamchatka fox; $250. A floppy muff to match, at least two feet across, is designed to be shoved up one arm; $175, and nonchalant and smart indeed.

REVILLON has one of the nicest fitted coats in Manhattan. It's of black broadtail and is cut coachman style, with an inverted pleat down the back of the skirt. Pockets flare forward from the hipbones, and the sleeves, full at the top, have vertical tucks to make them snug down the forearm. A splendid mink greatcoat also has unusual sleeve treatment. The sleeves, starting off full, dwindle into narrow cuffs a good eight inches high and made of two-inch strips of mink in a basketweave. For dressy afternoons, a straight, hip-length jacket of gray broadtail, with a moderate tuxedo front and imposing three-tiered sleeves, should fill the bill. In a waist-length, slightly bloused cocktail jacket of ermine, the skins are worked so that they curve outward, making the sleeves seem one with the body of the jacket. The big elbow cuffs are slashed to produce two projecting Vs. An ermine cape is *all* long V points. One point comes below the waist in back; there's another at each elbow, where the cape is caught in to give a semblance of a sleeve for anchorage; and there are two pointed stole ends in front.

OF all the custom furriers, Alfred Rainer is probably the most consistent worshipper of asymmetrical design. Some of his coats have collars that arch irregularly at both sides of the neck, in calla-lily style. And among his capes, most of which should make the average cape stole feel very, very average, there is one of black broadtail that curves



JEWELS

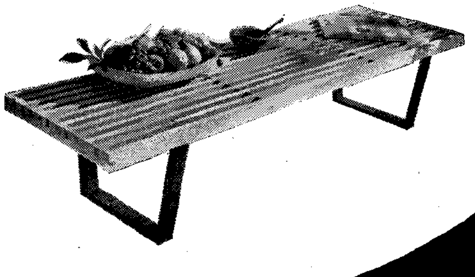
A DIAMOND ENSEMBLE
The Clip and matching Earclips fashioned
of baguettes and round diamonds in platinum.
The Necklace all of round diamonds, exquisitely set.

SPAULDING & COMPANY
959 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE • CHICAGO 11

a grand gift ▶ **MING TEA BALE**

Give this Treasure-Tea of the World—a pound-size bale of MING English Breakfast Tea (a famous Keemun). Packed in 7 x 5" wood box, wrapped in hand-painted Chinese paper and over-wrapped in authentic tea-chest matting. $2.50 at fine food stores and departments. If unavailable, send check or money order to—Teaberryport, West Nyack 5, N. Y.

MING
ENGLISH BREAKFAST
TEA



*Platform bench . . .
designed by
George Nelson
. . . to sit on, to serve
on . . . or as a base
for cabinets or
plants. At good stores
or through your
decorator.*

Herman Miller Furniture Co.
One Park Ave., New York

Send 25¢ to Dept. N-11 for "Blueprint for Modern Living"

Oodles-of-Poodles

Black and grey with red accents

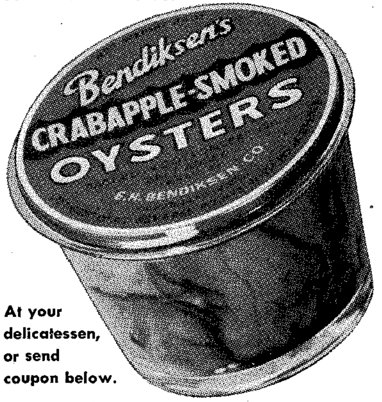
Canape plates (5½" sq.) - 12.00 doz.
Hi-balls (12 oz.) - 7.50 doz.
Old Fashioneds (7 oz.) - 7.50 doz.

Orders outside delivery area sent collect for shipping cost.
Add 2% sales tax for Illinois delivery.

EXCLUSIVE WITH
TATMAN
625 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago

SMOKED OYSTERS AT THEIR BEST

Treat yourself and guests to the taste-thrill of the season—tender, young Pacific Oysters with the sealed-in flavor from crabapple-wood smoke. Ready to eat! Just slice and serve.



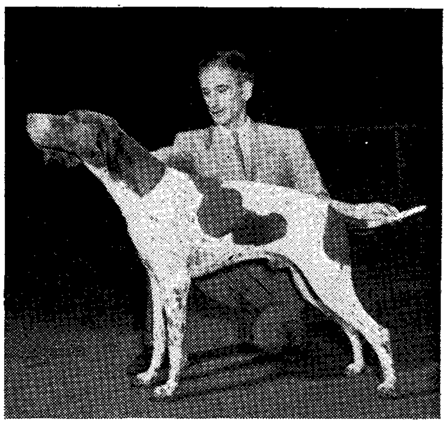
At your delicatessen, or send coupon below.

E. H. BENDIKSEN COMPANY
P. O. BOX 86, OCEAN PARK, WASH.
Enclosed is check or money order for $.......
Please send me: ☐ 6 Jars—$4.25 (prepaid)
☐ 12 Jars—$8.25 (prepaid)
Try one jar. If not satisfied, return balance for full refund. No C. O. D.'s.
Name.................................
Address.................................
City......................State..........
(Please add 3% sales tax
if you live in Washington State)

downward toward one hip in back. There are two ends—one of broadtail and the other of taffeta—and they join to make a bow at one side of the chest. Gray broadtail makes another shoulder-warmer, with a deep point in back, high folds well out on the shoulders, and pointed stole ends that may either be crossed in front or wrapped around the waist and hooked in back. A trim bit of work in Persian resembles a waist-length jacket in back but is just a stole with pointed ends in front. The owner is supposed to cross these on the chest and hold them in place with the belt; the effect, with the stole ends slanting down the hips, is Spirit of '76. When Rainer combines two furs, he reverses the usual procedure; in a greatcoat with fullness at the sides, he uses black Persian to trim Alaska seal. Two-inch bands of Persian go down the front closing and then around the hem. He is also an admirer of long stoles done in black fox, one skin wide; his has a loop at one end to help its wearer maneuver it. This is $240. A little separate black-fox collar with a tiny velvet tie is $90.

Esther Dorothy, who often leads where others follow, has for some time felt that the male topcoat was a fine model to copy exactly as a feminine all-purpose fur coat. The one she's turned out is loose and straight, with a three-button closing, link buttons at the cuffs, and a deep vent in back for sitting purposes. This is overwhelming in leopard, and even more so in coypu (unplucked nutria, that is), which is pure white, silky, and shaggy. This one costs $1,440. Miss D.'s most recent venture in stoles provides magnificent anchorage; in front, one side of it is a short bolero jacket with a cuffed, elbow-length sleeve. Toward the back, the jacket turns into a bloused, waist-length cape, which, as it reaches the opposite shoulder, becomes a long, wide stole. This stole descends the front to the hem of the average day-length dress. It may also, of course, be draped about in a variety of ways. Almost any fur would look good made up in this fashion. The stole starts at $270, in mole, and goes on up. Miss Dorothy, a few of whose customers must get bored easily, has been making some mink coats in which the pelts, instead of being worked up and down, are worked in curves, producing deep Us in back.

Bendel is standing pat on nice, neat sleeves and moderate cuffs, which are usually split so that there are two sharp Vs outside the wrist. The Bendel



Wins 90th best of breed award at Morris and Essex

Professional handler Chuck Crane poses *Champion Tempo's Trueluck.* This Pointer's amazing record of best of breed awards now totals ninety, including one from the famous Morris and Essex Kennel Club. Says Crane, "Trueluck rates high with the judges because he's in such fine shape—alert, eager and vigorous. That's due to a good, dependable diet—fed regularly. Many dog owners don't realize how important that is. In fact, I'd venture to say *most* dog owners would be surprised at the sudden improvement a change to Dash would make in their dogs!" Get Armour's Dash Dog Food for *your* dog—today!

Dash—fortified with liver!

"CURTAIN CALL"
15.00
CORDED
HANDLE
35.00
PURE SILK TIES
FROM 5.50 TO 15.00
GALUCHAT HANDLE
NAVY BLUE SILK
IMPORTED
UMBRELLA
50.00
NEW YORK
PARIS
MONTE-CARLO
Dominique France INC
53 EAST 51st ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PL 9-3254

FOR SALE—In Southern California, spectacularly situated house in mountain pass, overlooking desert and snow capped mountains—ideal dry climate. 80 miles, Los Angeles, 25 miles, Palm Springs. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living room, fireplace—dining room, kitchen, electrically equipped. Caretaker's cottage. Price $27,500. For details: C. Cahill, Banning, California
or Box SW, c/o The New Yorker
25 West 43rd Street New York 18, N. Y.

Real Philadelphia Hospitality
The DRAKE
of PHILADELPHIA
Rates $5.00 single—$8.00 Double
Suites, $12.00 up
Peirce A. Hammond, Manager

armholes are not very deep, and the sleeves are semi-raglan, with the skins worked to make a slight point at the tip of each shoulder—a Bendel specialty, and a new one. One broadtail day coat embodies several new trends. Most day coats dip slightly toward the back, but this one doesn't fool around; it's knee length in front and descends to day length in back. It has a long tuxedo front, three inches wide, and moderate sleeves, and can be worn wrapped on one hip. A handsome greatcoat of nutria has a band collar and cuffless, tapering sleeves. An equally good-looking fitted coat of black Persian has irregular pocket flaps in front of each hip and gathered fullness below. A most lovable jacket, a hip-length box of broadtail, has a high band collar fastening at one side of the throat. The closing of the coat runs in a diagonal line from this point down to a waistline button that is also off center. The only decoration is the soft, padded edges, a suave trick that is popular in this shop. A mink jacket has bell sleeves so full that they achieve the effect of a cape when the arms are at the sides. Then there is Bendel's version of the mandarin jacket, three-quarter length, which is, as you would guess, completely straight down the hips, ignoring the waistline. It's collarless, too. There are slashes at the sides two feet deep.

There are small fur pieces here, too. An adaptation of a Patou separate fur collar is a wide business whose ends can be hooked to make loops. You can loop one end and pull the other through it, or perform other tricks of drapery with it. In ermine, it is $570, and a round muff to match is $330, but they can be made to order in any fur.

The Young-Timers furs, which are ready-to-wear, have been moved to the ground floor. A three-quarter greatcoat in sheared raccoon has big, cuffed sleeves and costs $678. Let-out muskrat that looks like silver-blue mink makes a seven-eighths coat with side slits, so that a belt can encircle all or part of it; $942.

HERMÈ's best fitted coat is of broadtail. It's double-breasted, and the skirt is box-pleated in back. A similar coat of nutria has a dashing self sash with tasselled ends. And he is expert at coats that are becoming to small women. One, of mink, has a tiny crossed shawl collar and a deep pleat down each side of the straight back. V inserts under the arms give ease without unnecessary width at the top. Some of his sleeves, though, start at the waistline, as in a greatcoat of Alaska or Hudson

Hand-monogrammed imported handkerchiefs

Gifts for the Men on Your List

86-0: Satin-striped pattern on Swiss Chief Value hand-loomed linen, in white. . . . . Six for **26.50**

87-0: The monogram boxed in cording on Swiss Chief Value white linen. . . . . . . Six for **14.75**

88-0: Hand-rolled, tape-pattern handkerchief of Swiss Chief Value white linen. . . . . Six for **16.95**

89-0: Hand-drawn, hand-mitred corners distinguish this handkerchief of pure white imported Irish linen. Six for **21.75**

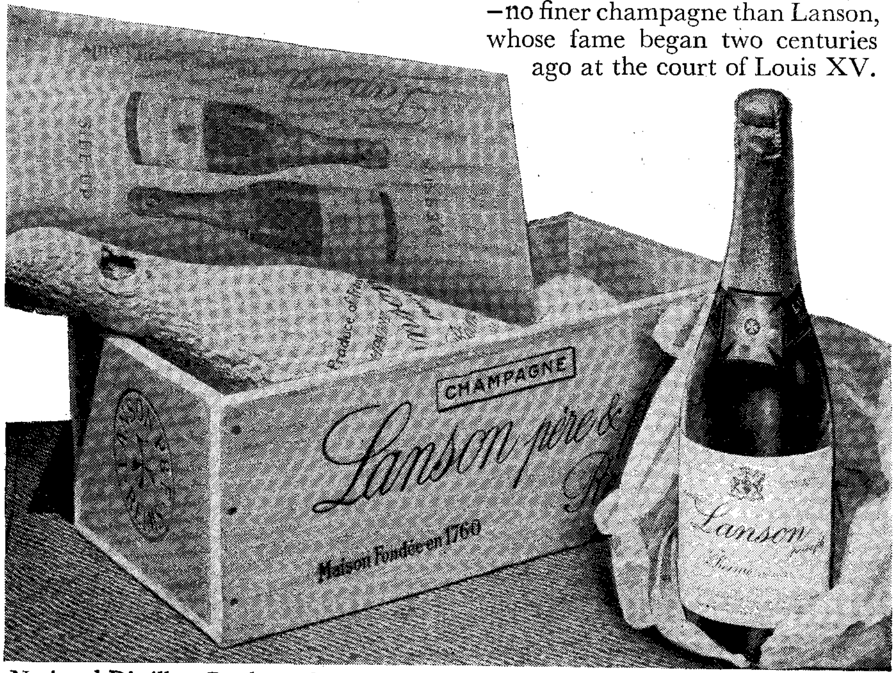
Prices include monogram

Monograms in: French Chocolate · Wine · Evergreen · Gold · Grey · Pale Blue · Scarlet · White · Navy

Léron 745 FIFTH AVENUE
PLaza 3-6700
NEW YORK · PARIS · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS

Give this unique **2-BOTTLE CASE** of CHAMPAGNE *Lanson*

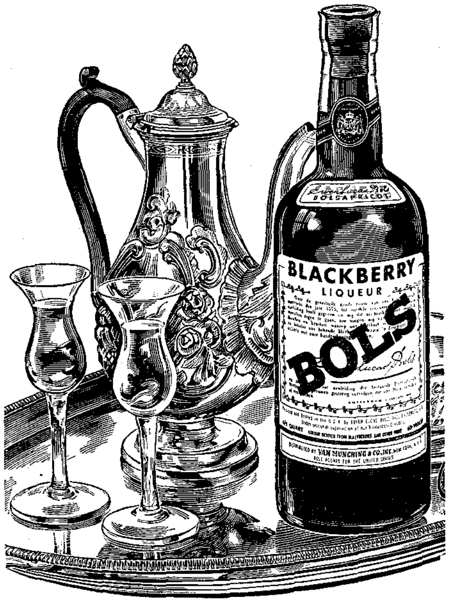
No finer gift than champagne
—no finer champagne than Lanson,
whose fame began two centuries
ago at the court of Louis XV.



National Distillers Products Corporation • Import Division • New York, N. Y.

Sunday Night!
NOVEMBER 12
U. S. STEEL HOUR
PRESENTS
Theatre Guild on the Air

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
ANGELA LANSBURY
in
"The Voysey Inheritance"
BY H. GRANVILLE-BARKER
NBC NETWORK **8:30** P.M. (EST)



Good Taste
Anno 1575 Lucas Bols

BOLS LIQUEURS & GINS Produced in U.S.A.
by Erven Lucas Bols, Inc., Englewood, N. J. U.S.
Sales Agent: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y. 19.
Blackberry Liqueur 60 Proof—30 Other Varieties

seal with sleeves reminiscent of a terry bathrobe. Another Hermè seal with that air of the twenties (and if you notice how far down Dior is placing his pockets now, you'll realize that the low waistline is still a threat) is full length and tubular. It has big cape sleeves that are hooked inside to keep them close to the arms, and it is supposed to be clutched tight below the buttocks to produce a deep bloused effect. Hermè uses lots of passementerie on velvet to decorate the pockets, cuffs, and collars of his Persian coats. Special for Christmas: a two-skin pearl-gray fox in fichu style, tied with taffeta ribbon on the chest; $250. The shop is at 6 West 48th Street.

A FLAMBOYANT greatcoat of black-and-white civet cat with a red wool lining brings a touch of cheeriness to Bergdorf Goodman's custom fur department; one of Alaska seal gives the place majesty. This has a shoulder dropped a full inch and a half; the sleeves start by being very full and end up by being caught in tight at the wrists. The cape stoles here have a Difference, too. One, of mink, has a quaint ruffle four inches deep at the bottom of the waist-length cape in back. The fur is turned back as it crosses the elbows, to suggest cuffs, and there are pockets in the ends of the short stole. Bergdorf still has an enormous stock of sables; $180 will buy a one-skin scarf, but, naturally, prices go on up. Finally, American broadtail, dyed a bluish-purplish blackberry color, makes a long, straight jacket. The back is full; the front is nice and flat and fastened with six buttons in double-breasted array. This is $600, ready to wear.

Do you suppose we're going to have a mild winter? —LOIS LONG

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

"When was the last time you had a legitimate job?" the judge asked him.

"In 1946," Michaelson answered.

"You mean you've been in this crooked business for four years?" the jurist inquired.

Michaelson looked hurt. "Would you call it crooked, Your Honor?" he asked. "I worked hard enough."

Judge Leibowitz, for once, was lost for words.—*The World-Telegram & Sun, Oct. 16.*

"When was the last time you had a legitimate job?" asked the judge.

"In 1946."

"In other words, you've been in that crooked business for four years?"

"Would you call it crooked?" asked Michaelson.

"No, no," replied Judge Leibowitz sarcastically, "it's nice and clean."—*The Herald-Tribune, Oct. 17.*

As Scottish
as "Auchtermuchty"...
and easier to ask for!
KEILLER'S
Dundee Shortbread!

Keiller
DUNDEE SHORTBREAD

Teatime, lunch and supper favorite for six generations, it's baked in Bonnie Scotland . . . at KEILLER'S kitchens in Dundee. Made with rich butter, fine wheat flour, sugar and eggs. Packed oven-fresh in vacuum tins.

Keiller's
of Dundee
Sole U. S. Importers
James Keiller & Son
Baltimore 24, Md.

PIERRE GRILL
Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served daily.
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays
Hotel Pierre
Fifth Avenue at 61st St.

SMOKED RAINBOW TROUT
NOW WHOLE
IN INDIVIDUAL VACUUM ENVELOPES

UNIQUE-SUPERB
Will keep many weeks
$3.75 for 3 - $7.25 for 6 - $13.50 a dozen
All POSTPAID - and at Fine Food Stores
HIGH VALLEY FARM COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

CHAPEAU The exciting new perfume
Mr. John,
INC.
53 E. 57th STREET

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

SCARBOROUGH, N.Y.,
NOVEMBER 3, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

NOT long ago, you ran a piece by Winifred Williams in which she discussed a singular knack she has for picking the winners of horse races. In concluding, Miss Williams expressed the fear that she might lose this knack if she were to try to put it to profitable use. I can testify that her fear is well founded, since I was partly responsible, six years ago, for destroying just such a knack.

At that time, I was in the Army, stationed in New York at 90 Church Street, an urban fortress that housed a whole flock of military installations, not to mention an admiral or two. By a pleasant coincidence, my wife, a Wac lieutenant, was stationed on the same floor of the same building, just a step down the hall. The detachment to which I belonged was a three-man outpost of a Washington headquarters—a lieutenant colonel, a major, and myself, a warrant officer. The major had been a movie executive of some kind in civilian life and, like many an alumnus of California, was intensely devoted to horse racing. He spent a good part of the day studying form sheets, and had a warm fraternal relationship with quite a few Army officers on duty in and around New York who shared his interest. The lieutenant colonel and I, listening to the major recurrently negotiate with bookmakers over the phone, were struck with admiration at the ease and assurance with which he handled those occult transactions.

My wife, who knew absolutely nothing about horse racing, was in the habit of dropping in at our office fairly often, and, visiting it one morning while the major was trying to dope out the fifth at Jamaica, she expressed innocent amazement that he should be having so much trouble picking a single winner. The major gave her a lofty and contemptuous look and asked her what made her think it was so simple.

"Why, there's a corporal in my office who figures out practically all the races every day," she said. "He does it just for fun. He told me this morning that yesterday he made a theoretical profit of three hundred and seventy-two dollars, or something like that."

The major laughed scornfully. "Did

BIANCHINI pure silk ties
a.
b.
c.

Neckties of pure silk genius...calculated to add subtle excitement to a distinguished wardrobe. Incomparable designs luxuriously tailored from the world's most sumptuous fabrics.

a. Jacquard Louisine 6.50*
b. Ombré Plaid 7.50
c. Jacquard Louisine 10.00*
**Registered trademark*

Only at the nation's best stores: write us . . . we'll tell you where.

Bianchini, Férier, Inc. • 663 Fifth Avenue • New York • London • Paris

always IT'S GIN AND TONIC TIME!
CANADA DRY Quinac QUININE WATER
GIN and TONIC MIXER

Join the smart set and enjoy the World's Most Refreshing Tall Drink

You'll always enjoy Gin and Tonic when it's made with Canada Dry Quinac Quinine Water. It's light. It's dry. It's different. For Quinac and gin *belong* together. Together, they give you the most refreshing drink you've ever tasted!

CANADA DRY
Quinac
QUININE WATER

MEET HALFWAY

for the Holidays

Modern families with members living in widely separated sections of the U. S. are invited to hold their Holiday Reunions at America's most complete year around resort . . .

Write for Reservations

the
BROADMOOR
hotel
Colorado Springs, Colorado

LUSCIOUS DELICACIES
for Your Holiday Table

PHEASANT GIFT BOX—Succulent full-flavored pheasants . . . heavy with luscious breast and pearly-pink dark meat . . . gorgeous in their brilliant plumage. Beautifully boxed with seasoned game sauce and wild rice . . . a wonderful way to wish your favorite gourmet a Merry Christmas!

1 Brace Pheasants in Feather
1 lb. package Wild Rice
14 oz. bottle Game Sauce a la Chasseur
$15.00 postpaid

Brace of Pheasants only..$12.00 postpaid
Brace of Pheasants,
Dressed and Cleaned..$14.50 postpaid

Cheese in Wine—Cheese *par excellence* . . . smooth, flavorful, delicious! Package contains Cheddar and Stilton in Port Wine, Blue Cheese in Brandy,—each slowly cured and aged to bring you the epitome of eating pleasure.

Set of three 4 oz. crocks . . . $3.25 postpaid
Set of three 8 oz. crocks . . . $4.85 postpaid

Write for Catalogue "N"

Vendome
Est. 1914 — Our 36th Year
415 MADISON AVENUE
New York

he ever figure them out *before* the results were in?" he asked.

My wife, bridling slightly, said of course he did.

" 'Of course he did, *sir*,' " said the major. "I was just kidding," he added hastily as my wife drew herself up and prepared to depart. "I'd be enchanted to see an example of your genius's work. You don't suppose, do you, that you could get his selections for, say, the daily double this afternoon?"

My wife said she'd see, and marched away. A while later she returned, with two names scribbled on a scrap of paper. The major looked at them, laughed uproariously, and announced to all of us that the corporal had come up with two outlandish goats that didn't have a prayer. He tossed the piece of paper on his desk, called a bookmaker, and made a daily-double bet on two other horses. The corporal's choices both finished first, and the major had scarcely learned this when he phoned my wife and asked her if she would mind dropping in for a minute.

"He did it! He did it!" the major cried when she arrived.

"Naturally he did," said my wife. "I told you he would. He always does."

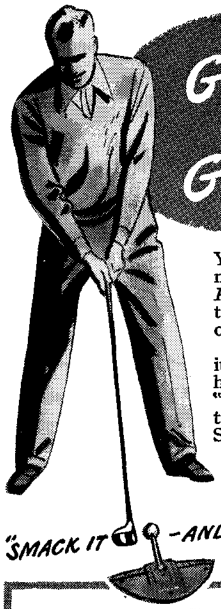
"Look," said the major hoarsely, "I'd be ever so much obliged if you could find out what he has in mind for tomorrow's double."

My wife said that she'd try, but that she couldn't promise anything; the corporal was reluctant to talk about his selections at all, she explained, and it was only by peeking over his shoulder that she had obtained that day's two names. In any event, she said, the major would have to wait until the following morning; the corporal didn't work a day ahead.

The major busied himself for the remainder of that afternoon telephoning around to his fellow-punters in uniform, recounting what had happened and alerting them to stand by.

THE next day, the major reported for duty hollow-eyed and haggard; he said he hadn't slept all night. He got in touch with my wife immediately, and she said her colonel had given the corporal so much work to do that morning she doubted he'd find time to study the entries before the races started. The major was beside himself, and begged her to help the corporal with his work. The major said he'd help the corporal himself, if necessary. My wife said that wouldn't do at all, because it would undoubtedly upset the corporal to know that anybody cared. The major

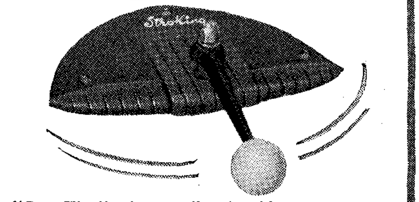
GIFT for any GOLFER



Young or old, expert or novice, he'll love "*Stro-King*" for unlimited practice . . . At home, indoors or out, *all winter!*

Brand new (nationally) it's one thing he *doesn't* have! Helps the novice "groove" his swing; keeps the expert at top form. Simple, practical and effective. Nothing like it for fun, practice, and healthful exercise.

"SMACK IT—AND WATCH IT SPIN!"



"*Stro-King*" spins merrily when hit properly; not so when dubbed. *No loose ball to chase.* Packaged with complete instructions. We will mail this home driving range *for you*, anywhere.

For Christmas, order direct. $5.95 postpaid. No C. O. D.'s.

THE WINKELMANN CO.
SOUTH BEND 1, INDIANA

Recommended by Experts!

is your Furniture STARVED?
(DRY, DULL, LIFELESS)

FEED IT—as Colonial housewives did—with LINSEED OIL and PROTECT it with PURE BEESWAX

Mount Vernon
Furniture Polish

Clean it, too, and polish it to a lovely, soft sheen. Mount Vernon Furniture Polish, made from a 200-year-old Virginia family formula, does all four—quickly and easily. And it's *economical*—because a little goes such a long way.

IN NEW YORK:
Altman's; Hammacher Schlemmer; Wanamaker's; Bloomingdale's.

OUT OF TOWN:
Write for name of your nearest dealer or *order from us at $1.50 a pint bottle.* Add 15c west of Mississippi. No C.O.D.'s, please.

DILLARD & CO., Millwood, Va.

Mount Vernon Furniture Polish
Dillard & Company
Millwood, Va.

Fine and Unusual
PAPERS
from Europe, the U.S., the Orient
THE STEVENS-NELSON PAPER CORP.
109 East 31 Street, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
453 Washington Street, Boston 11, Mass.

had an agonized morning, and was just on the point of throwing up his hands in despair when, shortly after noon, my wife came in with the necessary intelligence. The major got on the phone and flashed the word around to the various Army installations that were awaiting it. As I recall, the Army collectively bet several thousand dollars that day on the first two races. Even the lieutenant colonel and I, infected by the hysteria of the moment, asked the major to bet a dollar for each of us.

Both horses won, needless to say. My own profit was, I believe, $32.60. I don't remember the names of the horses involved or the date, but I'm sure that a number of bookies around town must remember it well, as the result of taking as sound a trouncing as any in their surreptitious history. As for the major, his phone never stopped ringing that afternoon and the following morning. He got so many calls, some of them long-distance ones from remote military posts to which the news of the gold strike had quickly spread, that the building switchboard was jammed. The major became so excited that in one agitated conversation he inadvertently mentioned the name and location of the oracular corporal.

That did it. Somebody, somewhere, trying to get through to the major on the phone and vexed at being told repeatedly that the line was busy, talked to the corporal direct and asked for the feedbox special. The corporal was at first surprised at the request and then, on learning that people were actually betting on his choices, terribly distraught. I have no idea whether he has by now recovered from the shock, but I do know that up to the end of the war, at least, he never picked another winner.

Sincerely,
E. J. KAHN, JR.

NEW YORK CITY,
OCTOBER 24, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

IN Mr. Robert Lewis Taylor's recent piece about Bernarr Macfadden in your magazine, there was a sentence that brought up what is known as a flock of memories. The sentence was "Gymnasiums in the eighteen-eighties were in low repute, on a level with private dining rooms, pool halls, and the theatre." It was still that way in my little home town of Lawrence, Massachusetts, much later than the eighteen-eighties. Around 1915, that is. The gymnasium was the Turn-Verein. If I sim-

Connoisseurs of White Table Wines

find new treasures among the varietal Wines of California

WINE

THOSE of discerning taste are today making some delightful wine discoveries. They are coming upon the *varietal* wines of California—wines distinguished both by their names and the pleasures they afford the palate.

These wines bear the names of the world-famed wine *grape varieties* from which they are made. Nurtured with knowledgeable care and patience, their personalities are highly individual. For they reflect the unusual qualities their grapes have derived from the fortunate soils and climate of this California winegrowing region.

The White Table Wine Varietals, for example, provide interesting new subtleties of taste—and characteristics most flattering to delicately flavored foods. In this group you will find superb Rieslings, Semillons, Sauvignon Blanc and piquant White Pinots.

The **Riesling** grapes of California are the White (or Johannisberger), the Franken (or Sylvaner) and the Grey. The **White Riesling** grows here on cool hillsides and produces wine noted for flowery bouquet, sprightly aromatic flavor, pin-point balance and pleasing aftertaste.

The wine of the **Sylvaner** exhibits the same delicate character, a shade more subdued in tartness. The **Grey Riesling** provides a wine slightly milder and more mellow in character. These Rieslings are delightful with fish, lamb and all cold dishes.

The **Semillon** is California's aristocratic Sauterne grape. Grown here in moderately warm districts, the Semillon produces dry and semi-sweet wines—sun-bright in color and with a richness of flavor that makes this wine a traditional favorite among the Sauternes.

The **Sauvignon Blanc** is another superior white wine grape. In the gravelly soil of California coastal valleys, this grape is blessed with unique aroma and flavor—and matures into wine of pronounced character, rich and spicy.

The **White Pinots** of California are the Pinot Blanc and Pinot Chardonnay which take to vineyards where soil is frugal, summers are long and nights are cool. These grapes yield wines of smoothness, finesse and bouquet that delight gourmets.

We winegrowers of California invite you to try these and other of our *white table wine* varietals, as well as our *red table wine* varietals. When you do, we believe you will thoroughly agree our "Wines of California rank with the world's finest." Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

CHAUVENET

FROM BURGUNDY

"French red wine at its sparkling best"

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., N. Y.
693 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

Perma·lift
GIRDLES
NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS

Only PERMA·LIFT Girdles

Have the Magic Inset

"No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays"

Here's the brightest, lightest, smartest, smoothest girdle you ever wore and oh, so comfortable! Not a bone or stay to poke or pinch—just the lasting stay-up smartness of the Magic Inset in the front panel. Your "Perma·lift"* Girdle can't roll over, wrinkle or bind—stays up without stays. At your corsetiere's—$5 to $10.95.

Also enjoy a "Perma·lift" Bra—America's best loved bra with "The Lift that never lets you down."

*"Perma·lift", a trade-mark of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Chicago, New York, Los Angeles

ply look back on it, it seems innocent enough. But if I swing myself back to 1915, as Mr. Taylor's sentence made me do, it does not have the air of innocence. The patrons went in for physical culture weekdays, up until Saturday night. And on Saturday night they went in for drinking beer, and even French champagne. To be known as the kind of fellow who went to the Turn-Verein on Saturday night was to be known as quite a man-about-Lawrence. First of all, you had to be a member, or at least a Saturday-night member. The core of the place was made up of those sturdy men who practiced gymnastics all week; the outer fringe, to which I belonged, was made up of the young rakes who showed up only on Saturday nights. And after an evening there, all the next day, following Mass at St. Mary's, you thought of yourself as quite a fellow. You remembered, with an evil feeling, how many seidels of beer you had drunk. You remembered how much fun it had been to shout, "*Bier her! Bier her! oder ich* . . ." (I forget the rest of the sentence.) And you remembered how the band had played waltzes. Somehow it seemed, on Sunday, to have been a place of low repute, as Mr. Taylor says. It wasn't.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN MCNULTY

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Playbill of the Imperial Theatre, Tokyo*]

GRAND SHOW "SWING RHAPSODY"

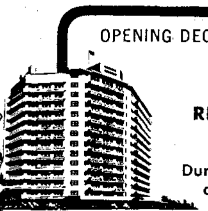
Scene 1. Cherry Blossom
Screen is opened brightly with beautiful scenery that symbolizes Japan. Cherry blossom song and sparrow dance.
Scene 2. A maiden and an apprentice
A maiden and a apprentice's comic song.
Scene 3. Saikaku Five Woman
The five woman dances in front of folding screen.
Scene 4. Gempei Dance
Our Native dance
Scene 5. Festival
Scene 6. Chinese Fan.
Chinese girl dance with a fan.
Scene 7. Cactus
Mexican rumba by Mexican boy and girl.
Scene 8. Chicken
Just as an egg breaks chicken singer starts to sing an opera that sounds like chicken. An egg seller picks it up and yells *"A new raid egg"!!* A fisherman too that was walking by starts *"A flesh fish"!!* they both gets in a competition
Scene 9. Do Re Mi Fa
A comic song by a little girl with a piano and a little boy with a violin.
Scene 10. Piano
The keys of a grand piano was dancers feet. They all get out from the piano and starts to dance.
Scene 11. Spring Storm.
A poetry to a stormy town.

MIAMI BEACH
COLOR BROCHURE
on request!

Clip and mail this advertisement, or write for your FREE copy of prizewinning color brochure . . . your introduction to a new Miami Beach, and the most luxurious living ever conceived.

Fatio Dunham, Mgr.

OPENING DECEMBER 1



RATES REDUCED 50%
During Dec. and April

Sea View
ON THE OCEAN
BAL HARBOUR, MIAMI BEACH

PRIVATE BEACH, CABANAS
OLYMPIC SWIMMING POOL
AMPLE FREE PARKING

REAL DEERSKIN 2 IN 1 GLOVES

Only the softest, smoothest of native deerskin goes into our gloves! Natural shade. Separate all-wool knit inner glove. Washable, too. Men's sizes, 8 to 11, $7.50. Women's, 7 to 9½, $6.95. Worn one-half size larger than dress gloves. Order now for Christmas!

Send for our Gift Booklet

THE VERMONT CROSSROADS STORE,
WATERBURY, VERMONT.

PINELEIGH Credenza

Send two-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mlle. Jeanmaire

THE heroine of the hour-long song-and-dance show that has replaced "Carmen" on the Ballets de Paris bill, at the National Theatre, eats diamonds avidly. She does this in a new work by Roland Petit, which is his best to date. It is called "La Croqueuse de Diamants" ("The Diamond Cruncher"), and it is a dandy theatre piece, more of a pantomime than a ballet. The tiny and fascinating Renée Jeanmaire has the central part, and, performing with tremendous charm, she reveals herself to be a highly talented comedienne. The story is fanciful, original, and fast moving. The proprietor of a shabby little bar in Les Halles, the Paris market place, acquires a soiled red banquette that is about ten feet long, or approximately five feet too long for the only space he has for it. The young man (Petit) who delivers the banquette deals with that contretemps by cheerfully hacking a hole in the wall and poking the extra footage into the next room, which, it develops, is the hangout of a small band of thieves. Mlle. Jeanmaire is their leader. She shows little interest in stolen cash, but whenever there are diamonds in the loot, she snatches them up and devours them, while her enraged accomplices try to restrain her. The deliveryman, after having a few drinks with the proprietor, sidles dreamily along the banquette into the thieves' room and promptly falls in love with the moll. He wins her heart, and by morning is well on his way toward convincing her that having babies is more fun than eating diamonds. This point is rather attractively made. The French, you know, have it that babies are found in cabbages; no nonsense about a stork. In the finale, the day's supply of cabbages is brought into the market place, and each head has a tiny diamond—representing a baby, I guess—sparkling in the dim morning light.

This dance fable makes use of a revolving stage to show the street in front of the bar, where the story begins and ends, and the two rooms inside the building. The sets and costumes, both designed by George Wakhevitch, are exceedingly good. There are several stimulating song numbers, in a blues vein, composed by Petit himself. These are sung, in French, by the principals and a chorus. The rest of the score, also of the blues variety, is by Jean-Michel Damase, and it is adroit.

Mlle. Jeanmaire sounds like a born café singer when she does her song about being a diamond cruncher. She is a striking brunette with a trim figure and a wonderfully mobile face. Petit, though his singing voice is rather slight, is completely engaging as the moonstruck young deliveryman. The only other principal in the ballet, Gordon Hamilton, is first-rate as the proprietor. I found just one dull spot in "La Croqueuse de Diamants," and that, strangely, was Mlle. Jeanmaire's dance solo. There was nothing wrong with the way she did it, and there was probably nothing wrong with the dance itself; it just came along at the wrong time, stopping the story dead in its tracks for a minute or two.

Another new Petit ballet, a curtain-raiser called "Les Chaises Musicales," is a diverting trifle with a well-made suite of ballroom numbers by Georges Auric. Several dancers play a game of musical chairs, doing dances instead of just walking around, and the number of participants diminishes all the while.

THE Grand Ballet, which opened early last week at the Century, has a few fine dancers, a somewhat ragged ensemble, a bountiful supply of rich-looking costumes, designed along musical-comedy lines, and at least one exciting ballet. This is Ana Ricarda's "Del Amor y de la Muerte," a lovely work that showed up in the middle of the week, after a few pedestrian matters had been disposed of. Several beautiful numbers by Granados have been put together artfully to make the score of the piece, which tells, in three scenes, of the flirtation between a duchess and a bullfighter who already has a girl friend of his own station in life, and of his death at the hands of the duke's thugs. Miss Ricarda dances the role of the unhappy Spanish girl friend, clicking castanets expertly and tapping her heels fiercely. Her representation of this character, a disturbed and disturbing woman who is almost lost in the shadows of the main events, is superbly done. George Skibine plays the tragic hero and Marjorie Tallchief the flirting duchess. Both are splendid. The settings and the costumes were admirably conceived by Celia Hubbard.

For the rest, the Grand Ballet has two dancing stars of the first rank, Rosella Hightower and André Eglevsky, and little else. This pair was mar-

How to Bewitch People...AT SMALL COST
with
Christmas Gifts
by Harry and David

they'll rave over rare

ROYAL RIVIERA PEARS*

America's rarest, finest fruit—the gift they'll always remember! A perfect present, at small cost, for anyone, whether they live in a castle or cottage. So juicy you eat 'em with a spoon. Gift boxed with your Christmas greetings. Perfect delivery guaranteed. GIFT NO. 1 (shown) —10 to 14 pears, $3.15 delv'd. GIFT NO. 2 (the favorite! 16-20 pears) $4.25 delv'd. Available Nov. 1 to Jan. 25.

they'll be flabbergasted by the famous, original

FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB*

Creates year'round praise for you! Folks you name receive a parade of America's finest fruits 'n delicacies beautifully packaged. Tell us how to sign the handsome engraved Membership Certificate announcing your gift and treats-to-come. 12-BOX CLUB—GIFT NO. 20—$40.65 delv'd, includes: at Christmas—Royal Riviera Pears; Jan—Apples; Feb—Grapefruit; Mar—Fine Cheese; April—Preserves; May—Fruit Cake; June—Canned Fruit; July—Nectarines; Aug—Pears; Sept—Peaches; Oct—Grapes; Nov—Royal Riviera Pears. 8-BOX CLUB—GIFT NO. 15—$27.25 delv'd, includes: Christmas, Jan, Feb, April, July, Sept, Oct, Nov treats. 3-BOX CLUB—GIFT NO. 11—$9.95 delv'd, includes: Christmas, Jan, Feb treats. (3-BOX CLUB not available after Jan. 15. Others available year 'round).

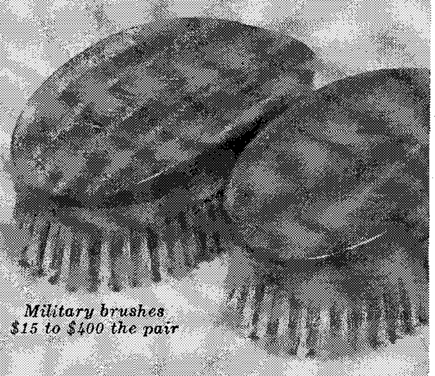
AIRMAIL *your order with check to*

Harry and David
Box 80, Medford, Oregon
* ® © H&D

KENT of London

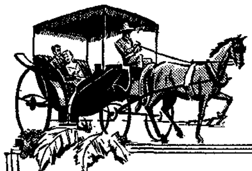
"The World's Finest Brushes"

For Christmas, Kent of London offers the finest natural bristle imported brushes—for ladies and gentlemen—gifts that will last and be remembered for years.



Military brushes
$15 to $400 the pair

COSBY BRUSH & IMPORT CO., INC.



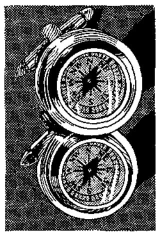
COME TO
BERMUDA'S
ONLY
OCEANSIDE
HOTEL

For the vacation of your life . . . it's the Elbow Beach Surf Club, center of the island's activities! Every room with bath, gay cocktail lounges, dancing to calypso music, barbecues, beach parties. *E. R. Hetland, Manager*

Elbow Beach Surf Club

See your travel agent or call
U. S. Representatives
ROBERT F. WARNER INC.
588 Fifth Ave., JUdson 6-5500
Also Boston, Chicago and Washington

COMPASS CUFF LINKS
(ALSO TIE CLASPS)



Compasses with free-swinging needles under glass crystals. Set in gold-plated cases measuring 5/8" in diameter. Gold-plated fittings throughout. An ideal gift for sportsmen. Cuff Links, $5. Tie Clasp, $5. Set, $10. Plus 20% Fed. Tax.

Mail Orders Invited

Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON

Write:
Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.

vellous opening night in a pas de deux, the Black Swan bit from "Swan Lake," interpolated into a mixture of dances from "The Sleeping Beauty," but they emphasized the inadequacies of the rest of the troupe, which seemed woefully short on discipline. The Marquis de Cuevas, whose baby this company is, has put a large orchestra in the pit, and a good conductor, Gustave Cloez. I saw one other ballet that is new locally, "Persephone," by the company's ballet master, John Taras, but it isn't worth going into here.

LAST Thursday, I was able to catch the new Ricarda ballet at the Century and also most of the Philharmonic-Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall, only a block away. I didn't get to hear Schoenberg's "Variations for Orchestra," which the orchestra was performing for the first time, because it was played while I was over at the Century, but I heard everything else, including the American début, at the end of the program, of a twenty-five-year-old Italian pianist named Aldo Ciccolini, who played the solo part in Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto. Ciccolini's performance was confident but a trifle cheap; the concerto seemed almost too easy for him, and he brought nothing new to it in the way of expression. As a matter of fact, he buried a good deal of its special quality by emphasizing its romanticism at the expense of its lyricism. Technically, he's a good piano player, but in this presentation he showed an unattractive glibness. A seldom-heard Haydn work, the Sinfonie Concertante, Opus 84, for violin, cello, oboe, bassoon, and orchestra, was the best thing I heard that evening. It is a bright work and it was impeccably played. The soloists were John Corigliano, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; Harold Gomberg, oboe; and William Polisi, bassoon. They all played sensitively, but I was more impressed by Gomberg's polished playing than I was by the work of any of the others. The concert opened with a forceful reading of Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture. Dimitri Mitropoulos was the conductor.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

Mrs. Joseph Rusczek will be her sister's matron of honor. She will be attired in a mauve moire gown mitts. Her head will be of matching mitts. Her husband will be of purple plumes. She will carry a bouquet of yellow pompons.

William Gannon will be best man.—*Meriden (Conn.) Record.*

A better man than that husband?

"The Life of the Cocktail"
TRIBUNO
DRY
MARTINIS
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
"21" Brands, Inc.

TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH

Sweet FOR MANHATTANS • Dry FOR MARTINIS

"21" Brands, Inc.
New York, N. Y., Sole Agents in the U. S. A.

THE "LITE" for your LIPS!

by Paquin of PARIS

For the woman of specific good taste — — a sprightly dozen Lip-Sticks, with four extra fillers, packaged in Genuine Fine Grain Calfskin. An enclosed mirror allows Milady to play the Narcissus.

What finer Xmas gift?

$7.20 (incl. tax)

Marietta Larsen
724 5th Ave., N.Y.C.
5th Fl., CI 6-2090

IT'S NEW to Clean Soften Polish GENUINE Leather Goods

In leading Department, Drug, Shoe, Hardware, Sports and Leather Goods stores. . .

Clarkson
LEATHER
PRESERVATIVE

EFFECTIVELY RESISTS
★ MILDEW
★ DRYNESS
★ SCUFFING
★ WATER

Easy to apply—Self-penetrating
MADE BY
W. B. CLARKSON
MAMARONECK NEW YORK

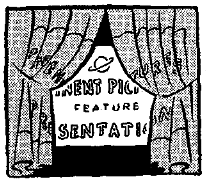
SPOT FREE CLOTHES

Renofab
Custom Home Dry Cleaner

Just dip blouses, dresses, ties, etc., in wonder-working Renofab. Dries instantly odor free. Non-inflammable. At leading dep't stores. RENOFAB, 507 E. 120 St., N. Y. 35.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

With Haggard in Africa



H. Rider Haggard, the indefatigable English adventure man, wrote a novel called "King Solomon's Mines" back in 1886, some eight years before Edison began to cash in on his kinetoscope around New York. It may be fairly presumed that neither of these gentlemen ever envisioned what might happen if their individual specialties merged. Now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has put the two old-timers together and has come up with a film that has many of the virtues that movies seemed to have when they and I were very young, as well as some of the dreary faults they acquired when proprietors of the Hollywood pleasure domes decided that entertainment, like swimming pools, could be created by decree. With its title unchanged and its plot (or what I recall of its plot) twisted only enough to burden the cast with an unlikely female, "King Solomon's Mines" undertakes to show what a safari through Africa might have been up against fifty years ago. In this, I think, the picture, which was shot in the African highlands, succeeds admirably. More alarming creatures are visible than the Bronx Zoo could house, and all of them have been caught by the camera in attitudes proper to their temperament. There are elephants here, for instance, who demonstrate such clan feeling that they make off with the carcass of a departed brother and pal, done in by a hunter, before the villain can saw off a couple of tusks for his den. There are also leopards, lions, crocodiles, cobras, rhinos, scorpions, and other predatory wild life, which behave with expected ferocity, and a nice assortment of zebras, gazelles, bushbucks, springboks, wildebeests, impalas, kongoni, aardvarks, and the dread mandrills.

In fact, there is so much African flora, fauna, and geography of interest in the picture, from the thundering Murchison Falls to the cold, magnificent Mount Kenya, that I am reluctant to leave natural history and turn to the personalities involved. But movies are movies. Let me tell you, then, that in "King Solomon's Mines" we have Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson. As Haggard's work is interpreted here, Miss Kerr is an English lady newly arrived in Africa to look for her husband, from whom she hasn't heard a word since he plunged into the shadowiest section of the Dark Continent, intent on finding a diamond mine. For a stiff fee, Miss Kerr hires Mr. Granger, cast as a tired guide, to lead her to her spouse. (Mr. Carlson plays Miss Kerr's brother, and presumably goes along to keep the Johnston office happy.) Employer and employee bicker a good deal, but it's evident from the start that they're really crazy about each other, and it's quite a relief when they come upon the diamond-seeker's bones and decide that Mr. Granger is to be Miss Kerr's guide through life.

Except for Miss Kerr's habit of turning up after a hard night in the jungle looking as if she'd just had dinner in the Oval Room—and, indeed, the unlikelihood of her ever being on such a safari in the first place—these principals conduct themselves pretty well. But the natives in "King Solomon's Mines" are hereby accorded all the acting honors. One group gets awfully frightening during a noisy discussion of whether or not to solve their meat shortage by eating Miss Kerr and her escorts, and some mighty Watusis, who actually run to seven feet tall or better, put on a dance that makes most of the folk you see in a Broadway bop palace seem demure. I guess this movie is all right for children, too, but don't tell your pediatrician I said so.

—John McCarten

•

Police were puzzled Friday as to the motive of the driver of a black 1947 coupe with Pennsylvania license plates who drove into a filling station, 626 Broadway, grabbed a case of empty beer bottles and sped away.—*San Antonio Express.*

Theft, perhaps?

•

My conclusion about utilitarian and commercial writing is this, then. You never dash off a note to the milkman without developing some needful phase of writing ability. If what you write is clear and conveys your thought, you have helped yourself.—*Writer's Digest.*

To say nothing of the milkman.

•

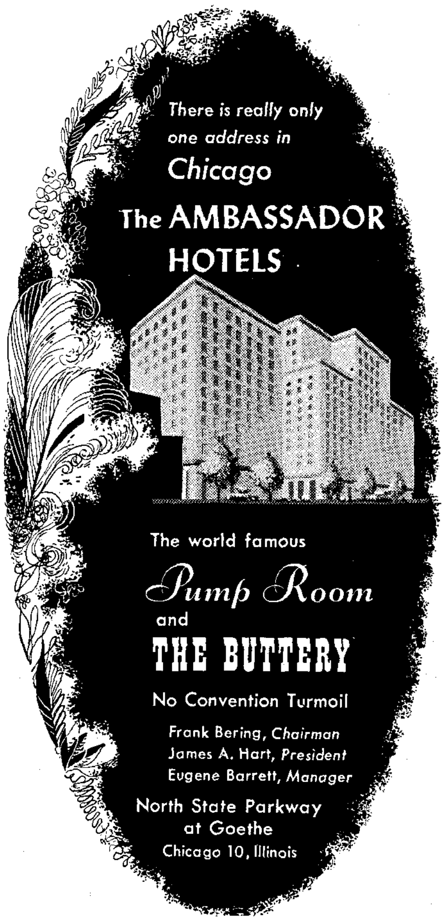
OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Your Frame Coverer, 3 West 29th Street.

National Slug Rejectors, 446 West 50th Street.

Aglow Painting Corp., 404 West 51st Street.

Plastic Biscuits, Inc., 80-00 Cooper Avenue, Glendale, Queens.


There is really only one address in Chicago

The AMBASSADOR HOTELS

The world famous

Pump Room

and

THE BUTTERY

No Convention Turmoil

Frank Bering, *Chairman*
James A. Hart, *President*
Eugene Barrett, *Manager*

North State Parkway
at Goethe
Chicago 10, Illinois

COMICE PEARS

FROM ROGUE RIVER VALLEY FOR *Christmas Giving*

AS LOW AS $3.15

ORDER EARLY

EXPRESS PREPAID

• Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make unusual and appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected—individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to all U. S. Express points. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift card enclosed. Send list and we do the rest.

DELIVERED PRICES (Order by Number)

No. 1 Deluxe Box (10 to 14 pears)	$ 3.15
No. 2 Deluxe Box (17 to 19 pears)	4.20
No. 7 Asst. Fruit Chest (about 14 lbs.)	5.95
No. 5 Asst. Fruit Basket (about 18 lbs.)	12.35

For Fruit Club Prices see Catalog.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

PINNACLE ORCHARDS
443 Fir St., Medford, Ore.

Please send

☐ Boxes as shown on attached Gift List.

☐ Rush Free Color Catalog.

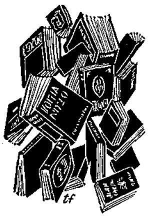
Name________________

Address________________

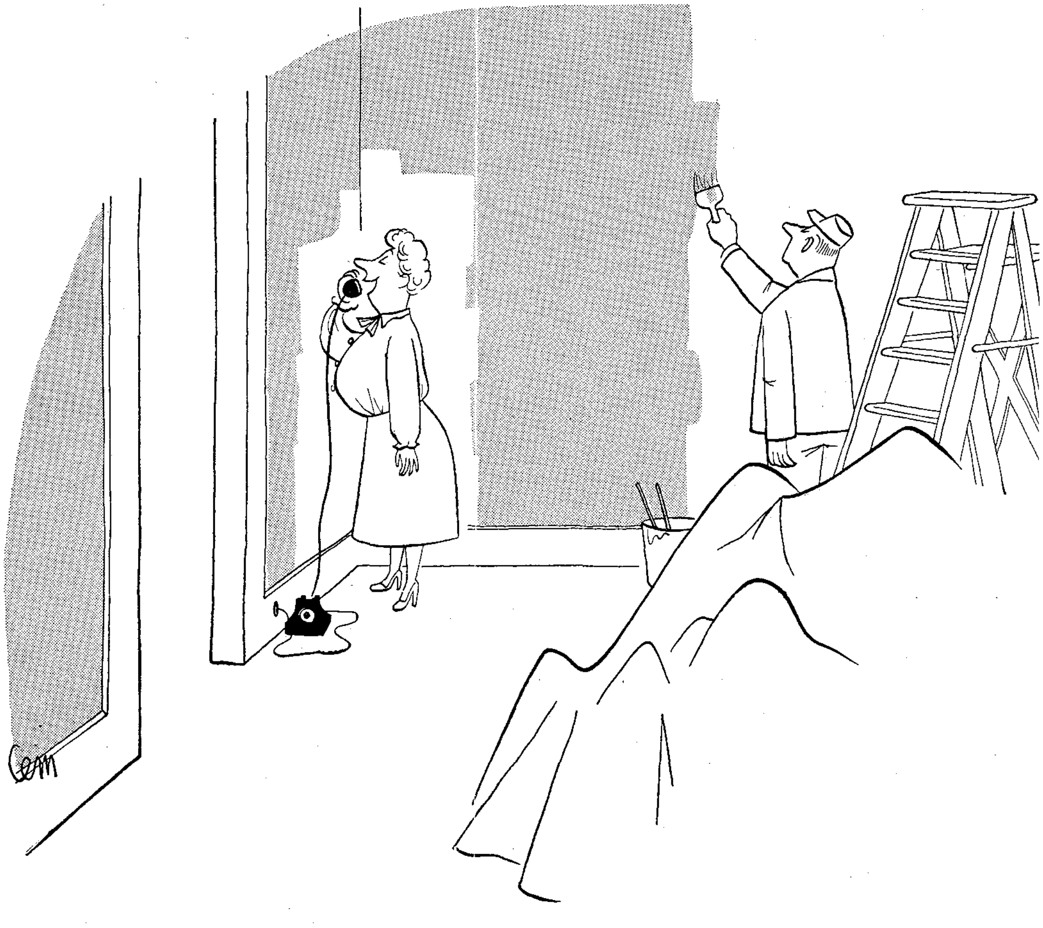
City__________Zone____State________

BOOKS

Death of the Spirit

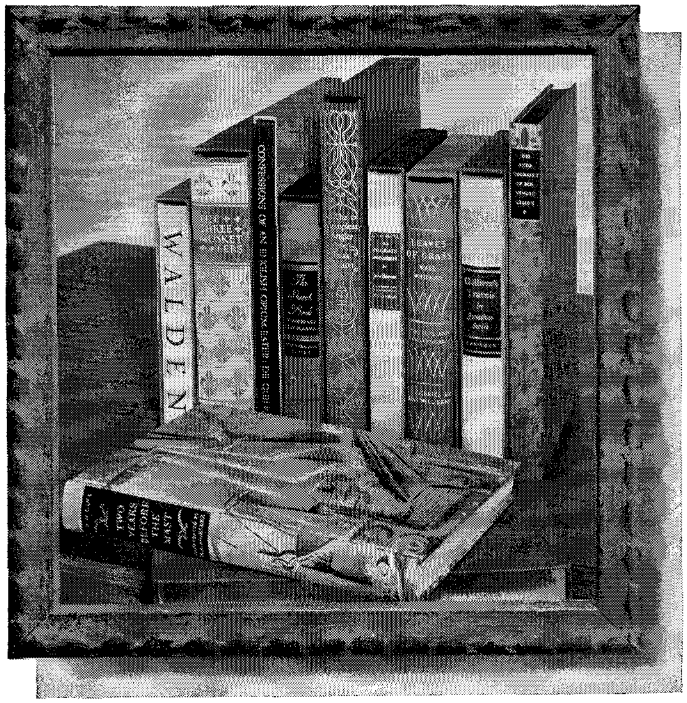


C. Virgil Gheorghiu's novel of wartime and postwar Europe, "The Twenty-fifth Hour" (Knopf), is an important book not because of its intrinsic virtues—I believe it has few or none—but because of what it tells us of the political mind of Europe, particularly of France. In France, the book has had a success that is more remarkable for its kind than for its extent. That "The Twenty-fifth Hour" should have sold widely is not surprising, for although it is in every way inferior to Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," to Camus's "The Plague," and to Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-four," with all of which it has been compared, it is, like them, a representation of the modern apocalypse and therefore recommends itself to the natural apprehension of many readers. But what is indeed surprising is the response it has won from the French intellectual classes. It has been made the occasion not only of innumerable articles in the press but also of great public meetings, elaborate conferences, and episcopal sermons. It has become, it would seem, something very like a political gospel, and its author is apparently regarded as a political holy man.



This reception can scarcely be accounted for by the literary power of "The Twenty-fifth Hour," or by the quality of its moral feeling, or by its intellectual cogency. As a novelist, Mr. Gheorghiu is never better than mediocre. His frequent flights of satiric fancy are commonplace. His invective is not passionate, only febrile or petulant. And even his narrative of man's systematic inhumanity to man, to which the greater part of the book is devoted, does not succeed in conveying the actuality of horror. This narrative deals with the fate of two Rumanians, of whom one is a peasant, the other a novelist. The peasant, Johann Moritz, for the personal reasons of the police officer of his village, is classified as a Jew and sent to a Jewish work camp. He escapes to Hungary with a group of his fellow-prisoners who victimize, snub, and desert him, is tortured by the Hungarian police as a Rumanian spy, then sent to Germany with a contingent of slave labor, discovered by a Nazi racial expert to be a member of the purest branch of the Aryan race, and promptly enlisted in the S.S. The climax of his misfortunes comes at the end of the war, when he makes his way to the Americans, who, unaware of his political innocence, put him in a detention camp. Here his fate is presently joined with that of the other Rumanian, the novelist Traian Koruga, whose purity of heart seems to exceed even that of the simple Johann but who is nevertheless being held by the Americans because he had been a member of the Rumanian diplomatic corps. The physical and spiritual brutality of the Americans confirms Koruga in the belief he has propounded in a novel called "The Twenty-fifth Hour"—that the West has reached the hour after the last, "the hour when mankind is beyond salvation." After expressing his rage and despair in a series of satirical protests, he contrives his death by pretending to escape. This is obviously not a narrative that can have anything like the concentrated power of the elaborate and precise fables by which Koestler, Camus, and Orwell have represented the extremity of the modern situation. Indeed, as Mr. Gheorghiu tells it, his story makes only a conventional appeal to the emotions. Far from forcing upon us an appalled realization of the dreadfulness of the recent past, it leads us to ask whether things were not really much worse than Mr. Gheorghiu says they were.

This is in part the result of a literary inadequacy, but it is also the result of an inadequacy of moral sensitivity; one reason Mr. Gheorghiu's picture of the European horror falls short of the truth is that it deals in so minimal and perverse a way with the extreme example of that horror, the fate of the Jews. The American publishers of "The Twenty-fifth Hour" have prepared an account of the author's life in which we are told that when he was once rebuked for not having included in his book any mention of the Jewish extermination camps, Mr. Gheorghiu replied by insisting on the autobiographical nature of his novel—he had not been imprisoned in such a camp and therefore he had not described one. The answer is not acceptable from a man who has taken it upon


WALDEN
THE THREE MUSKETEERS
CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER
LEAVES OF GRASS
TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

FOR A BRIEF TIME ONLY, YOU MAY NOW OBTAIN BEAUTIFUL, *beautiful* BOOKS LIKE THESE – AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!

Yes, for a brief time only you may now obtain
a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club
and thus acquire a collection of the world's classics
especially illustrated by the greatest artists
and beautifully printed on papers of fine quality

When we lay stress upon the fact that this offer can be made "for a brief time only," we are sorry for ourselves!

For we would *like* to be able to offer Trial Memberships to all comers at all times. We would *like* to be able to expand the membership of The Heritage Club, and *expand* it, and *expand* it.

But there is already a scarcity of paper in this country: paper pulp, too, has gone to war. Of the high quality of paper which *we* use, the supply is so limited as to force us to gnash our teeth in fury. We have been promised just enough additional paper to enable us to take in just one thousand new members at this time. And that is *all* we can take in—which is why we weep these unmanly tears.

If you obtain one of these Trial Memberships, you will have, for a period of eight months only, a membership in The Heritage Club. You will obtain a series of beautiful, *beautiful* books—at the same price as an ordinary novel.

For The Heritage Club distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely "de luxe," nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on fine papers chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, handsomely bound and placed in protective slip-cases.

And the members obtain these books for the same price which they are called upon to pay for ordinary novels! Despite increases of 100% in the costs of manufacture, each member is called upon to pay only $3.65 for each book—or only $3.28 if he makes payment in advance!

But just one thousand Trial Members will be enrolled. If you apply for one of these Trial Memberships (and in time to get one of them!) you will obtain books like these:

Tolstoy's *War and Peace,* with illustrations by Vasily Verestchagin and Fritz Eichenberg; *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan, with the water-colors of William Blake; *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens, illustrated with lithographs in color by the English painter Ardizzone; and *The House of the Seven Gables* illustrated by Valenti Angelo; and *The Way of All Flesh;* and *Bacon's Essays.*

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you are given a list of two dozen Heritage books from which you may select substitution titles.

Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. The Trial Membership gives you an opportunity to put this statement to the test. Please fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail it to The Heritage Club promptly. You will then receive a completely descriptive prospectus, and a Trial Membership will be reserved for you.

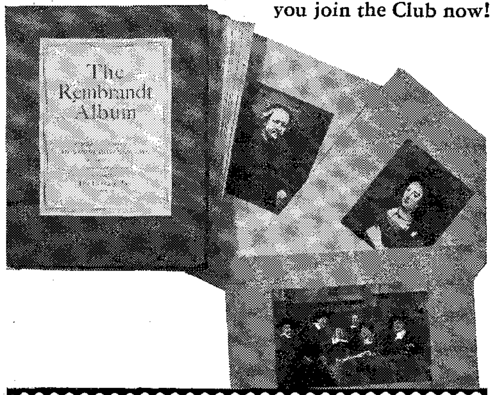
and

The Rembrandt Album—retail price, $13.50

will be yours *free*

if you obtain a Trial Membership now!

It is 11 by 14 inches in size: and in it you will find *mounted prints* of thirty of Rembrandt van Rijn's most famous paintings, ready to be framed if you do not keep them inside the staunch Album. Included is a description of the paintings, and a chronologic account of Rembrandt's life. This Album will be sold for $13.50. But a copy will be given to you FREE, if you join the Club now!



Reservation Coupon

To THE HERITAGE CLUB,
595 MADISON AVE., New York 22

Please send me your new Prospectus, in which are described the books to be distributed to the Trial Members in the coming eight months, and also a circular descriptive of The Rembrandt Album. I understand that, if I send you my application at this time, I will be entitled to have a copy of The Rembrandt Album [*retail price, $13.50*] without cost; and that you will now reserve a membership for me, awaiting receipt of my formal application.

NAME ____________ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS ____________

CITY & STATE ____________ N 158-2

The best seller everybody wants for Christmas

KON-TIKI

THOR HEYERDAHL'S story of six men who crossed the Pacific on a raft

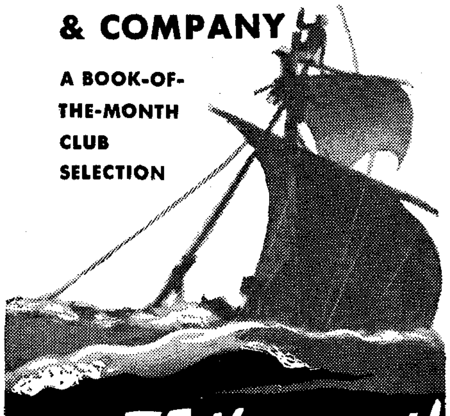
"THE most absorbing sea tale of our time."—THE NEW YORKER. "Wow! What a book!"—CHICAGO TRIBUNE. "Not even *Moby Dick* can match KON-TIKI in action or in thrills."—CHICAGO NEWS. "To get any idea of the extraordinary adventurous quality of this narrative you have to read it." — SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

80 thrilling photographs of the voyage

$4 at all bookstores

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION



Now 75 thousand!

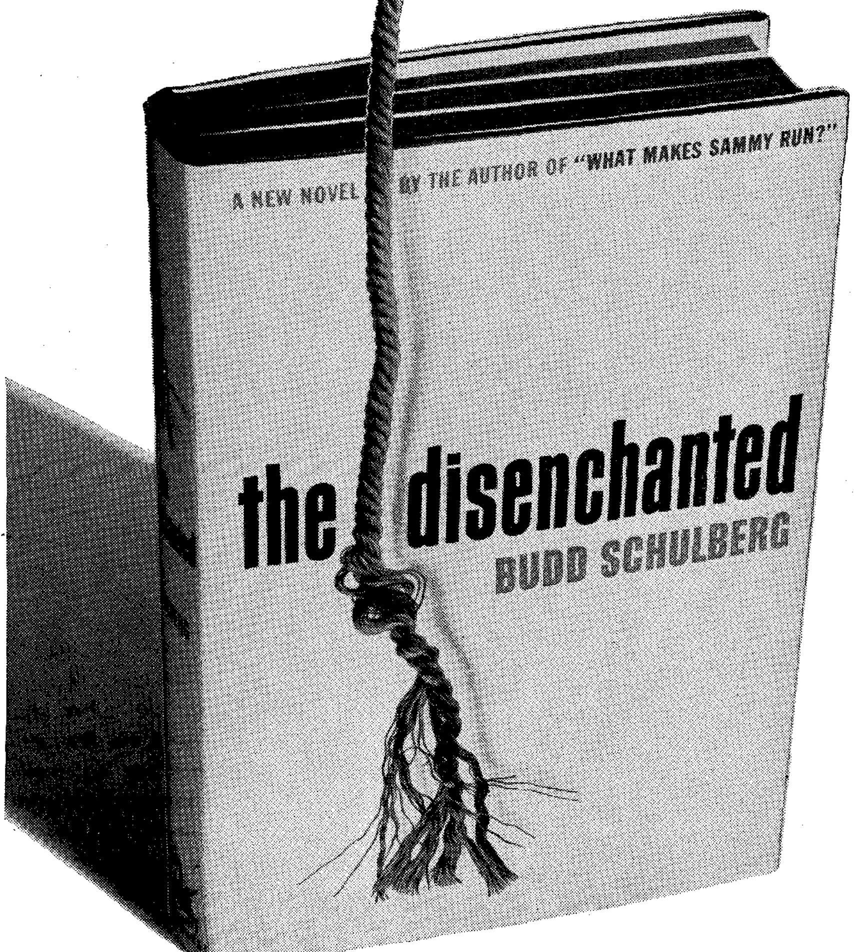
himself to lay bare, in a work of the imagination, the total depravity of the West, which, he says, has placed it beyond the hope of salvation. Nor, of course, is the reply supported by his book, for if Koruga's adventures are autobiographical, Johann's are not. Furthermore, there are incidents in Johann's adventures that seem calculated to suggest that although the Jews of Europe were certainly involved in the general horror, they managed, when put to it, to rub along pretty well, exploiting the peasants to the last and coming out on the side of the victors.

The American publishers make a great point of telling us that Koruga represents Mr. Gheorghiu in all the circumstances of his life except his martyr's death, and that Koruga's wife is Mr. Gheorghiu's wife. It is really quite hard to guess what is supposed to be gained for the moral authority of the book by this insistence. For Koruga, of whom it is eventually said that he is a saint, had lived very comfortably in the highest official circles of Fascist Rumania and had been able to command for himself a post as cultural attaché at one of its legations. He had responded to the grim events of the time to the extent of writing a novel that explained why salvation was impossible, and he had gone so far in the service of justice and humanity as to try to win Johann's release by proving that Johann was really not a Jew. But he is moved to passion and protest only when he himself suffers imprisonment by the Americans. We certainly cannot condone such behavior as Mr. Gheorghiu attributes to the American military government. But if Koruga is Mr. Gheorghiu, then Mr. Gheorghiu does not quite have the moral authority to deny all hope to the West because the Americans were slow to perceive the true and saintly nature of a man who had lately been a Rumanian diplomat. As for Mrs. Koruga, in order to maintain her position in Rumania, she had been at desperate pains to conceal her Jewish parentage and to destroy the evidence of it. "The Twenty-fifth Hour" does not gain in moral impressiveness because at its end it is she who is made to speak the last high words of European humanism in its stand against the oncoming bleak American future.

The intellectual quality of "The Twenty-fifth Hour" is of a kind with its literary and moral quality. The sum of Mr. Gheorghiu's political wisdom is a conjunction of two of the stalest clichés of our time—the indiscriminate hatred of technology as the cause of all our ills, and the total rejection of the political life in favor of the individual life of the spirit. Mr. Gheorghiu makes it a strange axiom of history that all masters have had to learn the language of their slaves; modern man, he says, has so thoroughly learned the language of his great multitude of machine slaves that he has forgotten the human tongue, the language of faith and the heart. Hence the modern inability to judge save by quantity; hence, too, the modern cruelty. Mr. Gheorghiu is not checked in his triumphant exposition of this dull and inaccurate idea by any historical recollection, although a native of Rumania, a nation whose history is peculiarly marked by cruelty, should have recalled that, say, Vlad the Impaler reigned in an age of faith and that only a very primitive technology existed at a time when, by the bloodiest means, the masses of the Rumanian people were kept in the most extreme subjection. Yet in the face of such obvious considerations, Mr. Gheorghiu goes on to tell us that modern men have sunk to the level of *citizens*, and the citizen, we are told, is "the most dangerous wild beast that has appeared on the face of the earth since the cross between man and the mechanical slave."

Political ideas as feeble as these can scarcely of themselves have taken in a philosopher like Gabriel Marcel, who wrote the introduction for the French version of "The Twenty-fifth Hour," or a political thinker like Bertrand de Jouvenel, who praises it as a noble book. But it is understandable that Mr. Gheorghiu should have captured these and other good minds by striking below the level of rational criticism to the fear and perplexity of French political life. We in America, bad as we believe things to be with the West, can see that Mr. Gheorghiu's declaration of the impossibility of hope is factitious, an expression of his own intense self-reference, a way of giving a desperate force to his dull ideas. It comes to us as no surprise to learn that he is relenting and writing a book called "The Second Chance." But to the French, Mr. Gheorghiu's despair does not seem false and merely literary, for they, alas, are now in the habit of despair. They believe that their political future is no longer perfectly autonomous but is linked either to Russia or to America, and they wish to believe that the choice between the two great powers is no choice at all. A large part of the activity of their intellectual classes consists of demonstrating that the difference between American culture and Russian culture is not to be discerned save as a difference in barbarisms that cannot really command a preference. This is not true, but it is natural that the French should want to think it true. And since they believe they must choose and since self-esteem works as it does, it is natural that they should insist that the brighter, or at least the more comfortable, of the two alternatives, the American one, is really the more destructive of the qualities they like to think are peculiarly their own. So they respond extravagantly to the intention of Mr. Gheorghiu's book, the real intention, which is not so much to show that the West has been destroyed by the evils of technology and politics as to show that the West is being brought to final ruin by America.

For "The Twenty-fifth Hour" by no means holds the nations of the West equally guilty of the murder of the human spirit—Rumania and Hungary are only somewhat guilty, in a passive way; Germany is of course very guilty, but mad and comical; England is not mentioned; France is left out of the circle of culpability. Russia is denounced for its theory of government and for the barbarousness of its soldiery, but the Russians, bad as they may be, are observed abstractly and from a distance, and it is the Americans who are seen at first hand and in detail as violators of the body and the spirit, torturers of priests, deniers of saints, self-deceiving tempters who seduce mankind with chocolate and warm clothing. What is more, even the best of them, the men of good family and university education, wear no garters, and their socks fall down around their ankles and offensively expose bare skin when they cross their legs; they do not remove their cigarettes from their mouths when they shake hands with ladies. This is the unhappy observation of Traian Koruga's widow, who, as the book draws to its end, takes her husband's place as the representative of true humanity, the old European humanity, against depraved technology. And when a poor Lieutenant Lewis ventures to offer marriage to Mrs. Koruga, she promptly confronts him with two great truths. The first is that, for a European lady, marriage to an American is inconceivable, because she is used to the high ideality of European romantic love, which holds that the beloved woman is unique, even absolute, and that her being unattainable is a recognized reason for suicide, while to an American a woman is a woman like another. Upon this follows the presumably corollary truth that the approaching war between America and Russia is merely a conflict between two



"Undoubtedly one of the best and most brilliant novels of the year."
—J. P. MARQUAND

THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF
"WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?"

▶ Here are the Golden Twenties—the parties, the drinking, the noise, the wonderful confusion, the excitement, the high foolish joy . . . when girls wore short hair and shorter skirts and morals.

Here also are the sobered Thirties—when America looked back at the flaming frenzy of the Twenties with shock and disillusion and the beginning of wisdom.

THE DISENCHANTED is an impassioned elegy for a writer and the age that made him king. It is a brilliant satire on one of America's shameless yesterdays, and an affectionate portrayal of one of our tragic heroes, a writer whose life and books became a meaningful history of a meaningless time.

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB CHOICE FOR NOVEMBER
388 PAGES, $3.50 AT ALL BOOKSTORES. RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

She Doesn't KNOW

But WALDEN Can Help

The Case of the Dismayed Dreamer

Mrs. J. Frederick Smitten awoke with a scream and, following the familiar habit-pattern of good wives everywhere, shook the daylights out of J. Fred.

"Fred," she cried, "Help me! Those faces!"

"What faces?" asked the very matter-of-fact and thoroughly sleepy J. Fred.

"Why, the faces of the first five names on my Christmas list. They're all wearing the gifts I was going to get them, and they're awful. What am I going to do?"

"Darling," said Mr. Smitten to the dismayed dreamer, "Go back to sleep. You don't know it, but Walden can help.

"You can take care of every name on your list with a good book. Your mother loves to read about antiques. Give your father something about fishing. Your sisters will never find out enough about interior decorating.

"Walden has every kind of gift book you can think of . . . and well within our budget."

Like the Smittens, you too can find the answers to your gift problems in the Walden Book Department of these and other Leading Department Stores:

Buffalo, N. Y., *J. N. Adam and Co.;* Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *The Killian Company;* Chattanooga, Tenn., *Lovemans, Inc.;* Davenport, Iowa, *Petersen-Harned-Von Maur;* Fort Wayne, Ind., *Wolf & Dessauer;* Geneva, N. Y., *J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.;* Jamestown, N. Y., *Bigelow's;* Miami, Fla., *Burdine's;* Muncie, Ind., *Ball Stores;* New Rochelle, N. Y., *Bloomingdale's;* Norfolk, Va., *Smith & Welton;* Oak Ridge, Tenn., *Lovemans, Inc.;* Petersburg, Va., *Rucker-Rosenstock;* Pittsfield, Mass., *England Brothers;* Pontiac, Mich., *Waite's, Inc.;* Poughkeepsie, N. Y., *Luckey, Platt & Co.;* St. Paul, Minn., *The Golden Rule;* South Bend, Ind., *Robertson's;* Springfield, Mass., *Albert Steiger Co.;* Tampa, Fla., *O. Falk's;* Toledo, Ohio, *Lasalle & Koch;* Trenton, N. J., *Binders;* Waterloo, Iowa, *Black's Dry Goods Co.;* York, Pa., *Charles H. Bear & Co.;* Altoona, Pa., *Wm. F. Gable Co.;* Boston, Mass., *R. H. White's;* Bridgeport, Conn., *D. M. Read Co.;* Brockton, Mass., *Fraser's.*

"Happy Is The Home With Books"

WALDEN BOOK CO.
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

branches of the same technological culture. It is, says Mrs. Koruga, a truth all Europeans recognize. They may choose American material comfort, but they understand that they are merely preferring one death of the spirit to another.

So there we are. It is to this picture of ourselves as the deadly climax of the modern fate that the French respond when they so extravagantly praise "The Twenty-fifth Hour" and organize political and religious meetings around it. Knowing as we do the distractedness of Europe, this can only make us sad, not indignant. Recognizing our own shortcomings, we can even admit that they might serve as the subject of a noble indictment—what is perhaps the unhappiest aspect of the reception of Mr. Gheorghiu's novel is that the French literary sense should have deteriorated to a point where it can be satisfied with so ignoble a monument to American error. —LIONEL TRILLING

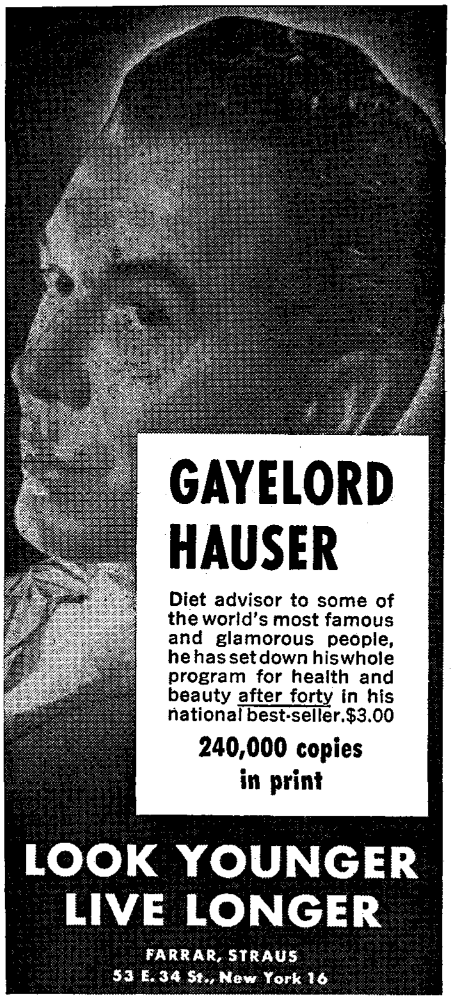
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MUSIC IN THE HILLS, by D. E. Stevenson (Rinehart). Mrs. Stevenson is by no means sentimental, but her view of life is discreet, and she likes to express a warm belief in human nature. Here she writes a very pleasant, leisurely tale of Scottish country life, allowing everyone enough money, enough good looks, and plenty of love.

SHADOWS OF ECSTASY, by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy). A novel about a projected African invasion of Europe, planned by a man who believes he can defeat death. Among those immediately affected by his conspiracy are a young professor, a famous doctor, and a steadfast vicar, all three Englishmen. Mr. Williams writes with his customary mixture of mysticism and suspense, dominated by a tremendous religious conviction that has almost as weighty an effect on his reader as it has on his strange, formal characters, who sound like very modern, very well-read druidic figures, even when they are sharing tea and buttered toast.

SWORD WITHOUT SCABBARD, by Robin Estridge (Morrow). Two brothers, Peter and Simon Lewis, each have a problem. Peter, as a soldier, must decide whether to obey his conscience or his country. Simon's predicament is less tangible but no less pressing. He has to find out how to get along with himself and the rest of the world. Mr. Estridge knows well how to convey misery, longing, and the torture



GAYELORD HAUSER

Diet advisor to some of the world's most famous and glamorous people, he has set down his whole program for health and beauty after forty in his national best-seller. $3.00

240,000 copies in print

LOOK YOUNGER LIVE LONGER

FARRAR, STRAUS
53 E. 34 St., New York 16

A pungent pot-pourri of recipes and reminiscences

Love and Dishes

by NICCOLÒ DE QUATTROCIOCCHI

El Borracho's famous owner's amusing life story . . . succulent recipes . . . illustrations by ROGER DUVOISIN . . . in a treat for readers and eaters.

$4.00 *at all bookstores* BOBBS-MERRILL

The Tiny Tots' Toynbee

HISTORY CAN BE FUN

Written and illustrated by MUNRO LEAF

Will delight older readers too!

$1.75
At all bookstores
LIPPINCOTT

PARADISE BEACH, NASSAU

YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING BUT WINTER IN *Nassau* IN THE BAHAMAS

You'll find cosmopolitan gaiety in a leisurely old-world setting . . . a gentle, kindly climate . . . magnificent beaches and a crystal-clear sea that averages 70° . . . wonderful golf, fishing, riding, sailing, polo and other sports. Why not enjoy it all this winter? Remember—*pound devaluation now makes your money go so much further, too!* Wide choice of excellent hotels and guest houses.

Via Miami—Frequent daily flights by Pan American World Airways (55 minutes) and British Overseas Airways (BSAA). Overnight by S. S. Nuevo Dominicano—weekly sailings.

From Canada—Regular weekly flights by Trans-Canada Air Lines.

FROM NEW YORK
S. S. QUEEN OF BERMUDA
Nov. 18 • Dec. 2 • Dec. 16
Jan. 13 • Jan. 27
New York—Nassau fares:
one way from $95., plus tax
round trip from $160., plus tax

For information and reservations see your Travel Agent

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Bay St., Nassau, Bahamas—Cable: Devboard
1633 DuPont Bldg., Miami, Fla.—3-6150
247 Park Ave., New York 17—PLaza 3-5215
634 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

BELLOWS

For generations, whenever quality has been demanded and value expected, a distinguished trade and private clientele has specified Bellows. These three selections are worthy members of a superior list of over 200 fine wines and spirits in the Bellows family.

Bellows & Company

IMPORTERS AND WINE MERCHANTS • ESTABLISHED 1830
New York • Colorado Springs • Chicago

Light and full flavored
PARTNERS CHOICE
Excellent in all
whiskey drinks

Distinctively mellow
CLUB SPECIAL
SCOTCH
Favored for its
lightness and finesse

Bland and delicate
FINE CLUB GIN
ideally suited to the
Dry Martini

BELLOWS
Partners Choice
Whiskey—A Blend
Distributed by Bellows & Company Inc.
BELLOWS
Business Established 1830
Bellows Fine Club Distilled Dry Gin
Bellows & Company Inc.
New York, N.Y.
90 Proof
BELLOWS
Club Special
Blended Scotch Whisky
A Distinguished Light Whisky from Choice Highland Stocks
100% Scotch Whiskies
Bellows & Company
New York, N.Y.
Product of Scotland
86 Proof

Bellows Partners Choice 86.8 proof, 60% grain neutral spirits • Fine Club Gin 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits • Club Special Blended Scotch Whisky 86 proof

of indecision. He is less successful with the personalities of the two brothers. There are times when they are indistinguishable. At the end, though they both seem to have obtained relief, it is fairly clear that their solutions are only temporary, and that in a short time they will be dithering in doubt again, which is probably as credible a conclusion as any.

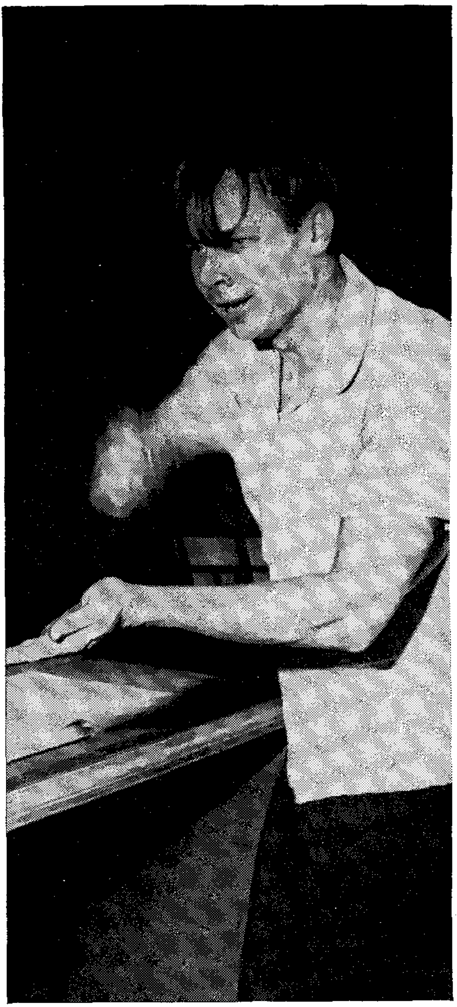
SYCAMORE, by Constance Wagner (Knopf). Jane Telemon, a polite New York girl, arrives as a bride in a small Arkansas town called Sycamore, is confronted with her new friends and relatives, and has reactions. Mrs. Wagner accompanies her through the first year of her marriage, examining the town's customs and politics, and various levels of its society. Throughout the story, the author's sympathy and tolerance are too obviously expressed, and although her characters are drawn with skill and humor, they seem unduly comfortable about the problems assigned to them. One cannot help feeling that their conflicts are merely conventional friction, that the author has apportioned their love and hate with care and forethought, and that they will all end up with peace of mind and no very serious regrets.

MIRACLE IN BRITTANY, by Mildred Jordan (Knopf). A mystifying star appears at Christmas over a small Breton village, leading the inhabitants to expect a miracle, which, under the pressure of their faith, eventually occurs. Miss Jordan's soft, respectful prose adds neither depth nor character to her story, or fable. Her people include an idiot shepherd, who first sees the star, a wise man, a wood carver, several village madonnas, and a host of simple peasants.

TOMATO CAIN AND OTHER STORIES, by Nigel Kneale (Knopf). A collection of slight, pert sketches from England, dealing in the main with powerless people—shopkeepers, children, old men and women. Mr. Kneale, who can now and then produce a very fresh and lively phrase, seems always to look for the angle of a situation before he examines the emotions involved, with the result that his work is unpleasantly superficial and the neat little twist with which he finishes off each sketch inevitably appears more bland than ironic.

GENERAL

EAST OF HOME, by Santha Rama Rau (Harper). A first-rate and deceptively informal account of a recent jour-



"Caroller-in-Chief" writes John Mason Brown about Robert Shaw

"Mr. Shaw is a master of chorales who knows how to meet a masterpiece on its own terms . . . Bach's *Mass in B-Minor*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* . . . or the wonderful, familiar Christmas music which Bob Shaw's Chorale sings like a 'choir of angels'! I know no instrument more pure or sweet than this which Shaw has made of many voices." —*John Mason Brown*

Have you heard Robert Shaw conduct
CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS
VERDI: ANVIL CHORUS
BACH: MASS IN B MINOR

We have put together in a little book, titled "Words and Music," photographs of the world's greatest artists, together with word sketches by 36 famous authors. If you would like a copy, write RCA Victor, Record Department 203, Camden, N. J.

A magnificent new novel by the author of THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

NANCY HALE

THE SIGN OF JONAH

Nancy Hale has one of the important literary talents of today. THE SIGN OF JONAH gives us this outstanding writer at her distinguished best.

Its scope embraces more than the destiny of an ambitious and tormented woman.

It is a fascinating portrayal of a whole society—set against the backgrounds of New York penthouses, Reno's divorce colony, the aristocratic South and the glamour of Broadway. The publication of THE SIGN OF JONAH ranks as a major literary event.

". . . will cause the most agitated flutter this season . . . it's readable from first page to last."—*Clifton Fadiman*

$3.50 at bookstores everywhere

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

RANDOM HOUSE
BOOKS FOR BOYS & GIRLS

THE BLOOD BAY COLT
By WALTER FARLEY. A colt sired by the Black Stallion races again, in this superb story of modern harness racing. *Ages 10 and up. $2.00*

IF I RAN THE ZOO
By DR. SEUSS. Try to imagine a Seuss zoo, and you'll get an inkling of the laughs and fun in this. *Age 4 and up. $2.00*

ELMER AND THE DRAGON
By RUTH STILES GANNETT. Adventures with a flying baby dragon, a charming sequel to *My Father's Dragon.* *Ages 6 to 9. $2.00*

THE SECOND
ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY
Edited by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER. As rich in content, as handsome in format, as profusely illustrated as its predecessor. *For all ages. $5.00*

ONCE UPON A TIME
Selected by ROSE DOBBS. Twenty cheerful tales for reading aloud to pre-school children and simple enough for primary students to read themselves. *Age 4 and up. $2.00*

THE DREAM BOOK
By MARGARET WISE BROWN. A lovely world of dreams written and illustrated on a child's own level. A perfect bedtime book. *Age 3 to 7. $1.50*

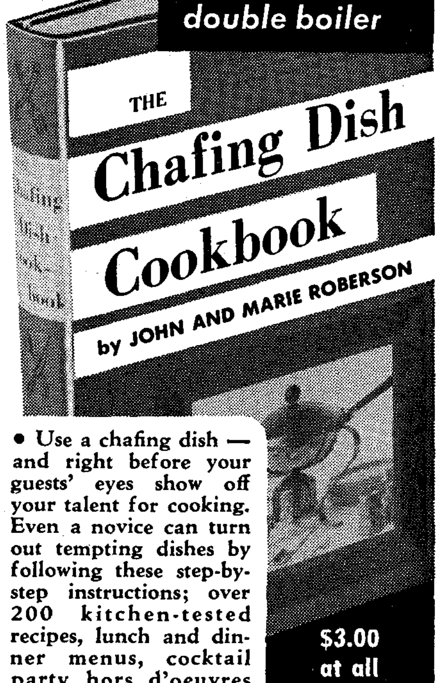
Landmark BOOKS
Your children will relive the great moments in American history in these beautiful new books. Authoritatively written by famous authors and illustrated by noted artists. 192 pages each, 2 colors throughout, durable cloth bindings. *$1.50 each*

The First Ten Titles
The Voyages of Christopher Columbus
Written and illustrated by ARMSTRONG SPERRY
The Landing of the Pilgrims
Written and illustrated by JAMES DAUGHERTY
Pocahontas and Captain John Smith:
The Story of the Virginia Colony
By MARIE LAWSON. Illustrated by WILLIAM SHARP
Paul Revere and the Minute Men
By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER
Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE
Our Independence and the Constitution
By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER
Illustrated by ROBERT DOREMUS
The California Gold Rush
By MAY MCNEER. Illustrated by LYND WARD
The Pony Express
By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
Illustrated by LEE J. AMES
Lee and Grant at Appomattox
By MACKINLAY KANTOR
Illustrated by DONALD MCKAY
The Building of the First Transcontinental Railroad
By ADELE NATHAN
Illustrated by EDWARD A. WILSON
The Wright Brothers:
Pioneers of American Aviation
By QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Illustrated by JACOB LANDAU

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

ney through Asia made by a young Hindu woman whose education in England and America resulted in, among other things, her learning to write at least five times as well as the majority of her Occidental contemporaries. After spending 1947 in Japan, where her father was Ambassador and where she taught a class in English, Miss Rama Rau and three American and English friends, one of whom was impressively and usefully polylingual, set out to explore China, Indo-China, Siam, and Indonesia. Since they didn't make the mistake, most common to Westerners, of "carrying their manners with them" but accepted, with notable high spirits, any form of locomotion, hospitality, and entertainment available to them, they covered a remarkable amount of territory, in both an actual and a metaphorical sense. The author's major discovery was, she feels, that she is an Asian as well as an Indian; in the process of finding this out she also gained considerable insight into the reasons Asiatics don't always react with the enthusiasm expected of them to efforts aimed at reconstructing them in the Western image. Some of the points she makes are embarrassing indeed to Occidentals, but all of them are set forth with engaging good humor and charm.

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US, by John Dos Passos (Houghton Mifflin). A rather tentative effort, sometimes provocative and sometimes provoking, to evaluate the mess that man has got himself into. To put his ideas across, the author has rigged up an awkward and occasionally self-defeating device—an imaginary lecture hall (he is Mr. Lecturer) filled with a number of characters who are supposed to represent various political points of view and who take over during question-and-answer periods. The lecturer first expounds on the British, in war and in austerity (there is some vivid reporting here), then takes his audience on a quick trip through Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, in the course of which he gets off some highly equivocal opinions on certain forces, such as Señor Perón and his consort, at work down there. The last part of the book deals with this country. In the end, the reader feels like a double-exposed film. He has been told that Communism may get us and then again that it may not; that the political structure of this country no longer conforms



Don't hide your culinary skill under the cover of a double boiler

THE Chafing Dish Cookbook by JOHN AND MARIE ROBERSON

- Use a chafing dish — and right before your guests' eyes show off your talent for cooking. Even a novice can turn out tempting dishes by following these step-by-step instructions; over 200 kitchen-tested recipes, lunch and dinner menus, cocktail party hors d'oeuvres and wonderful Sunday breakfasts. A manual for hosts and hostesses, this book will help you plan entertainment for every occasion.

$3.00 at all bookstores
PRENTICE HALL

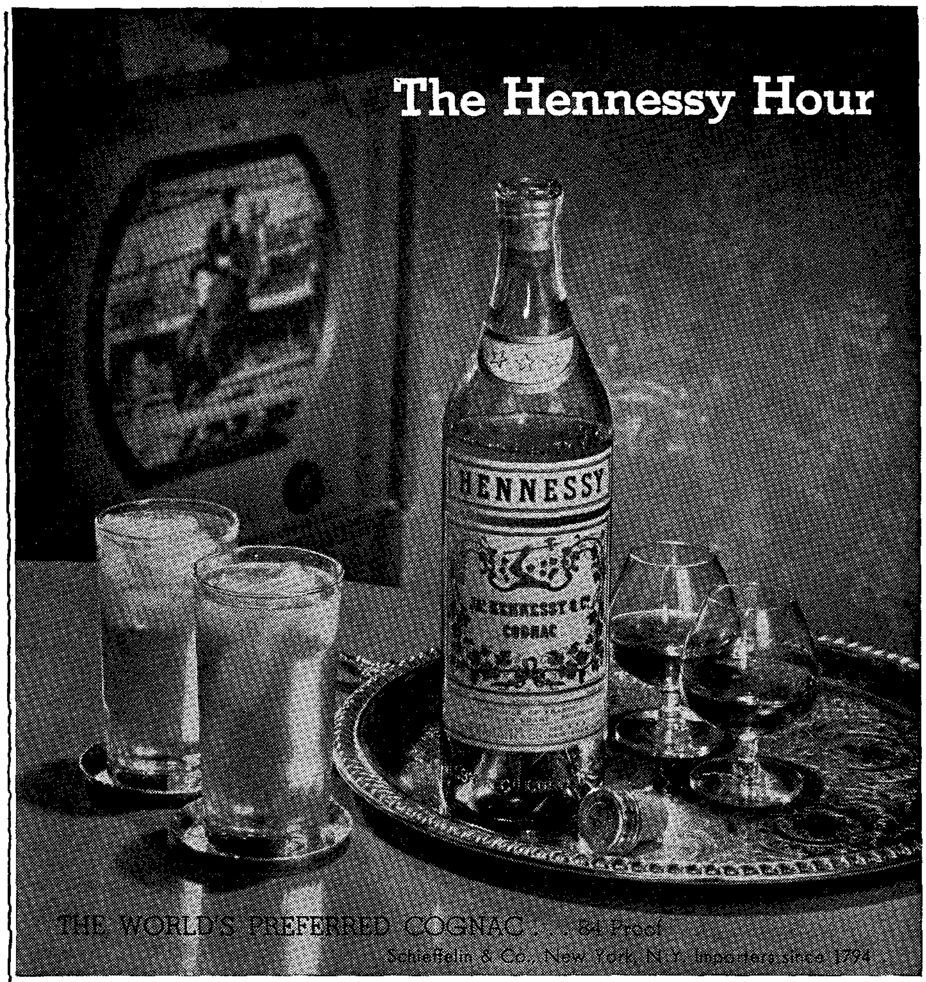
Wonderfully funny drawings of Grand Opera — from the soprano on-stage to the yawning husband out-front — gleefully served in a frothy
OPERA SOUFFLÉ
60 Pictures in Bravura
By MARC SIMONT
At all bookstores, $2.50
HENRY SCHUMAN, INC. New York 21

"An amazing piece of document"
WHAT makes a prophecy a prophecy?
Find your answers in
The Great Prophecies of China
(Originally written for the Emperor of China)
$2.00 at your Bookseller or
Franklin Co., 425 Riverside Drive, N. Y. 25, N. Y.

to its economic and social structure, and that this circumstance may prove disastrous and then again may not. "The prospect before us," says the author, "is not all black . . . We lack standards, we lack ethics, we lack art. . . . There is no security." The prospect, one gathers, is a kind of murky gray, and we had better do something soon; just what is not very clear.

THE HOUSE AT HYDE PARK, by Clara and Hardy Steeholm (Viking). A rather nostalgically written reconstruction of the kind of family life—affectionate, opulent, and unostentatious—once in favor among wellborn residents of the Hudson Valley. A good deal of the material for the first part of the book, which is, in essence, a biography of the late President Roosevelt's mother, is drawn from the old-fashioned "Household Book" conscientiously kept by Mrs. Roosevelt from around the time of her marriage, in 1880, until her death. In the second part, this enchanting mélange of recipes, knitting instructions, directions for making potpourri, formulas for feeding laying hens, remedies for croup, and so on, is reproduced in full. More up-to-date instructions on the exact preparation of such delicacies as Rosa Mulligan's Puffs, and Laplanders, the popovers of the eighteen-nineties, is included, for the benefit of cooks who, unlike Miss Mulligan, don't have to turn out meals for a minimum of fifteen people every day. Illustrated with photographs from the Delano and Roosevelt family collections.

RED MASQUERADE, by Angela Calomiris (Lippincott). In 1942, at the request of the F.B.I., the author, a young free-lance photographer, immersed herself in the strange and excessively special little world of the Communist Party in New York, an assignment that terminated when she gave evidence at the recent trial of the eleven Party leaders. As a "plant," Miss Calomiris was, of course, in actual physical danger only if her role was discovered; the great hazards of her undercover work, she points out here, were the less obvious ones of boredom, physical exhaustion, and a lack of privacy far more complete than that of, say, a soldier, since the Party scolded its members roundly if they poked their noses outside the ranks for the briefest whiff of less rarefied air. Miss Calomiris's account of her exacting mission doesn't contain any especially electrifying in-



The Hennessy Hour
HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & CO
COGNAC
THE WORLD'S PREFERRED COGNAC . . . 84 Proof
Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y. Importers since 1794

in **Europe** fly

BEA
BEA
Barbosa
BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
BEA FROM LONDON
BEA TO PARIS
BEA TO NICE AND ROME
BEA TO ATHENS, ISTANBUL, CYPRUS
BEA TO OSLO, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN
BEA TO AMSTERDAM, BRUSSELS, GENEVA
BEA TO BERLIN, VIENNA, AND MUNICH
BEA TO NICE, MADRID, BARCELONA, TANGIER
BEA TO BELFAST AND TO SCOTLAND
RESERVATIONS AVAILABLE FROM TRAVEL AGENTS
AND FROM BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
—GENERAL SALES AGENTS
FOR B.E.A.

THE
DWELLINGS
OF
COLONIAL
AMERICA
by
Thomas Tileston Waterman
author of **THE MANSIONS OF VIRGINIA**

AS NO OTHER BOOK, this family tree of early American houses shows how the building traditions of various Old World cultures were adapted to create the American colonial dwelling. The engrossing text is illustrated with many plans and hundreds of unusual photographs of beautiful interiors and exteriors.

Handsomely boxed, 320 pages, $10.00

**THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
CHAPEL HILL**

REPLATE YOUR OWN SILVER
...in 5 minutes!
QUADRUPLE
Silvaplate*
remarkable silverplating polish contains **SILVER** in liquid form.
Recommended by 2 leading magazines.

JUST RUB ON WITH A CLOTH
to resilver worn Sheffield and similar ware; and to silverplate any article having a copper, brass, bronze or nickel-silver base. Silverplates worn chromium, medical instruments, boat fittings, sporting equipment, etc. (brass-base). Won't wash off!

SAVE MANY $$$$
in plating costs with 8 oz. ECONOMY SIZE $7 ($1 saving), plates over 2,500 square inches! 4 oz. bottle, $4. Add 25c mailing. N. Y. C. 2% tax.

SPECIAL OFFER: With every $7 bottle one dozen handy application cloths. (SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s.) *Send check or Money Order to* *T.M.

LITTLE GREY FIXIT SHOP
"We Mend All But Broken Hearts"
Art Objects, Silver, China, Glass, Jewelry, Etc.
Dept. NY-11, 1300 Madison Ave. (92nd), N. Y. 28
ATwater 9-4020

Have you read
THE TRUE STORY OF THE
HISS-CHAMBERS tragedy
Seeds of Treason
By Ralph de Toledano
and Victor Lasky
$3.50 at your bookstore
FUNK & WAGNALLS
Newsweek BOOK SHELF

formation, but merely sets forth, with a minimum of sermonizing, the aspects of Party work that quite often resulted in total disillusionment on the part of even the most ardent neophyte.

I BELIEVED, by Douglas Hyde (Putnam). Mr. Hyde's disenchantment with the Communist Party and with his long-term labors on the London *Daily Worker* finally culminated, like that of his American prototype, Louis Budenz, in his conversion to Catholicism. His account of what has become, in the last couple of years, an extremely familiar sequence of events is a good deal more literate and unemotional than some of the others have been. Several of the theological confusions that plagued Mr. Hyde as a result of his early Methodist upbringing seem, however, to have carried over into his writing, making the latter portion of his book far more difficult for the uninformed layman than are the chapters dealing with the office routine that he gradually found intolerable.

THE VATICAN AND THE KREMLIN, by Camille E. Cianfarra (Dutton). A study of the Communist war on the Roman Catholic Church in Europe, written by the Vatican correspondent for the *Times*. The general outline of this sordid tale—from the persecution of Catholics in Poland to the rigged-up trial of Cardinal Mindzenty, in Hungary—is fairly well known, and Mr. Cianfarra has supplied details in abundance, including some illuminating facts about the Soviets' "Religious Cominform" and the various patterns of anticlerical terror in the various countries of Eastern Europe. He says the Communists are against all religions other than the Russian Orthodox Church—not just the Roman Catholic—and that if they were in power in predominantly Protestant countries their actions against Protestants would be just as dishonest and savage as their actions against the Roman Catholics are now.

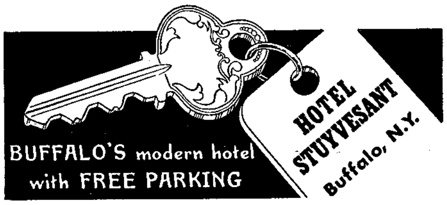
A LIFE OF JOHN KEATS, by Dorothy Hewlett (Barnes & Noble). A new edition of one of the best biographies of Keats, which was first published in 1938, under the title "Adonais." The author uses the poet's many and wonderfully written letters as the framework for her book, a device that brings Keats, with all the vigor of his protean and soaring personality, right into the room with the reader.

Cobean's
NAKED EYE
will amuse more people than any other book this season

**128 hilarious pages
180 of Cobean's funniest drawings. $2.95
at all bookstores.**
HARPER

THE AGE OF SCANDAL
By T. H. White
"A carnival display of eighteenth-century England's dirty linen. The author, who wrote the delightful fantasy 'The Sword in the Stone' has assembled a cast of rascals in high places and ladies who were no better than they felt like being, and, with the help of their private papers and those of their dear friends, tells tales on them. The book is written with amused malice toward a group of people who spent a great deal of time and effort being nasty to others so it's all right."—THE NEW YORKER. *At all bookstores* • $3.00
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, N. Y.

STUDY PHOTOGRAPHY
A small school located in beautiful, **sunny Arizona** offers thorough training in professional and pictorial photography. Emphasis on aesthetics and high standards of technique. Full courses or private instruction.
Qualified instructors. Complete facilities.
ARIZONA SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Route 5 Box 258 Dept. N Tucson, Arizona



BUFFALO'S modern hotel
with FREE PARKING

This edition contains a considerable amount of new material, some of it important and some of it trivial but interesting. There are twenty-one illustrations, including seven portraits of Keats, a life mask, and the disputed death mask. Keats, unfortunately, never sat for a first-rate portrait painter, but the pictures in this book give us at least some idea of what Adonais looked like. There is also, by the way, a splendid index, with carefully worked-out cross references—a delight in this day of sloppy and inadequate indexes.

AFTERNOON IN THE ATTIC, by John Kobler (Dodd, Mead). A collection of essays, all but one of which have appeared in various periodicals. Mr. Kobler has a nice talent for dealing lightly with the peculiar subjects that interest him, which are apt to be grisly, or outré, or plain flighty. There is a backstage piece on the Grand Guignol, a report on how things are going these days at Mme. Tussaud's wax museum, an interview with a local lady spiritualist, and, among other items, a treatise, first printed in this magazine, on the famous and genial fraud billed as Ajeeb, the Chess-and-Checkers-Playing Automaton, which for years was put over on an unsuspecting public at the old Eden Musée. Someone had the happy thought of getting Charles Addams to illustrate the stories, and he has done some very fine drawings.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN ROADS, by Val Hart (Sloane). A thorough but rather wooden history of roads and road building in the United States. Mrs. Hart goes back to the Indian trails, which were the nearest things to roads in the country before Colonial days, for the beginnings of her story, and throws in a chapter on the Erie Canal, to fill it out. She traverses Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road, the Natchez Trace, the Lancaster Turnpike, the route of the Pony Express, and other famous land routes, and then tells how the bicycle led to the first public demand for decent roads and how the automobile made them essential. She ends with descriptions of such monster projects as the Alaska Highway and the great road that soon will carry cars and trucks all the way from Laredo, Texas, to the Panama Canal. In her enthusiasm for the present motorways that bind the country together, she does not overlook the need for a lot more of them and the fact that the ones we

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE: We may be saying goodbye to all the shiny chrome on the new model automobiles. The austerity movement in cars is causing leading manufacturers to experiment with plastic for gas tank covers, radiator ornaments, door handles, dashboards and nearly all gadgets . . . A vaccine against mumps will soon be available commercially and a simple skin test will show whether a person is susceptible to mumps . . . Bowling enthusiasts should know that if it were not for the blue laws of our Pilgrims, we might be playing the game with nine pins instead of 10, indeed, if we played at all. During the early days of our country, the game "nine pins" was forbidden as a "wicked" pastime. Lovers of the sport simply added a pin to circumvent the laws. If you want to see how the nine pins were arranged, pick up the 7 and 10 pins and place one of them in the very back exactly as the 1 pin stands in front and you get a diamond creation of nine pins.

★

THUMBNAIL DESCRIPTION: He's the kind of guy who, if he sent his picture to the lonely hearts club, the picture would come back with the notation, "Sorry, we ain't that lonesome" . . . A new lamp for junior's room plays soft music when it's time for the youngster to hit the hay. Both light and music gradually dim down and in about four minutes are out. And so, you hope, is junior . . . Quick magazine was flattered recently. Pillsbury Flour Mills adopted the Quick format to tell its stockholders what went on at the annual meeting. Under the title, "Pillsbury Today," the little magazine, in news and pictures, completely described the meeting, left a blank page for stockholders to mail in any additional questions they might have.

★

MINNESOTA'S FAMOUS HUNTING SEASON is still in full swing, but for sportsmen and conservationists the big thrill came earlier this fall. That was when 5,000 sports boosters gathered at the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's Hunter's party and saw the "gate" write off final payment on Lake Minnesota, a 53,000-acre duck-breeding project in Canada. The show—starring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy—is just one event in a diversified public service program which has helped Upper Midwesterners choose as their best-read, most respected newspapers the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 480,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 610,000).

★

YOU GIRLS WHO are members of your local chapter of the Busy Finger Sewing society ought to consider for a moment another needlework artist, your hometown surgeon. He has to know more knots and stitches than you ever dreamed were in existence. How many of these could you perform: Baseball stitches that go over one skin edge and under the other; a mattress stitch, a cobbler's stitch, the running stitch, the glover's stitch? His material may be harder to handle than yours, too. Fat, muscle and skin are just as unlike in their texture as leather, silk and wool. Fat is the most difficult to sew. Like loosely woven wool, the stitches in fat have a habit of pulling out. Surgeons use curious types of thread: silk, linen, aluminum and stainless steel. Consider the surgeon sewing internal stitches deep in some vital organ with his own fingers obscuring the view. At times, he works with a mirror to guide him. Try that sometime for a novelty. Did you know that many internes spend hours sewing and stitching hankies together just for practice. Surgeons, we salute you.

After the Show is Over

Hie yourself and your friends to the famous Gobbler Bar* at the 57th Street White Turkey. Delicious hot and cold buffet dishes and a variety of sandwiches are served until midnight—drinks until 12:30 a.m. No cover charge.

Open Daily for Luncheon from Noon.

THE WHITE TURKEYS *®

OPEN SUNDAYS AT ONE P.M.

220 MADISON AVENUE
at 37th St. MU 3-1581
12 EAST 49th STREET
off Fifth Ave. PL 3-1181
300 EAST 57th STREET
at Second Ave. PL. 9-3584

57th Street Restaurant Open until Midnight

FOR SALE in the HAMPTONS

The Place to Keep Your Family Happy

For the family that loves the water, this attractive 13-room year-round house at Quogue has everything. It's just a block from the yacht club; beach club, shops and station all within a mile. On the 2 acres of simply landscaped grounds there's just enough work to keep Junior busy on a Saturday afternoon. A tremendous living room has 2 fireplaces; 3 of the 5 master bedrooms also have fireplaces. 4 modern baths, 2 lavatories and servants' quarters. On the ocean side is a wide porch, wonderful for outdoor dining. House is newly decorated in charming taste. Garage. $39,500, including lots of expensive extras. Property #43242. For details call or write

PREVIEWS, Inc.
The National Real Estate Clearing House
49 E. 53RD ST., NEW YORK 22 • PLAZA 8-2630

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fishermen's harbor—at New York's new bar and cocktail lounge.

130 East 57th St., New York

have could stand a bit of repair. Well illustrated.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, by Mark Twain, with an introduction by T. S. Eliot (Chanticleer). T. S. Eliot has discovered Mark Twain. Having in youth been forbidden by his parents to read "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," he has recently looked into them for the first time and now declares that the hero of the latter is "one of the permanent symbolic figures of fiction." As an old Missourian himself, he has some interesting things to say about the influence on Mark Twain of the Mississippi, which, he writes, "makes the book a great book." He defends the inconsequential ending on the ground that the river, too, "merely disappears among its deltas." Elsewhere he writes, "Like Huckleberry Finn, the River itself has no beginning or end. . . . The River cannot tolerate any design, to a story which is its story, that might interfere with its dominance."

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN UNDERWORLD LINGO, edited by Hyman E. Goldin, Frank O'Leary, and Morris Lipsius (Twayne). This is evidently the first work of the kind in English to be prepared by men in the underworld, or closely associated with it, rather than by professional philologists. It is the product, as the introduction explains, "of many years of painstaking research" by a prison chaplain and two long-term convicts working in one of the bigger prisons, "an institution situated at what might justly be called the penal crossroads of America." A board of advisers is listed (by such pseudonyms as Dippo, Iggy, Chop Chop, Bad Bill, and Bubbles), and it presents some powerful credentials in the way of prison sentences and criminal occupations. The book contains a good deal of material not to be found in Eric Partridge's "A Dictionary of the Underworld" and is a valuable contribution to its field. No attempt at etymologies has been made, but many of the definitions are equipped with elaborate illustrations of the use of underworld cant, and there is a section that allows the reader to look up ordinary words and find their equivalents in argot.

YEAR—MID-CENTURY EDITION: 1900-1950 (Year, Inc.). Two thousand pictures that tell the history of the twentieth century so far. The book centers on the American scene, but great events in the world at

A STATEMENT from CLIFF McMILLEN

BELIEVE it or not, since devoting this column to life insurance—and to you who own and buy it, I feel somewhat bogged down. Actually, after 39 years in the business, I am more enthusiastic than ever about what *Life Insurance* can do for you, your family and business.

The answer must be the lack of a personal interview. How can this column *alone* help you to plan the kind and amount of your life insurance? While it can furnish information, *no column can substitute for a person-to-person discussion of your individual needs with a competent underwriter.*

You can call me for such an interview, knowing you will not be importuned to buy life insurance.

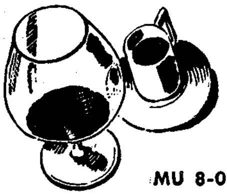
Clifford L. McMillen
347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 6-5500

THREE GREAT AMERICAN RESTAURANTS

The Brass Rail

5th AVENUE at 43rd STREET
7th AVENUE at 49th STREET
NEVINS & FULTON
(Brooklyn)

CHARLIE SHAVERS
Tommy Dorsey's Ace Trumpeter & Combination
JOHN KIRBY ON BASS
featured nightly
JAM SESSIONS EVERY MONDAY
LOU TERRASI'S 47th STREET
HICKORY LOG
254 W. 47th ST., N.Y.C. • LO 3-8928



FINNISH SMORGASBORD
FINLAND HOUSE
MU 8-0018 • 39 East 50 St.

large—the Russian Revolution, for instance, and the rise of Mussolini and Hitler, and, of course, the two World Wars—are also covered. The pictures, mostly photographs, are excellent; the text and picture captions are somewhat less so, and the editing is patchy. But the pictures are the thing; as an iconography, the book is wholly absorbing.

Dürer and His Times, by Wilhelm Waetzoldt (Phaidon). A morose, moody, deeply introspective, and conscientious man, Albrecht Dürer, in his personality as well as in his art, typified the German side of the Renaissance, with its Gothic flavor, as completely as da Vinci and Raphael typified the Italian. This book, about as thoroughgoing a study of the man and his work as has ever been attempted, essays also to relate him to the restless and turbulent life from which he sprang. Because of a certain stiffness of style, it never quite succeeds in animating either the society or the man, but the wealth of factual data it supplies is impressive and frequently illuminating, and the hundred and sixty plates (eight in color) provide an unusually comprehensive survey of all branches of his work.

John Marin, Drawings and Watercolors (Twin Editions). A portfolio of thirty-eight drawings and watercolors (eight in color), in a limited, signed edition. The selection, regrettably, leaves a good deal to be desired, for a number of the prints chosen are very far from showing this accomplished artist at his mature best. The reproductions, however, are about as close to perfection as is mechanically possible, and Marin's own introductory text, printed in a facsimile of his longhand and dryly aphoristic in tone, should appeal to his admirers.

The Perfect Hostess Cook Book, by Mildred O. Knopf (Knopf). Unquestionably, the finest family cooking ever brought to New York—not counting that of the French, which was confined mostly to restaurants, anyway—was imported by wealthy Austrians and Germans at the end of the last century. Because this was never incorporated into the body of American cookery—indeed, it flourished only in Manhattan—it has never become corrupted by the frying pans of Southern Negro and New England cooks, and, secure in the conservative kitchens of the well-to-do (it might be dubbed *la cuisine Rothschild*), its standards have never

America's Finest Toaster

...automatically makes the toast of your choice—every slice, every time! Camfield is the automatic pop-up toaster with convenient controls at both ends. Its luxurious mirror-chrome finish makes it a perfect companion for the brilliant new Camfield Automatic Coffee Maker.

Camfield Mfg. Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

CAMFIELD

FAMOUS FOR BLUE RIBBON APPLIANCES

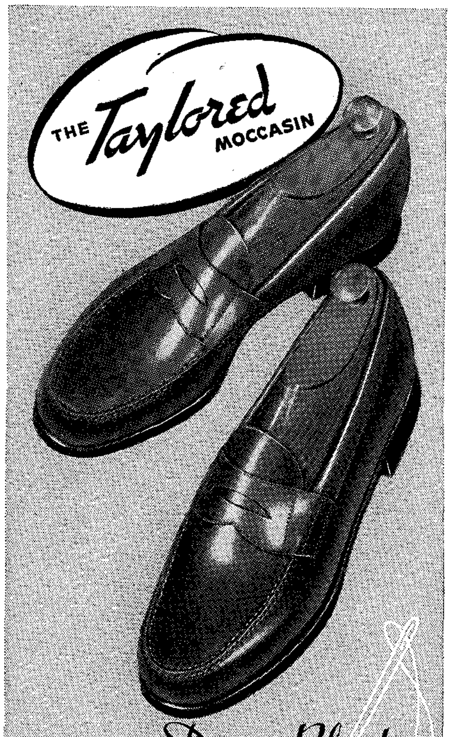
For the sheer delight of fine Burgundy

...taste Cresta Blanca's robust California Burgundy, rich, full-bodied, delicious. Aged in small oak casks in historic limestone caves, this mellow wine attains beautiful balance, magnificent bouquet. Is it any wonder experts judge it one of the world's great wines? Discriminating hosts agree, serve Cresta Blanca proudly. Enjoy it soon, delight your guests.

In California State Wine Judgings of 1947, 1948 and 1949, Cresta Blanca Wines received 24 major awards!

CRESTA BLANCA
Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889

© CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY • LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA


THE Taylored MOCCASIN

Dress Black

genuine moccasin . . .
foot-cradling comfort
luxurious fit and feel
achieved only by
hand-lasting and hand-sewing.

Most styles $11.95 to $15.95.
Write Dept. L for other styles, dealer's name.
E. E. TAYLOR CORP. BOSTON 10, MASS.

for drycleaning . . .
Barrett-Nephews
. . . who else?

Barrett-Nephews is near your door
Barrett-Nephews costs no more

Barrett-Nephews
established 1819
Manhattan • Brooklyn • Bronx • Queens

3 big, handsome, detailed aerial portraits of your country property, yacht and plant.

Mounted and ready for framing.

Air Pixies
224 E. 38 St., N. Y.
MU-7-4210 (24-hr. phone)

been lowered to meet the exigencies of the kitchenette or the tea shoppe. Although Mrs. Knopf has by no means confined herself to Central European dishes in this collection of recipes, she writes with the authority of one familiar with the tradition of Sacher's and Kempinsky—a refreshing change from all we are forced to learn, willy-nilly, about the short cuts and the almost-as-goods.

NOTE: "Classics and Commercials," a collection of some sixty book reviews and literary articles by Edmund Wilson, has been published by Farrar, Straus. Most of the pieces first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BEST LAID PLANS, by Anne Hocking (Doubleday). Hugh Warren is fond of his wife, but he regretfully decides that she must die, to make him solvent and leave him free to court a younger and lovelier lady. He manages his wife's death in a way that causes a minimum of pain and no suspicion whatever, but in the meantime the girl for whom he has committed murder has announced her engagement to someone else. What happens from there on in is told in a story reminiscent of those of the late Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, with no attempt at mystery but plenty of suspense.

GRIM REHEARSAL, by Ruth Fenisong (Doubleday). Why should a country doctor visiting backstage at a musical comedy have his neck broken, and what connection, if any, does his murder have with the disappearance of a blond chorus girl? Everything points to a ubiquitous young man who is free alike with presents and proposals, and it takes the combined efforts of the show's press agent and a perceptive captain from Homicide to clear up the matter. Not topflight, but readable enough.

•

Q. How can I make a good meatless luncheon dish?

A. Put a small quantity of arrowroot, or a few grains of barley, into the salt shakers.—*Newport News (Va.) Press.*

And fill the water goblets with clear gin.

•

HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[*From the Miami News*]

For the first time the city has an accurate count of the number of dwelling units here. There are 6,925 units, or one for every 2,894 persons.

for those *Plump, Juicy* HERRING FILLETS in Wine Sauce

ask for **VITA** BRAND "PARTY-SNACKS"

READY-TO-SERVE and *wonderful* eating . . . lunch, midnight snack, parties. Nothing quite equals the rare flavor of Vita's imported herring fillets, steeped in fine wine and spices. Buy some today.

at your favorite food store

GAGE AND TOLLNER'S

A famous Sea Food house for 70 years

Closed on Sunday

Established 1879

374 Fulton St., Brooklyn

When impressions count . . . DINE AT THE *Town House*
LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
BAR SERVICE to 2 A. M.

THE *Town House*
AIR CONDITIONED
38th ST., E. of PARK AVE.
NEW YORK
Carl C. Matson, Mgr.

ARTICHOKES

Giant artichokes from California's Carmel-by-the-sea. Matchless for size, freshness, and flavor. Outstanding treat for party luncheons or dinner. Unique gift for friends. Eight recipes tell how to prepare and serve. Box of 12 Giants, prepaid in U.S., for only $3.95. Please send check or money order to

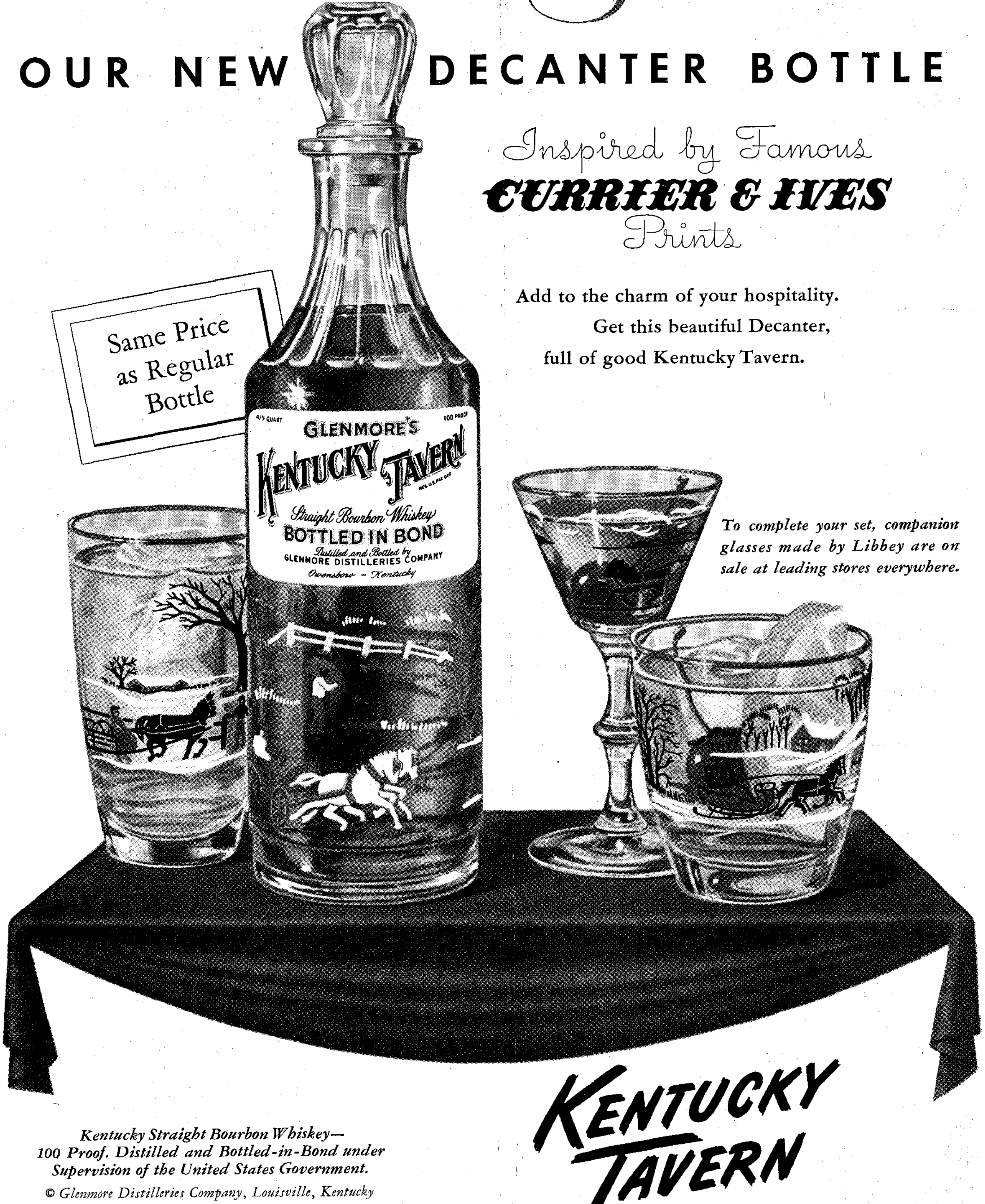
TOM JONES
P. O. Box 356 Carmel, California

Presenting

OUR NEW DECANTER BOTTLE

Inspired by Famous
CURRIER & IVES
Prints

Add to the charm of your hospitality.
Get this beautiful Decanter,
full of good Kentucky Tavern.


Same Price as Regular Bottle
4/5 QUART
100 PROOF
GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
Owensboro – Kentucky

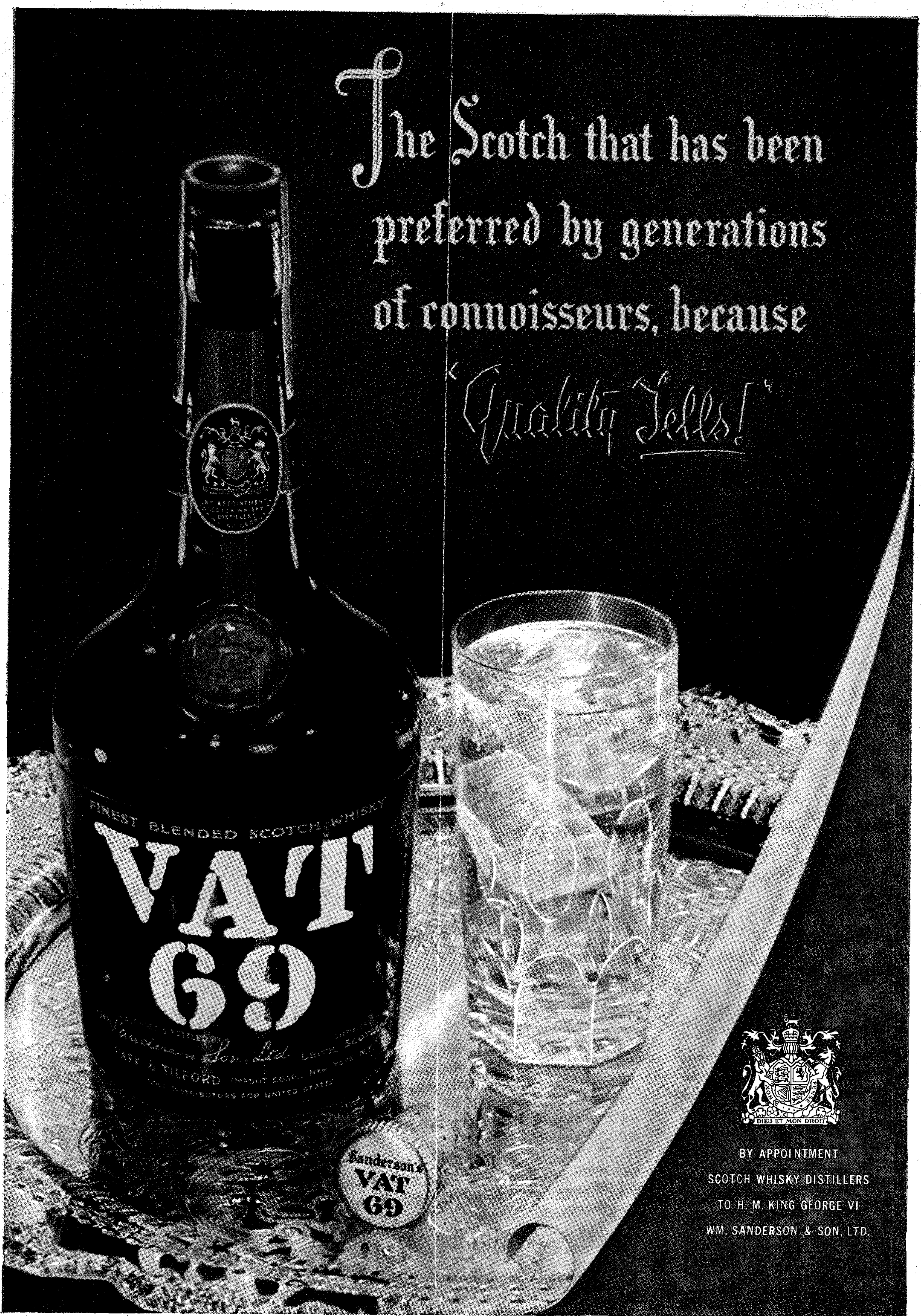
To complete your set, companion glasses made by Libbey are on sale at leading stores everywhere.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—
100 Proof. Distilled and Bottled-in-Bond under
Supervision of the United States Government.

© Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY TAVERN

NO OTHER BOND CAN MATCH THAT KENTUCKY TAVERN TASTE



The Scotch that has been preferred by generations of connoisseurs, because
"Quality Tells!"
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES
Sanderson's
VAT 69
DIEU ET MON DROIT

BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF